TRA

GEO. I

TRANSATLANTIC WANDERINGS:

OR,

A Last Look at the United States.

BY

CAPT. OLDMIXON, R.N.,
AUTHOR OF "PICCADILLY TO PERA."

LONDON:
GEO. ROUTLEDGE & CO., FARRINGDON STREET.
NEW YORK: 18, BEEKMAN STREET.
1855.

LCV

OLDMIXON, JW

THIS
may
not o
State
conse
the a
—En
To
the w
is quit
from t
only
separa
Hap
way as
betwee
real ad
spare
candid
accoun
We
about t
day sur
our ow
tacles
volume
aim is t
tions of
over ag
the day
recently

PREFACE.

THIS little sketch of the sea-board States, though a reprint, may be fairly considered as the latest publication on America; not only is it "*a last look*," but *the* last look at the United States, which, singly and collectively, are growing of so much consequence as to force themselves more and more vividly on the attention of Europe—more especially on the parent stock—England.

To those who are not violently prejudiced on either side the water, it will, I trust, appear in what I say that there is quite enough of *admiration* of all that is really admirable, free from that insipid simpering approval of everything which not only misleads, but destroys all the lights and shadows inseparable from men and things in this beautiful world.

Happily this namby-pamby, "caw-me caw-thee," style gives way as we open our eyes wider, to a more vigorous, healthy tone between ourselves and the Americans; they know their own real advantages, and in turn, writing of England, don't at all spare our defects: except among ourselves we are only too candid, so their volumes are not the less relished on that account on this side the Atlantic.

We all affect to run after and worship *Truth*, which stalks about the earth in giant shapes before our eyes in the noon-day sun; but which we all insist on only looking at through our own individual infinitely coloured spectacles! The spectacles education fixes on our noses. However, in this tiny volume it is not a question of a million transatlantic facts: the aim is to be amusing, with a pleasant variety in the descriptions of things, many of them long since described over and over again. But these very things have greatly changed since the days when a Marryat made us laugh—or still more recently when we were tickled by the inimitable Notes of a

Dickens—not to mention dozens of other *tours*, idle and funny, or pains-taking and heavy—"sleepless themselves to make their readers sleep." Meantime years and events fly by, leaving good, bad, and indifferent slumbering on library shelves and kept there under the dead weight of 31s. 6d.! while the great Anglo-American Republic keeps going ahead at railway pace; fells her forests, creates fields, cities, villages, and covers the ocean with her numerous merchant fleets. Already she is equal in power and influence to England or France, and makes herself equally *felt* all over the world, quite as improving, imposing, and as meddling as the best of us.

We may spare ourselves the trouble of speculating on what her Empire, already "casting its shadows before," will reach hereafter. We can see at this moment she preponderates with an accelerated force each added year; and as they say, "she is bound to go a-head of the whole universal world!"

THE AUTHOR.

London, January 20th, 1855.

A LAST LOOK

AT

THE UNITED STATES.

I.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

INTRODUCTORY.

It must be confessed that some six or eight years ago we were overdone by two and three volume travels, and various impressions and descriptions of the United States, and of our transatlantic "cousins." Of late, however, as time flies, we have had nothing to point out

> "The very age and body of the time,
> Its form and pressure,"

if I except Mr. Chambers's book, which, though very good and valuable in its detailed facts, seems unavoidably written in praise of everybody and everything.

To know things well and intimately in this world will nowhere admit of this, if we are really bent on the naked truth. The great difficulty for ever is to find out the simple honest truth of anything! no two individuals ever seeing or feeling the same plain facts in the same way—no two descriptions ever exactly coinciding—to say nothing of eternal and most admired contradictions!

As to America, her forests, her rivers, and her climate, she still lies before our eyes in nearly all the wild majesty and beauty of nature, little altered, except on the sea-board, since the days of her Indians. And as to her present possessions, the inhabitants of her great cities, her villages, her fleets—which fill her harbours and cover the ocean—what are they but English, under their new energetic name of *American*, and another flag. In an increased liberty of action, seized on and carried boldly out in everything, we recognise our own selves transplanted to a wider field, and we go on wondering a little too much at the difference between us, as if it had

arisen all at once since the days of Washington and Franklin and our *English colonies!* The progression and the variety in thought, customs, and action is simply and just what was to be expected when the pressure of our feudal system we still cling to, was taken off. Going from Southampton to New York is much as if we went from Southampton to Liverpool; we cross three thousand miles of the Atlantic, and find ourselves in another England—New England!—which will apply, more or less, to all the states, even to the Salt Lake and California—gold-diggings and all. All, all is English—with a difference. A language in common, our school-books, and classic literature on the youthful mind, is the great connecting link of thought and action. A vast continent, modes of life suiting rivers, forests and coasts, with a polar and tropical climate, are mere accidents, altering little or nothing in the American moral world.

Looking back on a strangely chequered existence

"In life's young dream,"

America was once my home—almost my country. In her woods and fields there is no one thing I have not turned my hand to—so requisite for our own poor emigrants to understand and to do on their arrival in the New World, the home of their adoption, whether with the plough, the scythe, the axe, or the rifle. This is as a dream long past, when the cities and the cleared lands were of not half the extent they are now, and the population perhaps not a third—such has been the astonishing increase of these last thirty or forty years. It would be indeed interesting to mark the rapid change, even to this year, 1855, when we find they have arisen to a mighty power of twenty-five millions of a free vigorous people—far outstripping, in many things, the slower, ground-down continent of Europe! All this is quite incontestable; it is forced on us every day in a hundred ways; the most ignorant person knows all about it. Our docks are full of American ships, and they are the finest merchantmen people see up and down the Thames. They form the life and chief commerce of our chief city (after London), Liverpool—this, by the way, if we could shut our eyes on the hundreds of thousands of our *best* people, who inquire anxiously after those ships, and leave our shores annually, in search of a livelihood less pinched, less hopeless, than our little island can afford them—nobody can say positively of more *happiness*, for with enough to eat, that is ever "an airy nothing, without a habitation or a name." It is a foolish fallacy to talk of the particular or peculiar happiness of individuals or of nations. With a cleared patch (after much hard work for years) in some section of the backwoods of America, our

people too often sigh for their once health and happiness at home, when they often went hungry to bed. They may have a plentiful table in the woods without appetite, and rest without sleep—fever and ague may have weakened the one, and mosquitos destroyed the other. Both these evils must be expected by the settler, so sure as he locates his woods and erects his log cabin. Even in the older states, and long-since cleared country of the eastern shores, men rather vegetate than enjoy life—and in the country lead rather a sullen than a social life. The monotony of willing hard work eats into and puts out any little *mind* they may possess. This is, indeed, the condition of all labouring classes, willing or unwilling; but in the New World a man works ten times as hard for *himself*, and grows surly in a kind of lonely independence, for his next door neighbour may be most likely miles off. So much for the happiness of the thing; and it is as well to take it into the account—no emigrant must expect to find an unmixed good: this is nothing new, but it is kept too much in the background in the estimate of the writers on America, who know nothing of the climate, or the excessive hard work of clearing land. I should not glance at what may seem to have little to do with this my last look at the States, were it not to explain some passages in the following pages. When I compare things past with their present state, I think notably in their cities, not at all to the advantage of their greater size and increased numbers in the [illegible] day, a very natural consequence of the denser po[illegible] the rise in the price of provisions, the keenness of [illegible]tion, and the greater struggles with each other, v[illegible] differing from the shifts and contrivances, and mean[illegible] and miseries, selfishness and dishonesties, of the cities of the Old World. But I must not forget that I am but adding a short introductory chapter by way of explanation of certain passages in this my rapid glance at the more cultivated part of the great American States—more, I hope, to amuse the idle traveller, than lead or instruct (except incidentally, perhaps,) my readers. I think we have yet to be written a really useful pocket volume for the emigrant, comprising statistics and directions for his guidance, showing the difficulties and disgusts he must overcome hand in hand with the solid advantages he may look forward to—at least for his children. Even in such a work it would hardly hold good beyond four or five years, as to land and locations, labour and the markets, so rapidly does the population increase, and the various sections short of and beyond the Ohio and the Lakes.

One thing is certain: no man should think of settling in America not urged by decreasing means and an increasing family. Such an exile is but for the lowly, industrious

labourer, or young single man, without family interest or fortune, with his axe and his rifle, and a few dollars in his pocket on landing, he will with industry carve himself out an independence in time; but for *professional men* already there is no opening; all the cities are overstocked by the natives, and farming is impossible except to the labourer; hiring servants to work soon ruins those who dream of being gentlemen farmers! There is—there can be—no exception to this rule. Twenty and thirty years ago I knew this to my sorrow but too well. After a lapse of twenty years I again revisit old scenes—those creeks, those rivers, forests and corn-fields once so familiar; the cities and villages have spread and increased incalculably, while old familiar streets and things remain to the eye much the same, and with them the tone of society. What follows does but aim at a faithful and general idea of things as they are at this moment—originally written as a diary, I have been obliged to throw it into a more condensed form; which I do but mention to account for its abrupt transitions and want of method—partaking, indeed, of my own recent wanderings.

CHAPTER II.

AN AMERICAN STEAMER ON THE ATLANTIC.

ECONOMY OF AND INCIDENTS ON THE PASSAGE TO NEW YORK, ETC.

I HARDLY thought I should ever revisit the shores of America. Neither impelled by youth, by curiosity, nor by want,—an unforeseen calamity made any change far away from comfort and from home desirable, if but to change the current of my own sad thoughts. Instead of taking the longer line to Liverpool, I am off by railway to Southampton. The sportsmen are in the stubble-fields; the country is still green and beautiful; but all glides, like youth, rapidly away. I am in Southampton almost before I am aware of it. I should have taken my berth in London, if I desired a good one; it is now too late. They say so many guineas, with which five or six additional should be understood: the steward's fees, wine, and beer, are not included in the thirty or thirty-five guineas passage-money. The night-berth, too, is simply a standing one, either above or below, shared with some two or three others; this is awkward.

The weather is lovely. I went round the docks; but I wish they would water the road to them from Radley's Hotel, and even the docks, in dry weather. I could not admire the build of our steamers; they have scarcely a single good point: the

Americans beat us hollow. "That thing," said the American skipper, pointing to the Parana, "is a great misshapen tea-chest, just fit for a collier." I could not dissent from the truth of the remark. I counted twenty-two feet draught of water marked on her just out of dock, and she then drew thirteen. The American liner never has had twenty marked, and only drew nineteen, full coaled and cargo in. The same defect marks all our steamers, more or less. The Indus, Medway, Euxine, Dee, Ripon, and others, were here. Our smaller iron vessels struck me as better models; the Montrose and Indus best of all. Why do not our builders send out a few able young men to the American yards to study their improvements? To be behindhand in anything for want of a little observation, bespeaks a negligence unworthy of us. We may confess our errors candidly—a poor consolation when foreigners confess nothing, and will not give us credit for our real excellencies.

I go on board. Two long tables fill either side of the main cabin, where some eighty or a hundred passengers sit in their allotted places, during your fourteen or sixteen not very comfortable days. A steamer cannot be otherwise than uncomfortable, from its very nature. You have speed and hope—ask for nothing farther.

These American vessels are always filled by Germans. They take them up first at Bremen, on the Wesser. Upon going to look after my berth, I saw several German ladies. They and the men remained on board during the vessel's short stay of three days in the docks. All appeared homely and good-natured; one or two only, perhaps, could speak a little English or French. Nothing, surely, is more tyrannical than custom:—these simple, economical Germans were allowed in this way to escape the exactions of hotels, and all the host of snares laid for victimising travellers. I question very much whether the captain would have allowed as many English, or even Americans, to have remained quietly on board so long at the expense of the owners. Very likely they would never have thought of including it in their bargain. As to ourselves, we are always ashamed of appearing economical, and ever in a great hurry to rush on shore into the first hotel that offers.

Punctual to the hour, on the 10th of September, about noon, we started. A small steamer tugged us out of the dock, and we found ourselves without fuss or confusion quietly in the Southampton water, with full steam on, but were obliged to suspend our paddles for three hours and a half, waiting for the captain, the consul, and the mails. They came to us at last, loaded, too, with lots of luggage and accompanied by the passengers who had not yet come on

board. The weather was still beautiful; the wind fair: every hour seemed a day's delay to one's impatience. The captain gave a knot of us a glass of champagne as a loving cup at parting with the consul, the friendly Mr. Crosky, and some lady friends.

We sat down to dinner as we rounded Calshot Castle, and passed by Cowes without seeing the famous schooner, the America, at anchor there. Its late captain and crew were with us, going back to New York. It seems to me an inglorious conclusion to sell her and her golden opinions. What was five thousand pounds to her owner the commodore; and what are borrowed plumes to Captain Lord Blaquiere, or to the Cowes squadron?—their plumes "fluttered in Corioli!" I thought the price enormous; but I learned on board here that she cost twenty thousand dollars building, with an understanding of three thousand more as a present if she succeeded.

The steamer I am in has good qualities, but is not fast. Her arrangements and fittings are excellent. The dinner abounds with good things, and even this first day was put on the table with admirable order. A gong is gently murmured round the quarter-deck; the servants, who are some dozen mulattoes in green velvet uniform caps, and neatly dressed, take their appointed divisions behind us, and are very clean, active, and efficient. Besides joints of all sorts, roast and boiled, we have fish, soup, and many *entrées* and *hors d'œuvres*. The tarts and puddings very nice; and, above all, an abundance of ice to cool our beverage. Very little wine is drank, or liquor of any kind, I find; partly owing to the very high price charged. Most of the good wines are eight-and-sixpence the bottle. Our bottled beer is two shillings the bottle. This is the steward's perquisite. It is hardly politic, nor is it quite fair. A passenger is forbidden to bring his own wine; the advertisement says it "may be had on board;" and for "may" we read "must."

One thing strikes me at the very outset in these American steamers, of immense importance as an improvement—they consume their own smoke. The little tug was clouding all the dock with her black volumes. The smoke of this vessel's immense boilers was almost imperceptible, and so continued, even at the instant of throwing on fresh coals. Why is it that our steamers in all our rivers and waters are allowed to remain such detestable nuisances in this particular—in our harbours, in the Thames above all?

Those who travel must have no tender sympathies to throw away on the poor brute creation. One unhappy cow, torn from her calf, continues to low; the poor thing is in her crib before the paddle-box, where there is another for the supply

of milk, partner in her misfortune. These poor beasts suffer much while on board.

Our first twenty-four hours finds us getting a final glimpse of the last rocks and light-houses of the Scilly isles. The weather is without a cloud, most beautiful, and those sterile continuations of the granite ridge of Cornwall lie basking deceitfully in the genial sun. But sunny days, or clouds and night, make all the difference in their terrors.

We made the passage, keeping on the Channel parallel of latitude for the present, instead of steering at once to the southward of west; the great desideratum being to get to the westward as fast as ever the engines and fine easterly breeze will take us. By-the-by, this east wind already feels more soft across the waves than it did at home, where we justly hate east winds. We roll gently, the water is as quiet and smooth as it ever is at sea. But even this slight motion is too much for all heads and stomachs. The women are all uneasy, or half ill, and so are many of the men. Our run has been about two hundred and forty miles from Cowes. During the night we pass abreast of Ireland and Cape Clear, but too far off the land to see it. Coming from the States, or the West Indies, it is highly desirable to "sight" Cape Clear, as a leading mark for the Channel.

The Americans, laugh as we may, still go "ahead" of us. They do things on a wise and comprehensive scale. There are no less, I am told, than a hundred and six persons belonging to this steamer; which is by no means so large, so fast, or so fine, as some of those of "Collins's line" to Liverpool, the great rival just now of the Cunard line. This great number of persons consists of the sailors, engineers, stokers, cabin servants, stewards, stewardess, and their assistants; captain, mates, and cooks. All seem to work with the most perfect understanding and harmony. We never hear a word above a breath. It is necessary to have them pointed out to know the captain and chief mate from any of the passengers; nobody seems to want any orders or directions.

We have eighty or ninety passengers in the first class cabins, and fifty or sixty in the second class forward, but hardly inferior in comfort to the first. The only thing which marks an awkward distinction for a brief two weeks, or only ten days sometimes from land to land, is the notice on the side forbidding the second class to come on the quarter-deck. It is terrible. It at once divides us into two castes. I could not help dwelling upon this unpleasant fact. How much we are the creatures of surrounding opinion, no matter how imaginary our petty distinctions are, how ungenerous, how absurd. So, too, I thought of my handsome friend, Mrs. G——, who went to New York in the second class to

economize—she who, immediately on her arrival, will be in the first class society, "the upper ten," there, where certainly very few of the mere steam-boat first classes can get, or those, many of whom I see at the same table here. There appears no help for it, but it is extremely humiliating and uncomfortable while it lasts; it leaves a feeling of undue irritation upon the mind.

With four of us in the same small cabin on the second or lower deck, under the dining saloon, or great cabin, the air is too hot and close. The ventilation is capitally contrived, and all as well planned as possible, still I get up pretty early to wash and dress out of the way, and gain the deck as soon as it is washed and getting dry. Now, though the weather and the wind, that potent spirit afloat, is charming and fair, there is nothing to be seen but the dancing blue waters and the clear sky. We are cut off from the world, in our little humanity sense, and hum alone in our bee-hive upon the solemn waste of waters, from the grandeur of which we inevitably shrink—

"Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime."

We now begin to talk to each other with less reserve. We make friendly little knots in particular conversation. Sitting next each other at table is one link to further intimacy; and all takes the *couleur de rose*. Thank heaven! there will be no time for faults, or insufferable tedium, or to be bored to death. One can act up to a certain point, and be all things to all men—if not too long at once, or our sincerity and impatience may get the better.

Yesterday the deck was chalked for a game requiring strength and address, called shovel-board. A certain number of squares are numbered, into which round, flat, wooden quoits are to be propelled, or slid along the deck, from a distance. It is good exercise. Other parties are playing cards; and most of the men smoking, by way of passing the time. Some are at chess and backgammon.

In all our accounts of similar trips, I do not recollect to have seen any minute description of the manner in which so many people thrown suddenly together spend their time, and the general economy of the cabins and the crews. To be sea-sick, and to long for the end of the passage, comprise all we hear; as if there were nothing to say or nothing to know. In good sooth, the subject seems little less monotonous than it is in itself, but a little information may be extracted from it.

Eating and drinking seem the great business of our lives; here intensely condensed. It must, too, be confessed to an Englishman these necessary enjoyments are inconceivably varied and copious. We breakfast at half-past eight, a.m.; a

gong is sounded at seven to awaken the passengers to their toilets. A walk in the fresh morning air is desirable as a preparatory, for the night is passed in stifling heat to all those not having a skuttle or window in their cabins. Certainly, though the arrangements and fitting up of the lower deck cabins are excellent, with every contrivance for the circulation of air, four men lying within two or three feet of each other on little shelves, for the cabins are only six or eight feet square, make it anything but pleasant. The wind, getting more to the south, and softer, begins to tell upon us. I often awoke from a feverish slumber in a profuse perspiration. But to our eating economics. We lunch at twelve, and dine punctually at three o'clock, not too much hurried. Sometimes we have ice creams, pears, dried fruits, oranges, apples, chestnuts at dessert, and wine often, more or less. Everybody calls for it in turn. Sometimes we have champagne. Tea is ready at seven o'clock, when there is only too much of meat repeated on the table. Then, perhaps, we have a little music, a walk, and so to bed.

It is the 13th of September, the weather still lovely; our boots are well cleaned; towels, water, all well supplied. Indeed, the supply of napkins and towels every day for such a number of people is quite wonderful—how *do* they manage it?

Our breakfasts are as sumptuous as our dinners, every conceivable thing on the table: hot rolls, toast, bread, butter, ice, eggs, beefsteaks, venison cutlets—veal, mutton chops; fish—fried, salt, and fresh; coffee and tea, both good, and milk in abundance, in large pitchers. It puzzles me how the poor cow or two can possibly yield it.

Two small brigs are in sight on the extreme horizon, one evidently bound for Europe, the other outward bound. The horizon from our deck may be reckoned at ten miles.

The women seem most affected by the gentle roll inseparable from the broad Atlantic. Their discomfort will endure, as it is not enough to make them fairly sea-sick; so they stave it off as they can, and suffer more or less in consequence. The men are all in groups at cards. There is a good piano in the cabin, and last night the women attempted a little music; but the rolling, though very gentle, cut short the concert. The piano is near the stern windows; either end of the vessel having, of course, most motion. Many of the ladies play and sing. Some of the men are no doubt good musicians—the Germans, we may be sure. One of their lads played nicely.

The captain speaks of the relative merits of steamers; that is, of the *liners*. He says a steamer cannot be too strong; much more so than the unhappy President or the Great Britain, a sister ship, which was shortly broke up as unsea-

worthy, and good for nothing. It was known that the President was a badly built vessel, but of such things our paper public know nothing. Nay, with all the parade of news, and minute details of every possible transaction, how little of the real "naked truth" is ever known.

We can only rely on the Washington being a good sea boat should we have bad weather. They say she is; and as each day lightens us of some thirty-eight tons, not only will she go faster as she rises, but will be of course more buoyant—the first element of safety.

A poor little dog and cat have disappeared since we sailed. One may guess their fate, from the unfeeling way we hear them talk of the poor dumb creation. Why should man ever act such tricks "as make the angels weep?" Dogs are charged five pounds passage-money. Few except the French are kind to a little lap-dog, whose mistress very sensibly never suffers it to leave her day or night. In this respect the mulattoes and negroes on board are quite as unkindly and ferocious as their master; they show no compassion. How are our sympathies thrown away on the miseries of mankind! We chatter of slavery, and waste our commiseration. We injure our West India possessions in the name of mercy, and act ten thousand hard-hearted tyrannies all over the world; and in every variety of circumstance, but always with a "distinction."

I had hoped our daily run, helped by all the sails to the favouring breeze, would reach at least 250 miles a-day. It is not so. Yesterday, our bulletin on a card inside the stair-head cuddy only told of 234. Bets are laid that we are not in under fourteen days; but, unless head winds arise, even this moderate rate will take us across in twelve.

I find there is a surgeon on board, by mere accident; this might easily be unknown.

The rapidity of action and smartness of the cabin servants is astonishing. Our own clever waiters are comparatively sluggish. Here their whole waking time is employed putting the cloths and plates on and off the tables. Glad must they be when the tea at eight o'clock is finally cleared away, leaving the night to themselves. The fore-cabin or second class passengers, of whom we know no more than if they lived in the next street, have a separate establishment of cooks and servants; their meals served as regularly as with the first class. Their cabin is on the same deck as ours, ranging before the engines. It looks as commodious and as comfortable as the first, only not quite so large or handsomely fitted up; things in themselves of very little moment.

As I lay last night in one of my frequent waking moments, finding the lamp still burning and the night evidently far

gone, I was in the act of "turning out"—for get up one cannot—to blow it out, when the door opened, and one of the black servants put it out, saying the captain forbids any lights in the private cabins after eleven o'clock p.m. It was then I found it was past midnight. I was glad to get rid of this small addition to our heat. It is well we four individuals go to bed and get up at different hours. It is impossible to dress, or even move, except one at a time. I am first in bed and first up. A French youth sleeps over me; going to the States to learn book-keeping, English, and of course American enterprise, although his father, a French jeweller, boasts of his wealth in Paris. Still, he is for launching his son in the "go-ahead" New World.

I pity the young mothers here with their children. Some have babies in arms, with no rest night nor day, besides their own nausea to contend with. Their husbands appear very kind and attentive, but cannot comfort or help them much.

We keep on the circle sailing track, following the same parallel of latitude; indeed, as the wind sticks steady south, it sends us, steering west by north, a degree farther to the north. Our run to-day from the bulletin was 260 miles for the last twenty-four hours. All rejoice, in spite of an increased uneasiness from the greater swell. We fancy a gale must have recently swept over this track of the ocean. A few porpoises are seen, but they soon leave us, annoyed or frightened by the noise and foam of the paddles. Otherwise, they will often gambol half a day round a ship, and pleasant lively companions they are. They have been called the pigs of the ocean, from their compact shape and the taste of their flesh.

We have a minister—two, indeed—of our religion on board, but there is no service; I think wisely, so numerous are the different professions of faith. Jews, catholics, dissenters of all shades, and members of the church of England. Any one service would act as a sort of unexpressed reproach on the rest; so it is better we should all silently pray to the Almighty Power—to our great Creator. O God! let me here, on the face of the waters of thy mighty deep, offer up my gratitude and love, and humble submission to thy will; blot from my mind my recent sorrows, harden that weak tenderness of soul which still fills my eyes with tears of anguish!

"Thy will be done;" let me not feel the misery of losing my beloved, my solace, my remaining comfort. That time, swift "stealing from us every day," brings still its softening balm to our hurt bosoms, and makes us hail the approach when "stealing us from ourselves away," will be less and less dreaded. How infinite is thy goodness!

I still mourn my lost sweet love. She whom I have played with and watched and been wound up in as my other self;

the opening flower to smooth and give a balm to my declining years. The agony and bitterness of the blow is already softened to me. I am less stupified at the great calamity. I venture to think, and recal past tenderness, past endearments, past excellence, promising all a fond father could anticipate to love and admire—all now cut off by an inexorable decree—so young, so admirable, so lovable. How hard, how very hard, to be cut off from this bright sun, this beautiful world, to thee while still appearing in all the freshness of its most enchanting colours! What time have I to recreate—to forget—to replace my irreparable loss? What are all the millions of man's worth to me?—nothing left! The dreary fallen leaf, and falling snows, a little fire to warm my chilled limbs, a little commonplace, and I join thy pure innocent soul, let me hope, in heaven!

But to the immediate business of my life. The waves rising remind me of eternity and of fate—

> "Rough hew as we may
> The conduct of our lives."

Each day the weather thickens, and we have more swell and motion. All grows more sombre. Two violins have been taken from their cases, and a few notes struck on the piano; but sweet notes languish and the sounds cease. People's heads are down. Fewer appear at table, unable to withstand the "send," or pitching, which rather increases, while our sails are nearly close-hauled. They do us little good at any time, and now only serve to steady us a little. To-day our card bulletin tells us of 150 miles since noon yesterday. We have got across more than a third of our way.

Steamers often meet each other midway, and one should think ours must meet some vessel, even steamers, much oftener. But such is the vastness of the ocean, such the minuteness of these immense vessels that cross each other that it is not so. Other causes of course operate; thick weather, and the small distance of the visible horizon. Nor do seamen care much about the matter, unless they are very near indeed. They do not even speak each other, or go a yard out of their way to do it. This indifference, on the progressing principle, is not kind or pleasant—is it wise? I write this very little at my ease—not ill, not well. It rains, and the few not lying down, are at the cabin tables, at chess, cards, and smoking; some few reading to pass the time.

It appears that this company is paid 100,000 dollars per annum by the United States' government to carry a mail, and they were to have had four boats. Finding themselves unable to get shareholders enough they were forced to give up one of their best vessels half built. The Humboldt and

Franklin are faster and finer vessels than this or the Hermann, her sister ship.

A first-rate ship of 500 or 600 tons costs twenty pounds a ton building at New York. Larger ships cost something less, as the tonnage increases. Already the steamers carry all the light and fashionable goods between the two countries. It is curious and instructive to hear the Americans talk of wide distinctions where we can see no differences; but every craft has its mysteries.

The wind has changed to the westward, and is very light. Nothing but a heavy swell impedes us. The engines were stopped for ten minutes in the night for some purpose. I ask questions and catch all I can. How hard it is to find out the exact truth of anything!—each person colours things in his own way, to say nothing of the excessive tendency to exaggerate. Thus the fast steamers of Collins's line are said to consume 120 tons of coal in the twenty-four hours; it is incredible. I find to-day a much more likely story—about eighty tons. Even that is enormous, and is not confessed. In this steamer the consumption is about forty tons, called thirty-six occasionally. They talk of not being able to get up steam enough with the wind aft, or if the coal is not very good. Our run to-day has only been 224 miles. The light wind happily draws to the northward. About noon we saw on the horizon the steamer bound to Liverpool of the Cunard line, her smoke rising in black volumes. We passed her, a brig, and a ship, still nearer to us. All were left behind—on, on! It now rains, and is cloudy weather. A French violin is heard for half an hour, but none of the ladies venture near the piano; indeed very few have come to table at all these last two days, owing to the pitching of the vessel, from the swell.

I am more and more astonished at the inexhaustible provision of every conceivable thing, and such a constant variety, too, as appears on the table. Yesterday we had roast and boiled turkeys and oyster sauce, fried soles and salmon, soup (twice in the day), roast beef, mutton, fricaseed fowls, curry, tongues, veal cutlets, roast ducks, and geese (cranberry jam sauce)—all this in the greatest profusion for some eighty people. Puddings and tarts, jellies, blanc-manges, in great plenty and variety. Dessert: apples, pears, grapes, raisins, almonds, filberts, oranges; cakes of all sorts, figs, jams, plums, prunes, stewed plums, and preserved ginger—perhaps a dozen other things I forget, or didn't see. The whole impression it gives is a surfeit of good living. One day, Sunday, we had venison and ice-creams in addition. All the large joints and dishes are kept hot by spirit-lamps, and all are in a singular perfection—on the high seas. The joints, poultry, and fish are

kept in a kind of ice-house; nothing is killed on board. Could Columbus but rise and behold the wonderful change since his days of scurvy or starvation—could he but see the mighty engine, the "slave of the lamp," here steadily at work, driving on this vast body!

There is no dressing for dinner, as may be imagined, with people half sick. To-day, being a little less pitching, a Frenchman's *robe de chambre* at table is found fault with by a fastidious lady. The captain, I believe, tells him of it in a good-natured way. One of the ladies plays us a few polkas and waltzes—all that can be expected. An attempt to accompany her on the violin by the same Frenchman proved a failure. Our French passengers are all shopkeepers and *marchandes de modes.*

The rain clears off, and the evening proves charming, with a beauteous sunset. Ranges of golden-edged clouds fringe the semicircle of the horizon, backed by the crimson glory of the setting luminary. How inexpressibly grand are the skies! how infinitely varied! lifting the soul to heaven and to God! It softens that anguish which steals over my soul in moments of recollection. I look up at the Evening Star, and think it my bright particular star—my lost comfort, smiling and shedding its sweet, innocent influence on my crushed spirit. As I write, tears fill my eyes. I must not indulge, but fly the "luxury of woe"—a weakness no one now can understand or share in; nor would I share the sacred, last sad memento of what once was. Is it not wise that we should be intensely selfish? Our own woes, as we live on, are almost too crushing to bear, without adding those of others. The most stupid and callous are surely the happiest of mankind.

The swell gradually subsides in a small degree. On all wide seas it is in vain to expect still water. The long oceanic wave ever heaves in ceaseless undulation. There is now more talk, more gaiety; the ladies come out of their cabins more, though still for the most part silent, reclining, pensive, ill at ease. I find it difficult to bow and smile to all, and yet feel annoyed at keeping any fair one a stranger; we fancy a neglect and an inimical feeling in those passed so often close touching, yet unacknowledged; yet we are very social on the whole. The Germans and French are most so, perhaps, hanging together in little coteries, from the same ideas and tastes. We and the Americans do the same, but the facility of the same language has perhaps most to do with it.

I am amused and instructed by the conversation among the pure Americans, and their opinions of our writers about them in their trips to America. They differ among themselves wide as the poles. One party thinks and knows all that Captain Marryat, Mrs. Trollope, and others said, to be per-

fectly true; but throws the absurdity or oddness on a few individuals of their great family. Others swear they have written nothing but a tissue of exaggerations and positive falsehoods. Many, indeed, of the best educated, allow that our writings have done them much good, and effected in good manners what they themselves despaired of bringing about—such as shirt-sleeves, and legs cocked up on boxes, tables, chairs, in ladies' company; and their habit of spitting about everywhere.

Here one sees all the peculiarities we have laughed at; but to describe or to fix them on individuals, would at this time of the day be neither novel nor amusing; the image is worn out. The novelty of conduct soon departs, and we find the person, after all, essentially much like ourselves.

There is also a positive poverty of resource and vulgarity in running even the shadows of worn-out ideas and good things to death. Our cleverest writers just now about town are growing out of date. We aspire to something beyond the eternal sneering at cockneyisms or snobbisms, or mimicking the slang of the rich or poor vulgar, just as one is sick of eternally bepraising people for ordinary qualities—rather too much the fashion with us everywhere out of our first circle. Our writers, with their cleverness or finesse, ever aiming at wit *à la Punch*, are wide of the mark, and sin against the very laws they would affect to establish. Consequently the hits grow more feeble. The essence of wit, of humour, of a whole understanding, and some real knowledge of the world and things in it, is not exactly fitted to sustain a lengthened mediocrity. Hence the cold silence or faint smile in the few, the loud laugh and empty wonder in the many. But writers cannot live by the few. Not to mention the falsehoods, ignorance, and prejudices pandered to, if not religiously believed in, too frequently. Where can we lay our hands on a work not exhibiting them by way of seasoning? Thus every country goes on amusing itself—creating little paltry gods, popping them up and down, in and out of their little holes, like the prairie-dogs of the Yankees' far west. Each gives its note and disappears, but the village is edified.

Each coming year Cuba grows of more importance. The Americans have but one idea—Cuba must, sooner or later, be one of their states. The wish is father to the thought; the thing is natural, is apt, is certain. In vain the *Times* thunders its political morals to the world. The New World laughs at our morals, seeing how well we exemplify them. They think us Mawwormish; our cogent reasons, too, absurd as specimens of a state virtue, we carry into action! At the Cape, in Cabul, or in Borneo, we act just as it suits our convenience in morals. Words are infinite. Very good words may be

used to defend and make the worse appear the better reason in everything. Your party writer can, in any given week, write round the circle of opinion, and so hash up truth and falsehood that men swallow all, and sink into a Babel of confusion. Hence our obscured ideas of good and bad. We grow stupified in our speculations, and would be saints "when most we play the devil." Not so the young and active spirits for good or evil. They march on, and laugh at all laws—all human laws, at least—that cross them; and these are often so bad, so contradictory, so absurd, that one almost ceases to marvel at it. The great code, therefore, must be kept intact—"Success warrants everything." Thus morals are often made to assume any accommodating shape. This, too true of nations, descends into and holds good of private life, both in America and England, to an extent not suspected.

We are so far lucky. To-day the wind is steady and gentle from the north-west, the sea still smoother. We set our studding-sails again, and the deck is covered with walkers and shovel-boarders. Sounds of a fiddle strike the ear in one of the cabins, cards are playing right and left, and the sun shines brightly down on us, lighting up our tables. Two vessels have already passed us on the far horizon. Nobody thinks of communicating in any way; speaking them is totally out of the question; it is still *en avant!*

We approach on this the 18th of the month, and must be near the Banks of Newfoundland. The morning is cloudy, the water smooth, and all our little sphere sufficiently alive.

In this world everything is judged by comparison; so I hear from a young man who has crossed eighteen times in steamers. He says that the Cunard line is the best, and most stylish in the cabin appointments. The steamers are as fast and safer than the Collins' line, better built, and more carefully navigated. From the Americans I only hear of Collins's steamers being the fastest. They are both, just now, ten pounds dearer to cross in, but are coming down to thirty pounds or guineas.

Surely this sum, after all, is enormous compared with the short-passage steamers among ourselves or on the American waters. We are told, however, that they are often losing concerns; the four or five thousand pounds passage-money being swallowed up in losses, in expense, freights, and so on. Small consolation to idle travellers.

The captain affects to be dissatisfied with even 250 miles a day of twenty-four hours, consuming only forty tons of coals, let us suppose. The Collins' line vessels consumes eighty tons a day, and gains on the whole perhaps only one or two days out of the twelve or thirteen. The passage is now reduced

to; it is hardly fair on this "Ocean" line. One thing is certain, our engines work very smoothly and steadily, with little trembling, not so much as with the more powerful steamers from Liverpool. We now wind the evening up with a duet of fiddles playing "nigger" tunes, "Susanna don't you Cry," "Lucy Long," at which there is boisterous mock applause. At starting we drew nineteen feet of water —one reason why the engines could not drive us beyond ten knots the hour, and barely that, without the help of the sails; we are much lighter now.

During the night of this day, the 19th, we have been running across the Banks. We encountered drizzle and fog, but not very intense. It clears off, the breeze becoming gentle and fair from the north. We pass two ships at a distance, steering the same way. Their sails shine cheerfully in the sun. The sea, too, is comparatively smooth, and all our little world very pleasant and lively. The game of "shovel-board" is again much in vogue. The run at noon announced 250 miles, having nearly, if not quite, crossed the Banks. The air is cool; and, as we are now steering west south-west, we shall run into warmer air; not that it is at all necessary, for this cooler weather gives us comfortable nights in our close cabins.

After a night of rain the wind is round for the first time fresh against us from the south-west, bringing warm sunshine, but more pitching, and the late smooth sea by degrees, but perceptibly enough, piles up unpleasantly; many heads are down, and pensive people in reclining positions. What creatures of habit we are! I constantly see and hear things unmoved which certainly at home would have disgusted me. Then, again, I find an extreme difficulty in getting at the real unvarnished truth of the most ordinary occurrence. One must see with one's own eyes, or be wide of the mark; everything is described here in hyperbole—everything monstrously detracted from or exaggerated. How easy it is to lie like truth, and deceive under the garb of frankness itself—whence this proneness to escape from the "modesty of nature?"

Besides all this, let any man with some of life's poetry, the beauty of earth and heaven's own pure images in his mind, still dreaming of disinterested, innocent moral influences, take a passage across the broad Atlantic. Not the terrestrial world's blind and most fervid adoration of the golden calf can ever have given him so clear an idea of the potent spell in all its minute workings, as at the two long tables of a steamer. Let Crœsuses and Rothschilds go about the earth and water! We should only be rich, "very." That is enough. Be careless, liberal to extravagance, that is the only virtue. All look up to, or down on you, accordingly. They scan your

every bottle of champagne, and sentence you accordingly. Only spare your breath or your purse, and you are "poor indeed." In this feeling I observe the waiters strictly partake, and measure the "orders" *pari passu* with their own growing expectancies in vails. This menial greediness, common enough everywhere, is here concentrated into an intensity enough to pitch to limbo any foredoomed economy of a passenger. The hateful word with all the household virtues, is the abhorred of hotels and steamboats. The intimate, the agreeable, the pleasant, all drag one away, and dive into your purse. The shameful price of wines here that pay no duty sets me on these thoughts. We take wine with each other, and play the "handsome;" we must set down at least six or eight guineas per head for twelve or fourteen days' passage. If we get off for half, it will never ensure us "golden" opinions, nor permit us to escape a shrug of pity.

In our own Cunard line, I understand that the cost of wine, and vice of gambling besides, is sometimes carried to an enormous excess. On one occasion a gallant officer gave a wine or champagne wind-up to the dinner. Each man had three pint bottles forced on him to get rid of. The scene was a sort of saturnalia—a bacchanalian madness. Some few, it was said, washed their hands in what they could no longer force down their throats. What a degraded animal at times is man; and yet with what a lenient eye do we look on his coarsest excesses. The "stirrup cup" and hard drinking, still lingering in the north of our island, are out-Heroded in these passages over the ocean.

If I am to believe all I hear, the temperance mania of a section of the Americans is losing, not gaining ground, even among their shipping. It is certain, whatever rules their sea-captains make, they seldom gain a proselyte among their seamen. These only remain sober per force for the voyage, to plunge into accumulated drunkenness the moment they arrive in port. The short abstinence and lack of stimulus seems to increase their love of drinking tenfold. It is hardly wise to forbid a reasonable quantity afloat; for, besides that the ship's water requires some little corrections for health's sake, and habit has made it a positive comfort, it is felt to sweeten the seaman's hard fare. For hard is poor Jack's fare, hard his work, hard his life. "We would wish to see seamen enlightened and critical," say theoretic persons—absurd! "No; let ignorance and folly be the seaman's lot; life would, indeed, be a sea purgatory if they were better off than they are. What have they to do with the delicacies and amenities of this world?" We laugh and wink at their follies and excesses—and well we may. They are the helots of the

civilized world, and in no nation so vilely considered as in the United States. The name "free citizen" applied to them seems, indeed, a mockery. Afloat or on shore, their doom is cast. Thousands of them upon thousands may envy the hardest lot of the worst-used Virginian or Alabama slave, with Dr. Johnson's definition of a ship to boot. With us, whether in the navy, merchant service, or coasting trade, it is still too much the same. We tickle them with stage clap-traps and after-dinner speeches—empty, unmeaning words.

Let this go on as it has done, and England's fate is sealed. She will sink to rise no more under the Union Jack. What less does such ingratitude deserve! We build clumsy men-of-war, steamers particularly, at a most extravagant rate; give promotion by favour to a class; neglect our old veterans sunk into oblivion; allow pert youth to usurp all the best posts under ministerial influence, and the friendship, interest, or caprice of some first lord, while our sailors are ill paid and neglected. A mean, unwise "economy" masks an ignorant or extravagant expenditure, and abroad and at home forms a considerable episode to this precious "History of our own Times." All this is as plain and true as the sun at noon. Cut up and commented on in some of our papers every day in the week with as much coolness as if they were talking of the government of the moon! I rave; what have I to do with affairs of state—an obscure individual, of whom nothing is asked or expected but to pay his taxes at home and thank God things are no worse? I am now far away on the blue ocean. Sharks and dolphins dream not of man's grievances, nor fret themselves about administrative incapacities. The weather is fine; it is Sunday, and we have divine service for the first time. Most of us attend, and thank God for His mercies so far. The sermon is to the purpose, whether our minds are or not. We drink champagne with each other afterwards at the captain's end of the table. The ship pitches, but not much, and we have run 226 miles in the last twenty-four hours. Our arrival is predicted to an hour, and several sail pass us.

A fine pilot New York schooner ran close to us. We are a hundred leagues east of New York, but leave him behind us with difficulty, for these craft sail like the wind! The engines have only been stopped twice or three times the whole way over, for about twenty minutes each time. The passengers begin to look after their chests and portmanteaus. The Custom-house searchers are spoken of as very *mild*.

We have a fine fair wind. All the world is on the *qui vive*, dressed smartly and smiling. At nine o'clock we see the high-land of *Never-Sink*, not at all high; and by twelve we pass the

lighthouses on Sandy Hook, with the Jersey white, sandy, low shore, and then bear away for the "Narrows,' between Staten Island and Tony Island, where three-tier batteries, built of brick, command the pass.

One is particularly struck with the numerous pretty white villas and cottages *ornée* on both islands. On Staten Isle, about the quarantine station, where the health officer comes on board. This is a large village, increased a hundredfold since I last saw it twenty years ago. Here, on both sides, the opulent citizens of New York have their country-houses. Some of our writers have described the luxuriant lives they lead in these rural retreats.

Inside Sandy Hook, and over the whole face of the bay, may now be seen innumerable small craft, tug-steamers, passage-steamers, ships home and outward bound in vast variety and profusion. It is this which makes the approach to New York so wonderful to quiet Europeans. If in England, from Sheerness to London Bridge, our Thames is full, lively, busy, beyond, far beyond all the European world; here we find ourselves outdone. As we approach nearer and nearer to the city, the forests of masts on both sides, in the Hudson and East rivers, are astonishing. On the North, or Hudson river side, it is a forest of steam funnels. About one o'clock, we hauled into a "slip," and made an addition to this vast number. Setting aside the innumerable steamers out and in, the beauty and size of the ships themselves is admirable.

We have some rather fine Indiamen, but, speaking generally, I am sorry to remark the Americans surpass us. To say nothing of their unfettered and indomitable activity, they will make two voyages to our one. They outsail us as the clipper yacht America (whose captain now piloted us in) did our club yachts at Cowes.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK—ITS HOTELS, WATERWORKS, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

New York has been so often described as to its general features that one is afraid to say another word about the matter; but descriptions never do convey any positive idea; for instance, its bay, its two great rivers—the lowland each side, itself the peninsula between, with its forests of ships, masts, and steam funnels on either side—writers have compared the whole to the Bay of Naples! others to Liverpool—"Very like a whale!"—no, it is like nothing on earth but itself. While in the city itself immense changes have taken place these last twenty years—and go on changing. But we

are hauling into the slip of the mail-steamers (our Cunard line are compelled, for want of room, to lay over at Jersey City wharves, on the opposite side of the river).

Our joy at arriving is already damped by the rain; by the confusion and crowd we form, with our trunks on the quarter-deck; knocked about and "not cared for" by either captain, mates, or crew, who are "yo-hoing" at hawsers and ropes, lugging her alongside the slip or planked wharf—which, on each side of the city, run in hundreds out like the teeth of a comb—(each two hundred yards long and forty or fifty broad). On this slip appears, to our further dismay, an immense crowd of eager people ready to board us, and divide the spoils of luggage!—just undergoing the ordeal of the Custom-house officials—who I find not at all "mild"—but more minute, troublesome, and vexatious, than at our own Custom-houses—they even broke open some of the small packages and boxes which could not be opened by key, or by the owner quick enough, and insisted on looking into our writing-desks and portfolios. My fellow "cal-lated" that he "liked to see all," as he tumbled all my things about—in the rain! Oh, Captain F——, why did not you warn us? Why vouch for the urbanities of Custom-house sharks? Well, they took nothing—for there was nothing to take, except one's patience! and I was going to expatiate on the beauties of the tug and ferry steamers—the forests of masts and steamers' funnels—or the coasting and river sloops and schooners laden with all kinds of *notions*, including hay, oysters, pumpkins, and staves—on the numbers of ships clearing out and in—on the whole waters in face of the city being alive with white sails, and steam-boats rushing in all directions—on the low Jersey shores to the left as we advanced—and the gentle rise of the Long Island side to the right—with its suburb city of Brooklyn of 110,000 citizens—of the Battery Point and green, and its trees, which divides the East and Hudson river forests of masts aforesaid—forming the mighty stir of this New World! But no, I must attend to more pressing concerns, and get on shore out of this pelting rain as fast as I can—and not a bit glad or overjoyed at having got across the Atlantic in twelve days and a-half—twice before now has it kept me a whole month—but nobody is ever grateful for anything! The rain and the Custom-house jack-in-office had quite upset my equanimity; and now we are fast—the gang-board and the deck invaded by the crowd; the confusion becomes unspeakable; trunks, packages, ropes, ladies and their husbands, children, nurses, officers, porters, touters, searchers, all mix up in an uproar enough to confound and upset any common stoic. All this is made still worse by the friends of those on board, and even unwashed mob coming on the deck, many out of idle curiosity, some to look for friends

expected, others for luggage, and many dispatched to tout from their hotels.

Happily, "time and the hour run through the hottest day." Fighting my way over the gang-board, I land, loaded with part of my traps, fearful of their loss, and rush into one of the Astor-house coaches, waiting with others near, and we drove off, over a sea of black mud and ruts, through a crowd of 'busses, carts, drays, and other vehicles, in number equal to those of our own London, swarming in Fleet-street or Cornhill. Several times we were brought to a stand-still before we arrived at this establishment of two hundred and ninety or three hundred rooms, built of a bluish stone, resembling granite; indeed, called here Quincy granite. It forms an immense pile, five or six stories high, situated in the Broadway-street, at the south end of the "Park," an open space of about ten acres, planted with trees, where stands the Town-hall.

The presiding priest (the office-clerk) of this crowded temple, presented me on my entrance with a book in which to insert my name. I was then ushered up several flights of stairs, and through long corridors, to No. 240, where the windows are simply oval apertures between the carved ornaments of the cornice in front of the house. From this hole, getting half my body through, I looked down on the south end of the Park and Broadway-street. I saw interminable lines of omnibuses coming up and down. Their number, running into all the avenues above, seemed truly astonishing; the noise, night and day, was incessant; Piccadilly has hardly a more incessant clatter.

In honest truth, I cannot like these great caravanseries. The only feeling in them is that of discomfort, inseparable from such vast numbers being thrown together.* The dining-room is very large and fine. It contains two long tables, at which a parcel of careless, sleepy, Paddy-botheration waiters go through the listless, never-ending employment of feeding all the strange biped animals that present themselves, from "morn till dusky eve." How very tired they must needs be of their labour, and the repetition of the same never-ending, still-beginning process! Our philosophical citizen *feeders* are all Irish; indeed, it is very rare to find white Americans thus employed. As to the native-born, the difference of manners here is sufficiently marked. I already fancy I detect myself in twanging off emphatic words, by way of clinchers to my sentences, or modulating my voice into the invariable sing-song cadence heard on all sides. However the native American

* I am only astonished at Mr. Chambers, in his excellent, sensible, and useful book, finding it *comfortable!* or that he had such ample time to eat his dinner at the hotels.

resembles an Englishman, there is a certain expression, and peculiarity of dress and carriage, about the "young country sarpent," which cannot be mistaken. Perhaps, as just observed, the Americans affect the French fashions most at the present moment. They appear "bearded like the pard." They shave the upper lip in general, and a little of the cheek above the jaw-bone, leaving a straight line right across the face; or else the beard only garnishes the tip of the chin, surmounted by an imperial.

Such is the appearance of the "human face," not rendered more "divine" by these tasteless arts, which presents itself to the stranger newly-landed. The prevalent dress is much like our own, with a smack of the last Parisian novelty. The hotel swells dress in the gayest colours. I looked in vain into the shop-windows for a black cravat: anything rather than quiet colours or simplicity of costume seems the current taste.

To say anything absolutely novel of New York might well make a stranger despair. I shall confine myself to a few objects which strike those who arrive from England. Peculiarities of language, dress, and manners here, have been dwelt upon until they have become trite and even tedious. The fashions follow London and Paris. Every man has his watch in his waistcoat-pocket, and his guard-chain, seals, and key, hooked to his button-hole. I may add to what has been said, that if America copies Young France a little as to the cut of the beard, the older and best-bred persons shave as we do, or almost as closely. They do not take as much pains at the toilet, perhaps. Still, all are known to be American at a glance, by a certain *je ne sçai quoi*—I do not refer to their tone of voice, phraseology, twang, or emphasis particularly, but there is a total difference in ideas and mode of thinking.

Still raining, I walked up the Broadway as far as a new stone-built church, a mile from the Park, but still the Broadway, which runs north for miles, a leading avenue, crossed by the numbered streets up to 50th-street or 150th-street, but as yet in only building lots, ready for the go-a-head expansion. The omnibuses were so thick, at their charge of six cents, or threepence, that a continued chain of them was going and returning from all the avenues and northern body of the town, into the extreme suburbs some four miles off. There is a street-railroad opposite the Astor, and I observed two monster-cars upon it, each drawn by four horses. They are a sort of long saloon upon wheels, and were starting I knew not where, but I must needs get in and be conveyed up Centre-street to Cannal-street. They skirt the street upon this rail between the footway and the centre. The most remarkable "go-a-head" things I observed besides were the galvanic telegraph wires, running up the streets on high poles, over the

passengers' heads, crossing and re-crossing it. In one place the pole, too slender, on which the four wires are suspended, leans over the street at an awkward angle. It will some day come down, and entangle a dozen omnibuses.

Generally, the shops, like their houses, are on a larger scale than ours. Their extent is remarkable. So is the great size of the timbers and beams used in their construction. It is true wood is in plenty here. Thickness and strength not being economised as with us. There is a sort of bold novelty in everything the Americans do; a usefulness connected with durability—impossible not to admire. In their newest buildings they beat our houses out and out. Trinity Church is a most noble pile, semi-Gothic; and within, very like a cathedral. It has rich stained-glass windows, and the whole speaks an almost Greek solidity of construction. The spire is exceedingly handsome, as are all the spires, remarkably so. Several of these rise to an elevation of two hundred and fifty feet. There are more than a hundred and seventy places of religious worship of all denominations and sects.

I walked into Trinity Church, the door being open, and no dean and chapter extorting fees. I felt no small degree of admiration at the simplicity of the interior, and its fine effect as a whole; but it struck me as too sombre; indeed, as positively dark; but the Americans are fond of this sort of darkness-visible—in their hotels and private houses you can hardly see to read and write, or eat your dinner! keeping their outer green shutters *(jalousies)* closed. To the left, on entering the churchyard, which is embellished with flowering shrubs and weeping willows, my attention was fixed for a moment on the tomb of Captain Lawrence, who was killed in the Chesapeake. The monument and inscription are both in good taste; indeed, particularly so. There is nothing turgid nor overdone; a fault sometimes noticeable here. He was really a noble fellow! Some few other public buildings have fine façades of solid granite; the most conspicuous are the Exchange in Wall-street, of stately effect, and the Tomb's prison, in Centre-street, is built entirely of granite, with great solidity, in the Egyptian style, the massive gloominess of which is not inappropriate to a receptacle for evil doers.

How much earlier a people our cousins, the Americans, are than ourselves! At six in the morning, the din of activity was already heard on all sides. In truth, it seemed scarcely to have ceased all night. While we, in London, are only opening our shop windows at eight and nine o'clock, our omnibuses are hardly harnessed, and very little stir seen, even the streets scanty of people; the inhabitants of New York are three good hours before us. At seven o'clock, in the great room of the Irving and Astor Hotels, we see a good

many people at breakfast. This is continued until eleven or twelve, if you choose to breakfast so late. But as the whole world here, *beau monde* and all, are mercantile, all meals are earlier. At half-past three o'clock, the general dinner, at six tea, and from nine till eleven those take supper who may be inclined to do so. A variety of good things are to be had, but there is nothing allowed to drink, except water, without extra payment, at exorbitant prices. Thus, but for the busy *bar*, one would fancy all the polite world teetotalers; on these long tables, of hundreds in rows, nothing is seen but water and ice; or, at rare intervals, a dashing individual ventures on wine. Sherry, port, madeira, or champagne, all alike at eight shillings and ten shillings the bottle (two and two-and-a-half dollars)! Brandy, rum, and all liquors, equally extravagant; even the common New England rum and whiskey. Beer in the same way; our porter and ale at two shillings the bottle. Hotel people are thus teetotalers per force; the ladies, if any, all together at one end of the table, rarely touch anything but water.

So that the bare living, compared with our hotels, is not at all more moderate, even on water only. My week's bill came to eighteen dollars, or £3 12s., without a single comfort. But the bachelor mob of American hotels care nothing about comfort of any sort. The hall and bar always filled by spitters, chewers, and smokers. There is a small sitting-room here for the use of 150 men! it might hold thirty standing; a smaller room, and a small round table, small inkstand, and no pens or paper, is for writing in—if you can. Another sort of office has the dozens of United States papers fast to desks, which run round, to be read standing; the one directory is chained to the clerk's office; you are poked four in one bed-room—quadruple bedded—with men you know nothing of, and who change, it may be, in various relays during your pleasant *séjour;* a writing on the door warns you to be wary, and lock your door! which is simply impossible. I had not the pleasure of the most remote acquaintance with the gents who snored round me at night; all fashionable, if I could judge by their immense brass-bound, nail-studded trunks. Still, the warning was not pleasant.

The fast young Americans at these hotels, all over the Union, glory in all sorts of silly show and expense, and much resemble our *gents*, only that they have more unaffected assurance, and take the lead in everything—theatres, concerts, balls, and parties. The old folks are voted slow when they happen to have a "governor" somewhere.

Miss Catherine Hayes is here, and, the papers say, exchanges visits with Mrs. and Miss Fillmore at the Irving-house. She gives concerts at Tripler's Hall, at one and two

dollars the seat; is obstreperously applauded, and has bushels of bouquets (made up in French fashion, and sold in Broadway) thrown at her every evening by all the most enthusiastic gents. This fashion has almost reached its culminating point of absurdity.

I am sick of this great granite Astor, with its columns, and interminable stairs and corridors. The vestibule, always lumbered by trunks going and coming, and their owners spitting in all directions—a row of them sit and enfilade the street, with smoking skirmishers drawn up, three deep, on the steps of the doors, staring at the Broadway *belles*, who run the gauntlet of their cigar and eye fire with a pleased confidence.

The girls look, to my English eyes, as thin as thread papers, but I must wait and see more of them. There are an immense number of French and Germans mixed up with the pure grit Americans. The variety is increased by the niggers and yellow ones of all shades; but I must put on my American spectacles, and not be too hasty in conclusions.

This granite hotel is one of the great guns of New York. It is carried on by a company, like a rail-road, in shares, as most of these giant feeding places are in the United States; a clerk or two presides in an entrance-office, and a head man over the waiters, who marshals them, like a company of soldiers, when all the bipeds are jammed together expectant at table.

A bell tinkles—in they march, two and two, bearing covered dishes; another tinkle of bell—halt—each sets down his dish and cover, at *very* remote distances, of vegetables or something nobody is likely to touch, *hors d'œuvres;* another tinkle—uncover. Each waiter divides his squad of hungry cattle off into the sixes or eights he has to feed. Those who feed him get first asked, one after another, what they'll have? for nothing eatable is in sight. The fish, flesh, and fowl, is cut up and served out in another room, or at the extreme end of these great darkness-visible halls. You wait, in vain you turn your head, or try to catch a stray imp to get you something—anything. No; I guess not; you're in a fix. At last, when some of the first-served have nearly dined—they only take fifteen or twenty minutes—your particular feeder comes in a great hurry and asks you, insinuatingly, what you'd like? The bill of fare has lots of good things; but, one after another, he tells you, after another absence, "there's none left!" Well, in despair, you cram anything you can get down; what enjoyment! I forgot, that first they bring round a vile soup of some kind—mere hot water.

You are slow at feeding, still, don't trifle; you see the tarts and puddings vanishing; they are put on now, but the

ruck are backing out. The dessert has been on from the first, to make a show along the middle of the tables—the most common miserable fruit to be found in the market—you may munch an apple; no, the whole feed has ended; all cleared out. You are the last man, and are, evidently, a nuisance to the waiters, so, be off. This they call dining.

But, at these places, to talk of comfort of any kind is laughable; it is no more known, or cared for, than in Paris. They affect, now-a-days, to follow this French fashion, of having nothing to help yourself from at their *tables d'hôte*, till cold, and cut up, and brought you to eat, whether you like it or not. But even this is more tolerable in France for twenty or thirty people at table, than for the two hundreds at the American hotels. I give up dining, but I am not even fed; it is worse than poor Sancho in the island of Barataria. Leisure, converse, wine at dessert—pooh!

Twenty years ago, all the tavern and hotel-tables in the States were twenty times more liberal, served in the good old English way. Brandy was even put on the table to help yourself, till the dessert came on; and the servants were not so evidently in a hurry to get rid of you. Delicacies were not rare nor stinted as now; lobsters, terrapins, peaches, oysters, plums, melons, &c., were in profusion, now you rarely see them. The tables affect show and finery, and are more mean; or, perhaps, the shareholders would divide a less dividend. From whatever cause, they have sadly fallen off, in proportion as they have gone on building their great hotels bigger and bigger.

This, in a rich, cheap country. The markets are admirable; every conceivable good thing at extremely low prices, and in astonishing profusion. I was quite lost in the heaps and loads of things at the great markets—Washington, Fulton, Broad-street, and others I forget the names of—Covent-garden, or Leadenhall, are nothing to them in extent or the luxuriance, not that they can be compared to them, but we have neither so many nor such a variety, even in London, and everything as dear again—I can only except the rarest fruit and flowers with us, but always at extravagant prices. But throughout America, their storekeepers, artists, and others, board by the year at these hotels, at half, or less, than is charged to travellers; thence it is that the tables are bad, to suit their smaller payments, as they form the great body always seated at them.

The breakfasts are a shade better, always excepting the tea and coffee, made in great tin cans, weak as water, and as to taste, very much alike indeed; a decent cup of tea or coffee is not to be had, unless in private apartments up-stairs.

I leave the table in disgust, and up interminable flights of

stairs and dark corridors regain my corner of No. 240 chamber. What a treadmill! I see leather hoses are kept coiled up ready along the corridor in case of fire. By crawling out at my window, or hole in the cornice, under the roof, about four feet deep, I can manage in this horizontal position to see what's going on in the Broadway below, in the "Park," and Bowery-street beyond. I see various volunteer corps, and hose and engine corps, with colours flying, and bands at their head are marching about through the streets. These brigades of firemen and volunteers are some of them on a visit from the Jerseys or Philadelphia; travelling by rail in companies to show themselves in their smart uniforms; they are received and *fêted* by the New York companies. Tamaney Hall is a favourite resort after their marchings about all day. On grand occasions these young firemen (always the dare-devil set in each city) gather bouquets and wreaths, as they march along, from the hands of their fair friends! and parade them from one city to another; for they don't mind either time or expense, and "don't go home till morning;" the whole day passed in treating each other at certain stands or favourite hotel bars.

There is no such thing as a hair-dresser's shop—all are "Barbers' shops," which are always full of beaux, getting some part of their cheeks shaved; and the charges are very high for this luxury of being stuck in the barber's chair. Every hotel has its barber's shop attached to it near the bar; and a bowling-saloon in the basement too. There are, I find, some few *restaurats*, as they call them; but the favourite places for dining or supping are the oyster-cellars; some of them fitted out very fine and expensively; each table in a recess with curtains in front looped up like window curtains. They charged high for some oyster-soup I called for—poor stuff, very—and yet the profusion of oysters caught down the bay, and along Staten Island, as far as Perth Amboy, in the Jerseys, is quite marvellous, quite "a caution," as they have it. Well, I have heard of God sending us good things, and the devil cooks; it never was more true of any country surely than America, from Niagara to New Orleans! Or is it only a matter of taste? but, alas, in a great bowl of oyster-water, I only caught four oysters, after much fishing. I saw it was expected I'd make a call at the bar for a dram as I made my exit: I am sure they saw I was an Old Country sarpent! The gas in these close cellars is horrid; and gas is everywhere.

I have spoken of the crowds of vehicles in Broadway, and the crowds of people, quite equal to ours in London, in Piccadilly, or the Strand; all the carriages totally different from ours; the 'busses oddlooking things, but more roomy and comfortable than ours, passengers not so packed; the

horses not so cruelly overworked (to the disgrace of our licensers!) and no outsiders. One of the most pleasing things in the streets is to see the little use made of the whip, and the spirit and sagacity of the horses, as they are cared for, spoken kindly to, and not at all overworked in their waggons, drays, hack-carriages—'tis alike remarkable. Their 'busses are painted in flaring colours, on white and yellow grounds, with landscapes and figures; some very well done—the bad taste is nothing; one forgets it in the comfort inside. The contrivance to have no conductors, and each to pay through the hole in the roof, is "first-rate!"

Out of the lofty window of the western corridor I can see the silvery Hudson running north, till lost at the Palisades, covered by shipping; steamers, sloops, schooners, coming down or going up with the tide to the upper part of this vast State, of which it is the great artery. Beyond the sparkling waters lies Jersey City, and Hoboken, two miles above it on the Jersey shore; ferry-boats cross to both towns every few minutes. The latter place, the only one the New Yorkers have for anything like a romantic or rural walk of a Sunday. The state of Jersey, by the way, has no large city, is very poor and primitive to this day, and seems to exist only as a level flat, convenient for the great New Yorkers and Philadelphians to whirl across on the two rival railroads!—a quiet, religious state; the worn-out land of the lower part raises rye, Indian corn, pumpkins, and lumber, and is famous for its camp-meetings. The Jersey wagons are excellent; so are their cows and dairies; but certain it is, the State (college at Princetown and all) is swamped between these two awful go-ahead neighbours, and is of "no account, I guess!"

In all American cities, as here, one meets with the same every-day character of town things, arrangements, and ways, as among ourselves, only with a go-a-head contrivance or modification, sometimes better, sometimes worse than our own. But the one thing here, and at all their sea-board cities, which claims our unqualified admiration, are their ships and floating vessels of every possible variety—all equally beautiful and perfect in their way. Their build, their masts, their sails, their speed, their everything.

The waters are covered by their small ferry steamers, running in all directions—over to Jersey on one side, or over to Long Island on the other—while the larger ones up the Hudson, or East River, dash through the water like floating palaces, and at a speed beyond all others in the world; while to and from the Atlantic, the great ocean steamers, along their own shores or to Europe, join all the best qualities of sea-going ships to increased size and beauty of form; but it is their numbers which are still more astonishing. The waters

and the wharves are alive with them; and the stir, the crowds, the cargoes, and loads, and stacks of merchandise for ever piled on the slips, loading and unloading by thousands of carts and drays, which are darting in every direction, which gives one so overwhelming an idea of the magnitude of the commerce and riches of the States—even our city, and our wharves, and our docks, are sleepy and idle in the comparison. This swarming scene borders the city, on both sides, for two miles; on the East River side lie all the fine sailing ships by hundreds; on the Hudson side the steamers most; but both sides are crammed and jammed in by both sorts at every slip, so full, that the schooners, sloops, smacks, fishing-boats, &c., can often hardly find room to poke their noses in. The slips on both sides, towards the Battery, are reserved for passage steamers, and ferry ditto, canal boats, and coasting craft. It is curious to see the tug-steamers, start up the Hudson with a flock of canal-boats fast to her, like a hen and chickens, for Albany, where they take the Erie canal.

Yes, the United States afloat is certainly a-head of all the world—would that I could say, except England. In their floating things one sees every species of capacity and excellence; nor is New York alone in this—it applies to all her sea-board cities, nay, to every village along her coast of two thousand miles, and her rivers of ten thousand miles! But of this immensity hereafter.

Another great object of pride to the New Yorkers is their Croton Waterworks—a stupendous undertaking!—brought into the city from a distance of forty miles north, over valleys and rivers, and giving a supply far beyond their present wants of the purest spring water, and commanding a level higher than their most lofty buildings; we have nothing as a single work to compare to it, either in magnitude or in the completeness of its excellence—one can but envy, and admire.

How well have our "cousins" treated this much vexed water subject, and so much better and wiser they act than we do. New York has now eight hundred thousand inhabitants, and yet the supply is equal to four or five times the demand. I will linger a moment on this noble public undertaking, which cost twelve millions of dollars. It is called the Croton Waterworks, as it commences at the river of that name, with an aqueduct from the reservoir in West Chester county, five miles from the Hudson river. The bank of the reservoir dam is seventy feet wide at the bottom, seven at the top, and forty high, built solidly of stone and cement. This dam collects a piece of water five miles long, covering four hundred acres, and calculated to contain five hundred millions of gallons of very pure water. The aqueduct is continued by tunnelling through rocks, and carrying it on by embankments over

valleys, to the Harlem river, seven miles and a-half from New York, and thirty-three miles from the grand reservoir above mentioned. The Harlem river is crossed by a noble aqueduct-bridge of stone, larger than either of the London bridges, or fourteen hundred and fifty feet, having fifteen arches of eighty and fifty feet span, and a hundred and fourteen feet above high-water mark. Before the bridge was erected the water was conducted across the river in a curved iron pipe, concave upwards. The aqueduct is built of stone, brick, and cement, arched over and under, eight feet five inches high, six feet nine at the bottom, and seven feet five inches at the top. It has a descent of thirteen inches and a-half per mile. The home reservoir at New York is just thirty-eight miles from the grand receiver, and covers thirty-five acres. It will hold a hundred and fifty millions of gallons. From hence it is conveyed to a third or distributing reservoir, covering four acres, by means of iron pipes. This holds twenty millions of gallons, is constructed of stone and cement, and is forty-three feet high. This distribution is by iron pipes laid too deep in the ground to be affected by frosts; when the plugs are drawn the water shoots out with prodigious force. This I observed from a crack or joint in an iron pipe on one of the slips or broad jetties, which branch straight out on both sides of the city, two hundred yards into the water, and are forty feet wide, at both sides of which tiers of ships are lashed, as I have said.

How many things I see to muse over and admire as I walk the streets; their breed of mules is very fine, and much prized; so, too, their horses, all thrive and assume their best shapes and good condition under the considerate and gentle treatment, so new to any man coming from that purgatory to our poor dumb brutes of every species—London; where our poor horses are brutally tormented in our omnibuses and killed, and our breed of asses dwindled disgracefully under the never-ceasing lash and goad of our lower orders. Even our cab-horses and government post-office hacks are a disgrace to us—to humanity. The efforts of our Humane Society do very little to check the universal brutality of our people. Here, on the contrary, where there is no legal check, there seems a universal good feeling to feed well, and work their cattle moderately; and they are repaid by the increased activity and docility of the poor beasts; some of this strange paradox is unravelled by the fact that the great body of the drivers here are the owners of their cattle. Another pleasing thing is the good regulations here, which prevent oxen or sheep being driven through the streets, and goaded into a fever, poor things, as with us, before they reach our infamous cellars and slaughter-houses.

I lounge about the *slips* at the water-side sometimes, and

observe the riches floating about the wharves, in the shape of large pine-chips, logs, pieces of wood, empty barrels, none so poor as to fish for them. The man who sweeps the leaves up in the Battery-green, now fast falling, throws his heaps into the water, as not worth keeping for manure. Yet New York is not without its poor; and its scavengers, poorly-dressed and in rags, from their own fault—dram-drinking, perhaps, yet they fly at higher game—are never hungry. There is a tone of saucy carelessness about them, a breadth in their ways and means, which sets one to thinking on the overflowing of the supply of creature comforts in this new land.

Two hundred years ago these shores yielded comparatively nothing. What signified all the Red Indians could produce from the land or sea, their precarious chase in their dense forests—a few fish—a scanty supply either from the sea or river.

Behold the astounding change by the advent of the English race; the riches worked out of, till then grand, savage, sterile woods and wilds; the awful ocean and solemn silent rivers, sweeping onward and unknown, sterile to the seas. All this, be it, too, remembered, in its enchantment, mainly brought about by a wise freedom of action, inspiriting each individual of a great community; unshackled by the childish prejudices, laws, abuses, and ignorances of feudal Europe. Even now, with all our increased knowledge, and greater freedom from old absurdities, we do not march on with the intelligent steps of our cousins here; we are behind-hand in a hundred essential things. We have a better taste, a higher luxury, for the few; a more sensitive and refined feeling, a higher breeding; but they beat us far in broad, grand essentials; we are hide-bound still, or tied, and chained, and thwarted, and disgusted by childish laws, monopolies, and abuses; we all know it, and feel it, in and out of Parliament, but nobody mends anything, or so slowly 'tis imperceptible.

But I must keep my senses wide awake, and attend to things as they are; from the Broadway, which may be said to divide New York in half, whether you walk along the streets eastward, to the wharves, or slips, on the East river—which is the salt water strait formed for a hundred and twenty miles by Long Island—or where I stand, on these magnificent slips of the Hudson, or west side, including the strands or quays, the whole town is most abominably neglected and ill-paved; one must pick one's way over mud and holes, and patches of loose stones, dug up by the hundreds of one-horse cars and carts, which swarm along the quays and slips, tearing in all directions in the one incessant work of loading and unloading; once on these noble slips, with the ranges of steamers and ships lying in tiers, and everything is admirable

The north, or Hudson river steamers lie above the sea-going ones. They are immense mansions afloat; their exquisite build, their vast size and capacity, their internal fittings and arrangements are quite inconceivable to a European; but what one equally admires, are the bold and scientific contrivances to strengthen these enormous fabrics. Here lies the Isaac Newton, her cabins fitted regardless of expense, the gilding most profuse and extravagant—of her more anon; but near her lies the New World, a still larger boat, the very last turned out from their prolific builders' yards;—she is 366 feet long, and wide in proportion; for it is a mistake to make steam-boats so narrow as we persist in building them; their swiftness and safety lies in their less draught of water, and greater buoyancy.

They were washing her decks with a hose led to one of the numerous pipes (of the Croton Waterworks) along the quays as well as the streets, the water rushing with the force of a steam-pipe: at any rate, giving one the idea of bursting its solid leather hose every instant; out of each joint of which it spirted showers in the air. I could not go on board, as I am not partial to wet feet; but her great saloons—200 feet—are said to be as magnificent as the Newton's. These two are but at the head of scores of such floating castles which run to Albany, and on the East river to Providence and the north coast, starting morning and evening, full of passengers, and light deck cargo forward. Their swiftness is extraordinary, far beyond the sea steamers, ranging, I believe, up to eighteen or twenty miles the hour. The jet, which I have watched from the impetus of the cutwater at the bows, forming a most beautiful fountain-like cascade, as it is sent flying on either side. I will quit them for the moment, to step on board one of the numerous fast ferry-boats, equally admirable for their purpose, which fly across the Hudson to the Jersey side, with horses, carriages, and passengers, and all sorts of loads, every fifteen minutes; the river here is about three miles across. To Hoboken, nearly opposite the centre of New York, a rural village, forty or fifty years ago the chief ferry, since transferred to Jersey city, two miles lower, a newer and larger town, but still not so much like a city;—but it is "growing like Indian corn," being the terminus of one of the Jersey railways to Philadelphia.

Hoboken, as I have said, is the only comeatable spot for a rural stroll out of New York, such has been the rage for cutting up the whole of their flat peninsula, to the Harlem river in avenues and crossing streets, up to No. 150; though indeed, as yet, they have only built houses up to 38th street, where the muddy roads end in lots, and the embryo streets in ruts knee deep; but no reserve park or green; a few squares here

and there, indeed; but it is lamentable, not a garden, not a spot left in reserve, it is to be all covered with hard brick; may the owners change their minds while yet not too late! Well, we cross in twelve minutes, we land at a primitive jetty; nothing looks neat, or taken care of: but there is a range of fine houses (watering-place looking) facing the water; passing a pretty temple-like office, the footway leads along planks laid down along the whole front—the smaller houses of the town behind—the road leading along the water-side to a rising ground and charming wood in the north suburbs. They were cutting away this pretty hill in the line of the houses; what a rage the Americans have for levelling—quite unnecessary here—and spoiling all; but the stone got out is of use, being a hard freestone, much like granite, on the surface and below all in boulders, rolled round and smooth by the ocean countless ages past.

Turning along a path towards the waterside I entered this charming wood; it has two walks along its length, the lower one is its road close to the waves; this I followed, musing as far as a flag-staff and kind of coffee-house, where strollers, doubtless, get refreshment—sherry-cobblers and mint-juleps—and sit and admire the noble river upwards to the Palisades, and down to Staten Island, covered night and day by countless vessels—a perpetual motion.

The setting sun had gilded all the western face of New York, then the darkening twilight showed the twinkling lights of the houses in a row, while others, moving, showed departing steamers up or down; the solemn stillness of the wood round me, where I found myself quite alone, gave me full scope for thinking—indeed the vastness and beauty of the river, and of the spot—for admiration; but I began to feel I was a little too much and too far alone in this river-side wood; I might meet with an ugly customer, in the shape of a Rowdie or a Patlander out of work—though robbery, with violence, is rarely ever heard of—so I turned and quickened my pace back by the lower road, where I observed a fine large steamer building. The skirts of the villages has its cottages, and villas, and gardens, though neglected. Otto Cottage faced Hoboken Cottage, equally pretty and tasty; but even here no gardener; nobody keeps up that exquisite neatness about any place so indispensable with us; as to a lawn, or close-shorn grass plots, there is no such thing; flowers very few indeed, but it is now autumn, still I see none even of the season; nobody cares, or thinks of them, and yet the rich live here; this is a favourite spot, not of staid Jersey folks or farmers, but tonish New-Yorkers, bankers, merchants; all the flowers are in the Broadway, made up

into precise bouquets, French fashion, to be flung at every new singer and lioness who lands at the Empire City!

The sweet spot I had left behind me, this precious waterside wood, juts out into the stream a little, giving it a range of view up and down the river; they call it, I hear, the Elysian Fields; well, the fine name doesn't hurt it much, at any rate.

Another day I range down Pearl-street—the pavement lumbered with bales, boxes, casks, and all sorts of things, put out at the store doors for want of room, or loading and unloading—till I get to the East River slips: or going down Broadway, and crossing the Battery-grove and green, I get into one of the many ferry-steamers to Brooklyn City on Long Island; the distance across to this seeming suburb of New York may be a mile, at this the narrowest part. The fare to the Jerseys is six cents, I think, here it is two cents; indeed, some boats run at one cent (a halfpenny), and the Long Island railroad ones take you across gratis, the terminus passing under a long tunnel under the town, coming out near the wharf.

This Long Island town may well be called a city—it counts this year (1852) 120,000 souls! and spreads upwards along the shore, opposite New York, exactly as fast as the latter spreads upwards—first, to the Navy-yard, which is on this Long Island side, and to the city of Williamsburg, which disdains to be any longer an immense waterside village, so that this East River is crowded by passage and ferry-steamers, and coasters and shipping, so thick, that it requires all their clever address to keep clear of each other. The streets of Brooklyn go up-hill at once; lots of omnibuses ply to take you anywhere and everywhere, like their brothers in Broadway. I got in one, going two or three miles, by the Navy-yard and Seaman's asylum, &c., to Williamsburg; which, as I have said, faces the extreme north suburbs and slips, and shipping on the East River wharves of New York. Here, too, the merchants have their country-houses, and less rich citizens live here, as house-rent is not so stunning as in the city itself. Taxes are light, but rents are quite beyond our ideas of extravagance in all the great leading streets of New York—they are a *caution!*

The Navy-yard (where I saw a frigate and line-of-battle ship moored) is painted yellow, its walls, sheds, storehouses, &c., the effect not good. It lies in a cove of shallow waters, parcelled out by long ranges of viaducts, timber jetties, basins, &c., as far as Williamsburg; the yard alone covers forty acres. As we rode along we got a little bit of primitive America; bad roads and board-houses, painted white, at

some of which some of our smartly dressed young ladies got out—they had been over to the Empire City shopping, or paying visits; for there is a great deal of visiting of a morning (eleven and twelve o'clock) among American ladies. The gentlemen are all too busy at their stores, or on 'Change, or at their ships.

We pass the Naval Asylum, a noble building, and standing high—this shore is everywhere greatly elevated, rising at once from the water's edge, overlooking New York. Williamsburg is quite a new creation, and going ahead beyond all precedent, even here! I got down at a tavern stand, and as there was nothing beyond a long, straggling, badly macadamized street to see (some of the houses very good), I started back from the next steam wharf, by way of looking downwards on this crowded scene of floating activity; even our Thames sinks in the comparison, if one excepts the packing of our colliers and barges in the Pool. I forgot the Greenwood Cemetery, on Long Island, of two hundred acres in extent, to accommodate the great Empire City opposite, as well as themselves; indeed, all these cities on this south end of Long Island, are created by the wealth and overflowing population of New York, for Long Island itself has nothing but a few villages and its farming people;—indeed, for a long track of its centre it is still a wilderness, only now getting chalked out in lots, and selling in twenty-five dollar shares by sections; tickets are in the market like railway shares.

Though newspapers are quite a drug, and by rooms-full, from every town in the Union, yet is it very essential to buy your own paper of a morning—all the hotels have their little barefooted Pats in rags, with bundles of the *Herald*, and one or two cent papers for sale. They are, in fact, part of the lobby or entrance establishment of all the hotels—and funny imps they are, in a transition state, casting their tadpole tails, of sleepy, stupid ignorance, imported from the Emerald Isle, and running like fun on their newly-acquired go-ahead legs! Their wits extra-sharpened, and fast losing their brogue.

"Fait, it's little mudder or daddy cares what I does, it's not the likes of them as will mind me. Here's for a cent—here's for two—which'll yer have! Mind that chap, sir; he'd steal the teeth out o' your head, he, he, he!" This, as they rush to you, if you make a sign to buy. They work in gangs, and beset the publishers on their own account, as our boys do our offices on their master's account. Thus are they early cast on their own resources, and are as 'cute as 'possums.

Meantime their relations, fathers, mothers, sisters, are for a long time worse off than at home; the town is filled by dirty ragged objects from the mother country, as miserable,

as wretched-looking as they ever were, but not, maybe, so hungry, and they can get whisky for a few cents. Thus they go on, in drunken idleness, and rags and dirt, in all the back slums and alleys, just as in Liverpool or London. As to going to the backwoods or farming! not one in a hundred ever dreams of such a thing; besides, they generally land without a dollar. After years, they get absorbed in the general demand for labour; even idle or half-done work; for nobody will work, except for themselves, with any sort of activity.

The servants of all work in all the great houses are Irish and German—one may imagine the mess they make of it! and as soon as a little trained and decent, they're off with the few dollars they get to a new place, or to get married, and start on their own account; this order of things is invariable. No wonder the Americans adopt the boarding system, such expensive plagues are all sorts of servants. As to style, few attempt it, even in the first houses: some few have niggers, or mulatto footmen, who drive the carriage, wait at table, clean knives, are their masters' valets, and do all other jobs, any how. Often at fine town houses (the scale of their houses is larger than ours, if I except some of our West-end in London) you ring, an Irish Judy comes to the door, dirty as a scullion; you ask for her master or mistress. "Oh, then, they'll be in; here, go in there and sit down, I'll tell Mrs. Jones you'll be wanting her." She opens the parlour-door, and you walk into a large darkness-visible apartment, finely furnished. All the *still life* appointments are good and handsome.

From all that I can see and gather, in print and in conversation, the Americans appear to have no idea of humour, nor of wit, in a refined sense. They are good reasoners, when not run away with by excitement and pique; but the chief articles of their journals and periodicals are all supplied by England; of their ten thousand papers all are mere copies of each other, and store advertisements; some of which are certainly original enough. Everything is "first rate" and splendid, like our own puffing, but they even go-ahead of us. In their print shops I see a wretched attempt to quiz John Bull, who, dressed after the fashion of the last century, is weeping at the success of the clipper America. But one sees nothing in the shape of engraving or the fine arts, except English and French known pictures and lithographs. The one thing they excel in is their daguerreotype miniatures; they are capital, and are seen in every shop-window. The whole race are daguerreotyped, with a severity of sour expression, very funny; the cheap ones, at a dollar or two, are, however, poor things.

New York is the head-quarters of the French; their fashions and their jewellery bear away the palm. There are a great many Germans, too; one hears it spoken a good deal; but except in an indefatigable smoking, they are not much imitated.

There are not a great many negroes about; one sees more mulattoes, men and women, but seldom better off or better dressed than the slaves in the south; indeed, nothing but the lowest menial occupations are left open to them, except shop-keeping, in which they never rise higher than hucksters, greengrocers, oyster-sellers, and shoe-blacks. Sometimes they drive a cart or a carriage, but they make bad masters of horses, or of any of the poor dumb creation—partly from cruelty, partly from laziness.

As yet, I have only been to one of the theatres—Burton's, behind the State House; where I saw "As You Like It" better played than at any theatre in London. To be sure, all the actors in America are English, with very few exceptions; but all ours come here first or last; either to star it, or to change their fortunes. The Park Theatre, the Bowery, Niblo's, and Barnum's Museum, opposite the Astor, together with various halls and concert-rooms, form the great points of the evenings' amusements. They talk of building an immense Opera-house.

I have alluded to the larger scale of their houses and shops compared with ours; but some of the stores and buildings are gigantic—seven and eight stories high, with from sixty to a hundred windows on a side. Stewart's marble store on the Broadway is most magnificent; it is the Howell and James's of New York, but is infinitely finer and larger, the whole exterior of marble. Indeed, everywhere, as to marble and granite facings, pillars, pilasters, cornices, jambs, sills, door-posts, steps, there is an amazing richness in all the principal streets, and the brickwork of their houses of an inimitable neatness and strength, far beyond our buildings of late years in London. We have nothing to compare to it, except some of our old houses, such as Lord ——, in the corner of Hanover-square, and a few others we point to now as curiosities in brickwork.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILADELPHIA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

STEAMERS AND RAILWAYS—THE JERSEYS—FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

There is a close connexion between New York, Jersey, and Philadelphia—the Jerseys supplying the connecting link, as I have said. From New York there are two railway and

steam-boat routes to Philadelphia. I think the most interesting one is by steamer, down the bay, through the channel between Staten Island and the Jersey shore, to South Amboy, at the mouth of the Rariton River—this channel famous for its oyster fishery—thence by rail to Bordentown, and skirt the river to Camden City—a largeish town on the Delaware, opposite Philadelphia—crossing by ferry-boat. The upper line I stumbled on, ferrying over from the Battery slips to Jersey City, where we got into the cars; all the luggage being in luggage-vans on board, ready to run on the rail the instant the boat touched the shore; you are given a brass label, and the same number is strapped to your trunk. This arrangement holds good on all the boat and rail routes throughout the States; you are hardly allowed to have in hand the smallest parcel or carpet-bag. Indeed, there is no room for it inside, as you are confined to a double-armed chair in the car beside some stranger, who you hope may not be of large dimensions, or you are jammed. These chairs are fixed in two rows, one on each side, leaving a passage about two feet wide in the middle, the whole length of each car, about fifty feet; along this passage circulates the conductor, who examines, gives and takes tickets, the whole length of the train, the doors at each end slamming as he goes out and in as you proceed, he passing from one car to the next along the projecting platform at each end, where the break-wheel is fixed, and where an iron guard protects the entrance as you mount the steps at either end; no doors at the side.

But to this upper road. In a few miles it crosses a broad, rapid river, and by Elizabeth Town, Brunswick, and Princeton, comes out on the Delaware, near the falls at Trenton, the capital of the Jerseys, crosses by the bridge to the Pennsylvania side, skirting the river twenty-three miles down, to Tacony, where we are once more fixed in a steamer for seven or eight miles, down to the Keystone City's wharves, close to the rival line. They are both at the same fare, three dollars; dinner or breakfast, half a dollar on board the steamers; the distance about the same, one hundred miles. I will here explain that all the great American cities have their second home or domestic name. Thus New York assumes "Empire City;" Boston, "Granite City;" Philadelphia, "Keystone;" Baltimore, "Monumental;" Cincinnati, "Buck Eye;" New Orleans, "Crescent City," &c.

At the first river we were in an unhandsome fix. The wooden bridge viaduct was just burned down (not a doubt on purpose by some discontented fellow or gang); but the Americans have no time, and little inclination to ask questions or set on foot expensive detective constables. They

were steadily at work clearing away the charred piles, and driving new ones for the immediate planting of a new bridge. The aspect of the Jerseys just here is not inviting; marsh meadows and swamps, framed to the north-west by low hills, getting still more flat in a sandy light soil to Cape May.

A provisionary steamer took us across, and we scrambled up the embankment, fifty yards beyond the wreck of the bridge, into a fresh set of cars beyond. I was struck by a queer placard on the landing, telling us to "take care of our pockets!"—quite a rural improvement on our pit-door cautions, but the swell-mob of the States are great travellers, and do business with a cool assurance—quite a caution. From Princeton on to Trenton we followed the canal side, where the same fine mules were tracking numerous boats. All over the States they spare no pains or expense to cultivate this breed of this most useful creature. In size they rival the Spanish—in speed and docility I dare say exceed them.

Trenton is nicely situated, and looks pleasing beside the falls of the Delaware, but is still but a good large town, and aspires to no saucy second titles, like her sisters. They are great Dissenters, quiet Quakers, sober-sided, sober-minded, eschew the vanities, and with a sly chuckle make use of the great vanity fairs each side; so many dollars in market, so many for running backwards and forwards by thousands across their level improvable state. "They don't want a great, proud, corrupt city, where the mayors and corporations are afraid to do their duty," and are the mere creatures of the mobocracy.

Such is the frequency of immense rivers rushing to the Atlantic, that one finds New York on a peninsula, or tongue of land; the Jerseys another; and Philadelphia built on another, between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, where they are two miles apart, over a gently rising tongue of land, all the streets now running completely across from one to the other, east and west; while the crossing streets, north and south, extend about three miles, the suburbs fast extending—land, houses, and house-rent, every year growing dearer.

The Schuylkill banks above the city are hilly, rocky, and very picturesque, often beautifully wild, while below, and where it enters the Delaware, it partakes of the same features of flatness, slightly undulating here and there. The whole country divided into moderate-sized farms, with patches of woodland, getting more and more scarce near the great towns, and now of the utmost value. Already coal is used as the better and least expensive fuel, extensive beds being worked on the upper branches of the Schuylkill, about forty miles off, of the kind called anthracite. Burning with intense heat and little smoke, it is excellent for domestic purposes, so that

the numerous and immense wood-yards and piles on the wharves of thirty years ago in the cities have nearly disappeared.

Philadelphia, like New York, from its level site, makes no very striking appearance from the Delaware. One can form no idea of its size except from the western hills on the Schuylkill, looking down on it.

On the Delaware side nothing is seen along its face but the shipping, warehouses, and wharves, from the Navy-yard below it upwards for about three miles, with here and there a church spire.

This whole flat, of two miles square, is covered by streets in squares, or "blocks," as regular as a chess-board, the centre street being particularly wide (120 feet)—of late called High-street—from river to river, crossed by one still wider, as the centre avenue, running north and south, called Broad-street.

The houses are, as a whole, a size larger than ours, with some very noble mansions in the fashionable quarter (that is, in Chesnut, Walnut, and Arch streets, towards the middle of the town), but everywhere one is struck by immense buildings for commercial purposes in all the streets. The marble-faced bank, exchange, hotels, and others, are very conspicuous, and have been too often described to dwell on here. Of late years, the quacks and apothecaries seem to outdo everybody in extraordinary fortunes and immense temples for the sale of drugs, six and seven stories high, with marble and granite facings, hundreds of windows, and richly fantastic façades. One in Chesnut-street, near the busy hum of the Exchange, the brokers, the barrels, and the 'busses, is quite monstrous. But the very last in everything American, is "bound" to eclipse every other ambitious thing before it, whether a ship, a house, or more airy speculation.

The greatest crowds and the greatest business haunts of the city lie towards the Delaware, of course. The busiest haunts are "First," "Second," "Third," and "Dock" streets, crossed from the west by Arch, Market, Chesnut, and Walnut streets, the two last only considered extremely fashionable, as they reach from the business end westward, just as it is with ourselves, in the same way that they are filled with omnibuses, running to and fro from all the suburbs to Dock-street and the Exchange near the wharves. They do not say "Bank," for the fine marble United States Biddle Bank being shocked up, is now the Custom-house, and looks very deserted and chopfallen, being at present about the mark where Chesnut-street beaux and belles turn back upwards, and where they parade and show their fine dresses, the limit westward being as high up as Eleventh-street. This three-quarters of

a mile of pavement on the south, or State-house side, is crowded of an afternoon, before and after dinner. Besides, here are all the most dashing shops; their windows may not quite reach the rich display of our first-rate ones, but very near, and a vast number are even larger than ours within, more lofty and of greater extent. The French, I think, take the lead. But shops now-a-days, like the fashions of the civilized world, are much of the same cut everywhere. Here, and all over the Union, they divide their patronage between London and Paris, with rather a leaning to the latter. I thought the poorest show and worst taste was in their silversmiths' and jewellers' displays; all their silver plate, of the most preposterous shapes, very showy.

The street pavements are wretched, as in all their towns —much as ours were fifty years ago—the same round, smooth stones set on end, assisted by great mud holes, enough to dislocate one's limbs. How their spider-wheeled vehicles get over them is marvellous. Churches and chapels abound —some very fine buildings, with handsome spires; several public libraries and concert-rooms. Three or four theatres are generally well filled, including Barnum's Museum. He seems to have one of those enormous *theatro-museo omnium gatherums* in every large city, often with a band outside all day playing (Richardson's booth fashion), and a great display of flags. The Americans are fond of having the star and stripes flying over head in their streets, or hanging from lines drawn across; and this, one would say at first sight, was the only thing to forcibly put one in mind of not being at home, in one of our own towns. But no; there are fifty things to tell the Englishman that he is in a new country, three thousand miles off.

The houses are indeed of brick (better brick, better mortar, and better work than ours), but the façades are half covered by the green blinds or shutters. No under-ground kitchens, no areas, no area-railings. Slanting cellar-doors protrude on the pavement—our fashion in old times. Here we see the anthracite coals shot down, always broke in bits as regular as our Macadam stones, and shining like black diamonds indeed, or here and there cords of wood sawing ready for the cold weather. *Apropos*, all the stoves are on Dr. Arnot's principle in the rooms, in all sorts of shapes, and no fire is seen. One requires to get used to not seeing the fire. Some houses are heated by flues from top to bottom, throwing the hot air at you from the fireplace that should be. They have no first-floor drawing-rooms; the ground-floor parlours serve that purpose, which does for dining-room too; or it may be in a back wing, which almost all their houses have.

There is a great profusion of white marble everywhere—

door-steps, sills of windows and frames, door-jambs, pilasters, columns, cornices, pediments on all the façades in profusion, and everywhere perfectly bright and clean; indeed, the pavement is kept too much in a slop by the brass squirts and plug hoses constantly washing windows and steps, forming, in winter, famous slides for the boys, and break-neck affairs for the rest of the citizens.

Then, again, most of the streets have rows of trees on each side; but here, too, as in all their cities, no park, no gardens, no walks; two or three squares full of trees are the only lungs left. The old State-house-square still remains, and becomes precious; and so is the Washington-square near it, where those beautiful creatures, the grey squirrel, are seen gambolling, undisturbed by schoolboys and scamps, who would soon settle them with us. I often took them chesnuts, and amused myself watching their playful hide-and-seek round the trunks of the trees. I think this tells in favour of the American juveniles; they may, indeed, be watched sharper than ours in public places, but it is certain our boys, from our Eton to our ragged-school tribe, grow up with no inculcated idea of humanity or feeling for any living thing, on four legs or two. They torment, kill, and destroy all they can, or amuse themselves, in default, at the sport of tormenting or punching each other.

All the seaboard cities have been so often described, and our cousins so often criticised, that although I jot down a few thoughts and impressions, the very last which reaches us, I am not sure that I shall say anything, beyond marking the change which is taking place in men and things, even more striking than among ourselves. No people are more volatile in fashions. Even here, in this drab-coloured domain, broad hats, straight collars, and hooks and eyes, have quite disappeared. The Quaker women alone (as with ourselves) sticking to their drab silk bonnet, with all its primitive ugliness. Nor would the young ones be "read out of meeting" if they appeared in Chesnut-street in all the last feather and lace and velvet fashions. Among the young fellows, beards, moustachios, imperials, Kossuth hats, paletôts, and all sorts of extravagant plaids and rainbow ties confront one. Everywhere dissent from the "Established Church" splits itself up all over the States into hundreds of sects unknown in England. The Quakers are nobodies, if old—nay, old folks, no matter what their belief, chapel, or church, all fathers and mothers are nobodies. I should say, of all places on the face of the earth, grey hairs are least honoured in the United States. They are scarcely masters in their own houses from the moment the young ones are full fledged. But first let me observe the face of the material world here—town and

country. In a pleasure-loving people one is struck with the besetting-sin in every city of having no public gardens (the last were burned in a riot), no parks, no suburb promenade of any sort. Here, then, is nothing but Chesnut-street, up and down, with the audience at all the hotel doors and balconies. There is, indeed, the cemetery, which nobody goes to, at Laurel-hill, three miles off, beyond the new Girard College, which has, say they, already cost too much, is in bad taste, and, to hide its other faults, is pent up in four high walls.

Yesterday there was a grand commemoration day: and some curiously fine speeches at this Girard College; to which all the freemasons of this city marched full dress, two and two, forming a procession a mile or a mile and a-half long—some thousands. A fierce hot, dusty day; each lodge with its band, each member with a sprig of cypress at his coat button-hole, to do honour to the memory of this western world Rothschild; but the trustees have made sad hash of the bequeathed dollars (in the same way the secretaries trustees have built a miserable, fantastic College or Athenæum at Washington, out of the half million of dollars left them by our late mineralogical philosopher, Mr. Smithson, called the "Smithsonian Institute"). It would seem that moneys left in trust for the good of the public, as it is in England, is made rare ducks and drakes of.

Well, this penitentiary-looking Girard College is on the left of the great avenue running north towards Fairmount Water-works, where the river Schuylkill is dammed up, and the water thrown up on the hill reservoir; and this is the only thing the fair sex can reckon on for a walk, when they do get there in their omnibuses, a distance of three miles; but as the city keeps creeping northward, it may be now fairly called in the suburbs. Here a range of hills begin on both banks of the Schuylkill, and the ground rises in a healthy schistus rock, running across towards the Delaware, and it forms the favourite spot of late years for the villas of the wealthy merchants from the banks of the [illegible] above Fairmount to Germantown; a long, straggling village, six miles off, the healthiest spot anywhere round the city. This Germantown for many years remained in its old stone-housed, steep-roofed, farm-yarded state, in one street of three miles long, for a space out of the "memory of the oldest inhabitant;" but they are now building in it like mad; a single line of rail runs to it, north, out of Ninth-street, and every-body wants to live there, very naturally. Worn out as farms, it cuts up well in building-lots; nothing is seen along the roads but the shining mica of the rock, which is very soft and dry. Crops are thin—wont

pay; but here health is safe from the insidious attacks of the fever and ague, so rife along the banks of both rivers!

Its old woods have long disappeared, and its trees since sprung up, are Scotch firs, full of robins, who twitter and sing the praises of the spot. Here the country is very agreeably undulated; the hills and valleys are cutting out on each side of the one interminable Dutch-street, into lanes full of fine villas and cottages *ornée*, for which the Philadelphians pay a rent far beyond what we pay for such things six miles from London. So it has turned out a perfect California for the farmers; and no lords of the manor check its growth; no teasing ground-rent and lease buttons up citizens' pockets—all is freehold. We need look no further for the slow growth of our own country towns, or for the cause of the wretchedly small and badly-built houses in all the outskirts of London. The extravagant rate of house-rent in all the American cities is easily accounted for in the greater riches and ease of the people at large. They can afford it; while their taxes, though increasing, are still as nothing compared with ours.

But oh, let me quit the money-making world and its gods, put myself in a buggy, or fast "wagon," beside a young gent, whose mare, Dolly, flies along a mile in four and a-half minutes (five minutes, if she's lazy). Away we go, free from Macadam and turnpikes, splash through ruts, mud, holes, or bowling along on these gossamer-spoked wheels, noiseless as we spin by. It is quite wonderful what these wagons can do; how exquisitely tough they are. A very light one for racing weighs, perhaps, one hundred pounds; mine was probably, two hundred weight, wheels and all. The horse does not feel it behind him; no whipping, the very sound of the whip is too much. We fly. Hold fast—I certainly expected a spill before we got to the Falls'-village on the Schuylkill, a sweet romantic spot, just above where the Norristown Railway viaduct crosses the river, and near where the beauteous Wissahiccon Creek rushes over its once pebbled bed to join the river.

The fashionable hotel here is presided over by a handsome widow. We sit under a broad old wooden portico, take a dram and light a fresh cigar; lots of other wagons (flyers) are under the sheds, hitched, just to let the critturs breathe, and their owners to smoke and spit a little, and smile at the widow. Away again up the glen of this beauteous creek (it would be a river with us), but alas! they have quite spoiled it, by damming it up to grind flour and saw wood. How well I recollect this sweet sylvan scene! those noble hemlocks, firs, oaks, and hickory shades, with the "woodpeckers tapping," the blackbirds, the robins, when in life's young dream I saun-

tered here with my fishing-rod, knowing nothing of Isaac Walton, in a blessed state of ignorance and animal life.

Winding up these break-neck hills, some at an angle of thirty-five or forty degrees, we got into Schoolhouse lane, and dash into Germantown, at the Buttonwood Tree Hotel—another house of call for all the fast "wagon" youth of Philadelphia. If they wouldn't go quite so fast, these rides would be indeed very delightful; but the sensation is, that striking a stone, or the least stumble, would infallibly send us flying over the horse's head, or whirl one out a dozen yards in an upset, with broken bones or a broken neck.

This Germantown (*Anglice*, Hampstead or Hendon) is a great blessing to all those easy enough to have a country house; indeed, a great many clerks of late years, and tradesmen well off live here, coming backwards and forwards six miles by the railway in half an hour, for it is a slow domestic bit of road, and its snorting fiery horse goes quietly, to allow the boys to run on before it occasionally, or cross it, and laugh at the danger, if any. Some of the numerous passengers pay by the year (no second-class carriages); a single fare is fifteen cents, or sevenpence-halfpenny.

The conductor, a tall, dry, serious citizen, who walks backwards and forwards taking the cents or the tickets, is known to all his passengers as "Major," and has a friendly word at each double-armed chair as he passes. He has been "hollaring arter them ere young varmint to get off the rail; they'd better mind, I tell you, or the 'cars' 'll fix 'em some day yet, I guess."

I often came to this breezy, rocky, sandy, upland Dutch village, walking its whole length (three miles) to Chesnut Hill, where at Chew's (sometimes called Maclanagan's, for shortness) old house us Britishers had a smart skirmish in the old war. The turnpike-road through the town is, like all American turnpikes, unspeakably execrable; no Englishman can even imagine such a contrivance of stones, and holes, and ruts, with partial side pavements to match; but all this just now constitutes one of its beauties, and helps the delusion of being a hundred miles away from the great Keystone City, of which people get tired—towards Sunday at any rate.

In forty years I see no perceptible change. The primitive Dutch have, indeed, mostly died off, or cleared out for the Ohio, but the stone houses remain, with the very same shingle roofs I do believe. But the openings, the extended arms chalked out on each side, long roads and lanes, are fast filling up with every description of board and brick cottage, villa, and lodge, quite after our own last fashions in such things, but on a larger scale, and without gardens or lawns, with most rare exceptions, or of any attempt at any ornamental ground of any

sort; if there is a square bit at the back called a garden, it is simply fenced in for potatoes, onions, and cabbages, for there is no market, and nothing whatever to be had in the town (yes, bread and milk), except at capricious intervals, and at exorbitant prices! The fact is truly American: nobody thinks it worth while to minister to any other body; if the thing or trade amounts to a rich "placer," why then, perhaps, they take to it, but with an irregularity truly independent. In short, the country round is supplied by the Philadelphia market just as it is contrived in London, where everything is taken in the first instance, and taken back again into the country for ten or twelve miles round; only here housekeepers must take it out home themselves, or go without.

How many good things there are in the States exquisitely good!—but, settler, whoever you are, you must take the *per contra* in a disgusting dose, unless you are indeed very young and very green. Everybody (except ten in a thousand of the fashionable world) does just what they please. There is nobody to direct anybody, nobody is in the least controlled, least of all by the daily papers or public opinion. Thence the amusing and awkward things one witnesses, and which must be put up with, perhaps smiled at, if you can bring yourself to that sweet frame of mind which bursts forth in "Mark Tapley" in the words, "This is jolly—comfortable;" and yet they are extremely like ourselves, with an independent, convenient, inconvenient, transatlantic difference.

Captain Mackinnon and Mr. Chambers are the last who have talked of "domestic manners." He notices the pernicious way some child was spoiled by its mother; I often see the same thing. Baby citizens are allowed to run wild as the Snake Indians, and do whatever they please; not only mothers take no notice, but fathers are equally deaf and blind. How it is that these unlicked cubs, girls and boys, ever grow up into staid, peaceable citizens, and acquire fortunes, and turn out sensible, sharp people, is the marvel! or that they do not die of clarified molasses and gobbling mixtures of rich food long before they become men and women!

I betray no confidences when I set down an ordinary dialogue, which may be constantly heard all over the Union. The girl or boy—having their plate full of beefsteak, corn-bread, poached eggs, buckwheat cakes, buttered; the whole swimming in molasses:

Child.—I want some ham.

Mother.—Well, you ain't no room.

Child.—I want some ham—(*louder*).

Mother.—I guess you won't like it. (*To waiter*) Hand the ham up. (*Helps the little animal.*)

Child.—I want some homany.

Mother.—My! well, any how, you ain't ate a'most nothing. (*Helps.*)

Finally, the child, after mauling it about in a listless way, leaves perforce half the monstrous accumulation in its plate untouched. Luckily, the boys are taken out of their feeble hands, go to school, and half educate themselves in intuitive crude knowingness, but the girls remain under such mothers' supervision. As they grow up, if well off, the piano and singing is attempted, but no sort of judicious study or reading is given them, or any ordinary maxims instilled; nor their hours or studies in the least regulated, or their tastes properly directed; neither method, order, or industry, all is left to settle itself anyhow—very often at their own caprice or whim; while, if sent to school, they are crammed with abstruse subjects, perhaps the mathematics or surgery—in books wholly improper for young females—or mineralogy and Italian, or even Latin, but all in the most superficial way; taught by schoolmistresses who evidently know nothing themselves, not even the twenty-four hours in advance of their scholars of the hedge-schoolmaster, of pleasant memory. They are taught to dress fine, and dance, but the taste in both left totally unguided; in a word, everything is left to their own discretion and intuitive powers of finding out. The results are occasionally startling. And certainly the young ladies do talk—ye gods, how they do talk! Politics, the stars, and globe, flirtations, scandal, chemistry, daguerreotype, namby-pamby poetry (never of any kind or good, nor of Shakespeare), but the opera and the last polkas, acting, and Uncle Tom. But, however frivolous, however misdirected, the education of the wealthier American girls, the same thing may be said of the great body of our own citizens at home. The only novelty lies in the tone and manner of it; the bolder and more independent carriage here, by which grown-up young ladies take the lead of their own still youngish mothers, who very often are little better than servants in their own house, while their dashing daughters are parading Chesnut-street, attending lectures on the rights of women, or actually coming out in the Bloomer costume. They are even more fond of balls and dancing than we are. At several balls given lately, according to the annual custom of the Go-a-head Firemen and Hose Companies, the great attraction of the evening was the show-off of a few greatly daring Bloomers. Others ventured once or twice to parade Chesnut-street, but the boys, ever fond of mischief, stared and laughed, and crowded round them, so that they were fairly put out of countenance. This Bloomer idea is soon caught, and is attempted in London; but here it flourishes rather longer, and is not so easily put down; while various halls and concert-rooms are crowded by the smartly-dressed

youthful fair, who listen devoutly to a great quantity of nonsense, vouching for the strict equality of the sexes by male and female orators.

How far all this may hold good of the families of the very few retired from trade on large fortunes, the "upper ten," I know not; of course they are more retired, more select, more prudent, but then, it must be added, that they do not lead the fashion of the day, either in thought, dress, or equipage; their only distinction lies in a larger house, situate in the most fashionable quarter; but let me turn to the woods and fields. The general face of the country here, and all around, even close to Philadelphia, is peculiar, and much like what it is along the older cultivated parts of the seaboard from Maine to Carolina, where the sands and swamps, rice-fields and cotton, pine forests and lagoons, give it a new feature down to the Floridas. This northern aspect is the raw look of the lands near the Eye, the fields divided by post and rail fences, with patches of wood here and there, carefully preserved as parts of the once forest, now most valuable. Though, it must be confessed, in their ploughing they beat us; discarding, as they always have, the slow lumber of three or four horses in a string, with a man or boy driver, where the horse's strength is one-half thrown away tugging at the one behind him, in our clumsy fashion.

They plough as quick again, two horses abreast, guided by light twine reins led through the plough handles, the horses stepping out smartly; old turf or sod rarely has to be broke up, and the soil is light; but if to go deeper, or in stiffer land, they put on four horses; but the expedition and neat economy of the thing it is which makes one wish our farmers would adopt it, instead of the sluggish plan they still stick to, when the work of one hand and one horse, at least, is completely thrown away, besides double the time into the bargain. Their "cradling," too, is very cleverly done (the scythe with fingers), followed by a raker and binder. The famous reaping machines, so vaunted and so uselessly expensive, will never be tried here. The sensation and *furor* created in England won't go down in America, though they are fond of the *éclat* it gave, to help their few hits at the Great Exhibition; but the Americans are pre-eminently a practical people, and won't encourage lumbering, expensive machinery for the sake of a very doubtful time saved! Again, they wisely keep up their "harvest homes," and help each other as the cornfields ripen, so that they throw thirty or forty men into a field, down with it, shock it, and all complete in a day; making a frolic of it, the evening finished by an excellent supper, and, if they can get a fiddle, a dance. In all America I do not think so much damaged corn could be found (from

delay at getting it housed) as I have seen in one single county (Kent) at home, owing to the solitary, dilatory, peddling way our farmers act, waiting, it would seem, stupidly till the patience of sunny days is fairly worn out, and rain sets in. In the same way we have our hay too often spoiled—mown too slowly; the sunshine escapes before it is all cut; now, no crop requires so much vigorous promptness; with our parishes swarming with the idle and unemployed, one sees two or three mowers in large fields and meadows. In America they muster all their neighbours—down it comes in a day, and is really a *frolic*, for they laugh, sing, and feast, and make a frolic of it.

I stroll about Philadelphia streets to find out *new things;* oyster-cellars and shoeblacking-cellars, so famous twenty years ago, are gone; while the negro population, in its own "nigger-quarter" in Cedar-street and "along south," seem to me more ugly, poor, and ill-dressed than formerly. The St. Giles's of all American cities—what stuff we do talk at home about sentimental niggers! Lady Sutherland should take a morning's ramble among these laughing, larking animals! aping, in rags or rainbow finery, all the airs and graces of the sweet "white niggers" of Stafford House! Free or slaves, it is all the same, except that the slaves are better dressed and better fed! and not quite so idle, less careworn, laugh more, for they need not think of to-morrow. Good heavens! what nonsense our philanthropists talk, and what mischief they have done our poor West Indies! I continue my walk down Cedar-street, the new-come Irish alone fraternize with the coloured denizens of this quarter; as I pass the groups I get a grin, or some expressive slang greeting, not to tread on the piccaninnies crawling about in the sun. Jews, grog-shops, and slops here do thrive.

Beyond this south quarter the suburbs are called Kensington and Moyamensing; Passayunk to the north, "Spring gardens" and "Northern liberties;" but one hears nothing but our own familiar names generally, few or none of the old melodious Indian ones remain like these.

The wharves are filled with shipping and steamers, and smaller coasting craft, all beautiful and excellent of their kind; but the length of this noble river, 120 miles to the sea, and its many shoals, prevent the immense Atlantic commerce seen at new York; still the business done here and activity is remarkable, particularly inland transport to the Ohio and Far West.

We have our river ship-hulk chapels; but here, at the foot of Spruce-street, I find a handsome real wooden chapel, with fine spire, afloat, chained to the wharf. This is for seamen, too, and is quite a curiosity. Men may differ about the good

found on the American shores, but there can be but one opinion of every floating thing they possess—they are so admirable; many a creeping hour I have "lost and neglected," looking at their beautiful boats, sloops, schooners, smacks, yawls, open or decked, or half-decked, with sliding centre keels; then again, their noble masts! and sails standing "like a board," with the admirable economy and sea knowledge of all their fittings and contrivances. Our sea lords should be bound 'prentice to these *real* sailors! and should be sent to study in the American naval yards. The floating docks at the yard here, below the city, are remarkable for their simplicity and efficiency; they serve at once as cradle and dock; they could launch out a three-decker; there is little or nothing beyond repairs doing here now, but the Navy-yard is complete in stores, and quite ready for any emergency.

Philadelphia, like all the American towns, has doubled its population within these last twenty or thirty years; it now reaches, I believe, half a million. With all the attributes of a great city, with less trade, but in real riches it equals New York, backed by a richer country, and less dependent on foreign trade; both states, indeed, go back to the Ohio and the great lakes, but Pennsylvania has a larger proportion cleared, and her farms are the finest in the Union; nothing can be richer than her crops: wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, clover; cattle very numerous and of excellent breeds; their horses, as in New York, celebrated justly for their trotting and high courage; but all quadrupeds seem to thrive and improve, all—except cats!—but neither cats nor dogs are much cared for, I think, in the States. Dogs, indeed, are plentiful enough, but so mixed, one seldom sees a pure breed; still more rarely are they made pets of, or cats either; quite banished from all parlours, all play, all familiarity.

As in most of the American cities, next to the theatres (there are three open here, including Barnum's Museum) are concerts and lectures at the various "rooms" and "halls" for the amusement of the citizens, all numerously attended, often crammed. Sunday evening, seeing a crowd round the Music-hall door, I went in (a sort of Exeter-hall), paying six cents. The place was full of well-dressed people, to hear a lecture on Socialism. I was soon tired of this eloquent, mischievous nonsense, which, however, seemed to give great satisfaction, and harmless enough; for, in America, nobody minds beyond the instant anything whatever said or written; they go home and mind their own inevitable business. Another evening I went to hear readings of Shakespeare, by a tall, thin, pale lady—more easy and natural, methought, than Mrs. Fanny

Kemble's, whose colourings struck me as too affected, too violent. Yet is it difficult not to overstep "the modesty of nature;" a difficulty none of our actors ever attempt. Still, our beloved bard exists, if not to the public, at least in our closets. Of our two publics, I do verily believe the American will be the first to recover some little perception of his omniscient beauties. In this respect their pits and galleries are not so very contemptible as ours, and do not laugh and roar so very often in the wrong place; and are infinitely more sparing of that noisy applause so prostituted among ourselves.

The gods here, indeed, make noise enough, but not at all meant as flattering to the actors. But to one or two more positive concerns. The city is well supplied by the Fairmount Waterworks—the facility is enviable—the great reservoir being only three miles off, on its hill, on the left bank of the Schuylkill, as if nature had so meant it, as an inexhaustible supply of pure water for this great city; it commands the highest buildings, and is conducted very cleverly along all the streets. The water and fire plugs are constantly turned on, rushing along the gutters in all directions, cleaning the streets, or putting out fires, on which attempts, at least, there is a constant and vast consumption.

The markets here equal the New York ones in richness and profusion; the one held in the greatest commercial street, Market or High-street, is full half a mile long, under covered arcades, in the centre of the street, from the wharf on the Delaware (where the first section is the fish market) up to Ninth-street; but the country wagons (and pair) backed into the pavement each side, and, side by side, extend almost to Broad-street, or the centre of the city, a full mile. The profusion is quite charming. The things, in their season, not seen with us, are the Indian corn, to boil as a vegetable; sweet potatoes, much eaten and very good: persimons, hiccory nuts, and shelbarks, ground nuts, cranberries, huckleberries, pumpkins and calabashes, water melons, dried apples and peaches (cut small), sour krout, and fifty other roots and fruits peculiar to this country. All the poultry large and fine, but looking yellow and ill-plucked; but very moderate in price, comparatively.

Considering the great quantities of the supply, the prices appear rather high—certainly very much higher these last five-and-twenty years; poultry and meat, of all sorts, less than in London; butter and eggs dearer. Fish is cheap. They have no soles; but among others we have not is the shad, an excellent fish; I think it is a distant cousin of the salmon. I do not see any turbot or John Dory, but their piles of oysters are prodigious.

One thing struck me forcibly. How is it that bread is not much cheaper here than in England, in so grain-growing a state as Pennsylvania; touching the Ohio, too, where flour is quite a drug? Nay, the Wilmington flour mills, on the Brandywine, a few miles down the Delaware (a town of mills), grinds flour enough, one would think, for half the Union.

And yet the bakers keep the daily bread here at the fountain-head not a bit cheaper than in London. This is the proof of the pudding; and how satisfactory it is to think that, in spite of our own honest bakers, we have got our bread down to sevenpence the quartern loaf. I do not find the fancy bread here so nice as our own, and, as to pastry-cooks, they are, besides being much more expensive, a hundred years behind ours. They affect the French trash—no fruit, all paste and sugar, and bon-bon insipidities.

In the same way, the keep of horses at livery stables is higher than with us in London, and in a very slovenly fashion, which need not at all astonish, all the stablemen being either English or Irish in a transition state, getting too independent to work at all, except for themselves.

I have glanced at the short, little, domestic, easy railroad of six miles to Germantown, with its serious conductor, the Major. Its station is in Ninth-street; coming in from the country, along the centre of the street, its quiet speed slackened to a gentle trot, ringing its bell, perhaps a wagon or cart trotting along amicably beside it. This well-behaved town and country engine, or horse and rail plan of bringing the trains well in towards a central station, holds good in most of the cities. There are three other stations, one westward, along the whole length of the state, crossing the Alleghany mountains to the Ohio; another great one to Baltimore; and one, of some forty miles north, along the banks of the Schuylkill by Norristown, chiefly used as the great coal mart. As, however, all their snorting iron horses are not so sure as the Major's, the Ohio "cars" trot away with four or eight capital horses, mules sometimes, from the very centre of the town, in High and Broad-streets, crossing the Schuylkill bridge, and hooking on the engine on the further bank. In the same way the Baltimore line is trotted from near the same point, in the open street, and crosses, lower down to the south-west; its course, by Wilmington, Newcastle, and across the Susquehanna in a steamer. In this way they avoid the preposterous expenses of buying up whole streets, as in our "South-Western," extended to the Waterloo-road. Even the Americans stare at the enormous outlay of our railroads, and it hangs, of course, like a millstone round our necks, no matter how much the traffic has increased.

The famous old State-house did contain Peel's Museum, but of late years Barnum finds all museums, and joins a theatre to it. When the play is over, you walk about among the stuffed specimens, if you are not tired enough already; and very awful specimens they are. The expression given exceeds all power of face, particularly if it is meant to express serious dignity. They have made a rare example of our Queen, who stands among the Union's own great men in a glass case; but I think a whole living band in wax was the most stunning thing. It was lucky that the barrels, or the bellows, were on an intermittent plan, and had some mercy on one's ears.

The best things are the Indian dresses, weapons, and ornaments, always perfect in their kind, and beautiful.

One of the lions of Philadelphia is the Mint. I am ashamed to say I did not see it, though very easy of access, as all the public buildings are in America, very much to their credit. On the whole, Philadelphia is a very rich, fine, pleasant city, embracing almost every luxury known to the rest of the world. It is healthy, too, the fever and ague being confined to the banks of its two rivers. Mysterious as the Marema of Tuscany or the Pontine Marshes—for it is not exactly from dense forests, or more or less elevation, or the presence of water. They say they have less of it than twenty years ago, when most of the villas and country seats were shut up and going to ruin. Still, here any Englishman may live very pleasantly (when quite disgusted with his own government), if he is a man of fortune, and if he defies excessive heat and excessive cold, and can laugh at mosquitoes. The same thing may be said of almost any city of the Union, except that the heat and the mosquitoes keep getting more and more awful as he passes to the southward beyond Virginia, or westward towards the Ohio. True, there are other things to consult besides mere physical comforts. I have no letters, and will not pretend to judge of the best tone of society. From what I so far see, I should say the Americans here care less about sociability and intimate friendships than we do. They rarely give dinners, but *thés dansantes* occasionally, where, however, youth is indispensable. The married and middle-aged are barely tolerated, and *wall-flowers* must make up their minds good fifteen years before it becomes essential with us.

By good luck, I am spared any anathemas against the monster-hotels. They abound here, as in all their cities. As barracks they are perfect—much more comfortable, perhaps, than our Horse Guards' at Knightsbridge. I see they have nearly finished a giant structure to outdo all the others in Chestnut-street, to make up two or three hundred beds, and cut the Astor out if possible (for there is an immense rivalry

between the States). It is got up by a company, and truly it may whip them all to "immortal smash."

The Fire and Hose Companies we are familiar with, and the frequent fires. The State-house bell, by its numbered tolls, telling them in what quarter the fire is. I do not recollect a single night without a fire; often two or three. It is pretty well known not half are by accident; and yet nobody is accused or ever found out by the police, or by anybody else. Indeed, a good big fire is considered good amusement; it's good for trade, and fine fun for the boys and rabble, who help to drag along the engines, led by the engine *captain*, who with his trumpet keeps hoo-hooing ahead with all his lungs. The firemen fight their own ring-clearance at the fires; no police ever helps, but they stand by each other, and are too strong for the mob. They are rewarded in *foro conscientiæ*—citizens fork out according to their consciences. To me, from all I can hear, it is a puzzle how these young men like so much trouble and fag (night and day), payless and almost thankless! They build fine engine-houses, too; the engines alone are very expensive. But their pride is touched; they are an order—fast—military!—bands, balls—belles!—flowers and hearts are yielded!—*voilà, le pourquoi?*

Can one wonder the Americans sent us nothing but *utilities* in art. All its taste and beauty here (except afloat) is at a very low ebb indeed. Pictures, wretched daubs. A poor flimsy portrait-painter or two may still pick up a few dollars in spite of the daguerreotypes which eye you with a grim sternness at every window; but all the fine arts are given up to foreigners. French and Germans take the lead in decorations, and all the lighter fashions and elegancies.

No; one must not look for taste of a high order, or the refined elegance in anything, equal to Europe; nor is it at all essential. It will come fast enough, I dare say, when they are less surfeited by the plethora of good living, and when they will have to repine and grumble at the corruptions and anomalies of a more refined state of things.

CHAPTER V.

SOMETHING OF BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, THE CHESAPEAKE, AND POTOMAC.

PREPARATORY to starting, at a coach-stand in Ninth-street, very near the Philadelphia College, I had hard work to strike a bargain with an Irish cabman to take me to the steam-boat, as a favour, for half a dollar, though his legal fare was only a quarter-dollar to or from any part of the centre of the city;

but then I had a portmanteau, and, like our own clever cab regulations, luggage, and distance, and fare is left to the discretionary disputation of both parties. All over America hackney-coaches and cabs are as great a nuisance as in England—impose on one quite as much. But at any rate they are better-looking things than ours, and their horses are better used and better fed. But here in the States, where there is a real difficulty in bringing the sovereign public to any sort of regulation, there is some excuse, if the wise municipality had not added the extra charge of twenty-five cents for every individual carried. Thus, if you can coax a fellow on the stand, or at any of the stations, where they all rush as ours do to meet the steam-boats and trains, to take you a mile for half a dollar, and your family of three get into the hackney-coach with you, the jarvey claps on an additional quarter for each, and your imposing fare turns out a dollar and a quarter, or five shillings. Now, as the steamers and railways on both routes take one to Baltimore or New York for three dollars, nearly a hundred miles, it does seem quite absurd. But we English are perfectly used to the most monstrous impositions and nuisances of every possible description, entirely owing to our clever contrivance of the law in such matters carefully provided; both ourselves and the Americans disdaining to take a leaf out of the French common-sense arrangements in such things, the chief part of both our wonderful constitutional freedoms consisting of the most vexatious confusion and contradiction of every single thing meant for the public good. On this hydra's head a very thick volume might be written for the edification both of the mother country and her young saucy giant offspring. But I am in a hurry, and must say a word, before I get into the cab, on the general appearance of the American girls, not much altered since Mrs. Trollope's days, nor Lady Emeline Wortley's. In dress, at least, there is a great deal of the *couleur de rose*. They delight in two things especially; the brightest, most heavenly colours, dazzling white, ultra-marine, crimson, and ultra-green. Violet and purple are too quiet, but mammas may wear them. Thus all the misses in their "teens" (and after that the deluge!) are quite butterflies. They dress well, but too flaringly; brocades, satins, china silk crapes, and embroidered shawls; in short, neither Paris nor London can find them anything too fine. The next passion is church, chapel, and sermons. Next to dancing and balls, their favourite preacher (as with ourselves in town now and then) is the one thing most talked about and ran after. There is, among other favourites just now, a Rev. Mr. Wordsworth, who draws all the finest bonnets to the Arch-street Chapel. Such sermons as we hear in England

by our High or Low Church divines would never do here, tamely read from MSS. Here must be nothing less than the poetry of words and action, with telling points, novel and stunning, declaimed in high tragedy vein; high pressure, but the valve only gently loaded, to send them to dinner screaming with excitement and curiosity for next Sunday's sensation. As to the good looks of the women, in youth (since youth alone is beauty), except that they are paler and thinner than our girls, I do not see any striking peculiarity. Perhaps in any given number there are as many pretty and fine women as in England. But, poor dears, their days are short: from their last teen they may only reckon on ten fleeting years, or perhaps fifteen, very grudgingly allowed, before they are reckoned as old women: and for the most part, I must say I think they look it. But then, both men and women astonish one by the number of years they remain old, looking little the worse for wear. Instances of longevity are quite as common as with ourselves.

But the steam is blowing off at Walnut-street wharf, and I resolve to take the Delaware line to Baltimore by the upper waters of the Chesapeake. By this route passengers have very little railway to cross over the tiny state of Delaware (wedged in between the Jerseys and Maryland) to the Elk river, where another steamer takes them on the rest of the way, skirting the shores of Maryland and the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is crossed by the other line higher up.

The American river steamers, without exception (on the sea-board), are built and arranged on one plan; that is, on the main deck a grand saloon, with large windows at the sides; well, often elegantly carpeted and furnished; frequently with most profuse gilding, mirrors, ottomans, &c.; beneath the main deck is the dining saloon. Both these great cabins run half the length of the boat, from the stern to the engines, whose fires and boilers are mostly one on each side, just behind the paddle-boxes, the funnels before them. When the distance to run requires it, the grand saloon is subdivided at the sides into a series of small sleeping cabins, the after ones, like the hinder part of the saloon itself, is exclusively for the ladies or married couples. In many of the boats bachelors are tabooed at this end, and may not encroach beyond where a curtain at the sides may be drawn across, or a folding door's partition; though it is open at all times, except, perhaps, late at night.

Before the engines, on the main deck, they put the deck cargo, boxes, barrels, parcels, and the heavy baggage; sometimes the baggage trucks, as I have said, are ready to run out at the very terminus of some rail—which they cleverly contrive to prolong out on jetties at the exact level required. All

these boats are very flat-floored, and very fast—the speed at least fifteen miles an hour, often twenty.

In this way our luggage was managed at Newcastle, thirty or forty miles down the Delaware, where we were transferred to the short railway, across some fourteen miles, to the head waters of the Chesapeake, on Elk river.

We all know the excessive care taken of the American ladies while travelling, but to-day I had a little spice of their sometimes taking advantage of the awe-inspired outer barbarians. As this boat allowed of a free circulation to the penetralia or tabooed end, several of the fair creatures had erected barricades by surrounding themselves with two and three extra chairs, their feet on one, shawl on another, bonnet on another, and some favoured beau in loud chatter on another; in this way it was quite evident many of the men could not sit down if they wished it, but of this they did not deign to take the slightest notice. With this hint I was not at all surprised, when we landed, to find myself warned off one of the cars I was preparing to ascend, as exclusively for the ladies and their families; which means anybody who can scrape acquaintance on the most slender footing; nor is it difficult to enter into conversation at the ladies' end, or seventh heaven of steamers; besides, it is extremely polite and agreeable; you sit at the best (captain's) end of the table at meals, and you are eyed by all the ruck of unhappy ruminators on the wrong side of the invisible mysterious barrier, who sit or stand round the stoves, chewing their tobacco-cud in bitter fancy, spitting in emulation of each other, and envy of the more favoured and familiar he "critters" close to them. Smoking is not allowed in the grand saloon; those who wish to smoke go to the *barber's shop*, or among the deck passengers forward, or parade on the piazza like *guards* outside the saloon; for such is the great breadth of these boats, that it admits of a promenade outside and round the saloon behind.

All the American steamers have, besides the captain, a clerk in charge, who is the captain's second self (often becoming captain), sits in his office, takes your dollars, and gives you your passage and dinner tickets. There is always a rush and crowd at this office, particularly if you have to sleep on board. Certainly the Americans delight in shoving, elbowing, and lolling on you; and the free-and-easy positions of the heels on chairs, tables, or mantelpiece, is considered as a matter of course, nor does the expectoration abate one jot—on the carpet—anywhere.

It was night when we landed, and I saw nothing of the town of Newcastle, nor not much of the shores going down the river—generally flat and monotonous—for we went

dinner almost immediately—not a bad dinner for once, as, in the boats, what there is is put on the table; and they do not seem in such a desperate hurry to leave the table; but no man must ever venture to talk to anybody near him, unless he has no appetite, nor even then, or ten to one he'll get no answer; besides, the impertinence of conversation to a hungry man, eating against time, as if for a wager!

They have run up a temporary frame station for the railway at the water's edge on Elk river, just below French Town, and here we were, in the dark, once more embarked in the same kind of steamer, and got to Baltimore by ten o'clock, passing these low shores (Maryland to the right) and the mouth of the Susquehanna. This head of the Chesapeake waters is full of coves and inlets, and on one of these, at the western side, at the mouth of the Patapsco river, Baltimore is seated, round a very capacious natural harbour, while another inlet runs up at the back of the town, giving great capabilities for the future extension of its streets and shipping on both sides. The front harbour is crammed with clipper schooners, fine merchant ships, and steamers, with every conceivable kind of small craft (coasters) mixed up with them at the wharves.

I went to the United States Hotel in Pratt-street, at the water side, about half a mile from where the steamers lie (all vessels having their appointed wharves, stations strictly enforced, and very wisely, at all their cities), the streets wretchedly paved, half mud and ruts, and as usual the great hotel, although not so awfully big as Barnum's, up another street, yet I guess quite as uncomfortable. I asked for the Indian Queen, which was once the best hotel in Baltimore, but found it had sunk beneath all the feeding barracks going —Barnum's (unkindest cut of all!) having, I believe, broke its "Bos's" heart! Still, I was told they held on to a "considerable few" who preferred elbow room. Plenty of ugly hack-coaches and poor horses were flying and plying about, but I knew my customers, and walked on stoutly. An unhappy Briton, wife, and lady's maid, fell into the snare—that is, got into one of these traps; the fare demanded astonished the victim, albeit an old stager. I had just put my name down, and was standing at the office counter of the antechamber, crowded with trunks, sitters, and spitters, when the clerk (nobody ever sees a landlord) was appealed to, versus a demand for a dollar and a half for the half mile.

"Well, sir—I don't know—I guess you'll have to pay it; he can demand half a dollar for each sitter inside."

Victim.—"What! a dollar and a half for five hundred yards!"

Clerk.—"Well, yes, I guess; just so."

Sometimes these hotels have a sort of omnibuses to meet the steam-boats and rail: touters push you in, and you find in your bill half a dollar for the ride for yourself and carpet-bag, or small portmanteau—all right, good for trade.

Baltimore has grown less rapidly than her more northern sisters these last twenty or thirty years, no doubt it has spread much over its hills, but its population, though greatly increased, is still very much less than even more recently-built cities; not much exceeding a hundred thousand.

It is the most Catholic city in the Union; I believe it is the prevailing religion; there is a large cathedral, and many other churches of the Roman faith. This sounds odd in the United States, where all the world are Dissenters of a thousand shades; but the Roman Catholics are gaining ground at railroad pace; hundreds of thousands have swelled their congregations of late years from Ireland. The firmest Catholics in the world, to a man, and the strict discipline of their Church gives them even now in all their cities, greater weight as a body than any other persuasion can reckon on; it begins to be felt north and south, and will have much to do with the future destinies of this country.

They should have called it the "Catholic" city, and said nothing about its monuments, which are two in number, and no great things. The Doric column to Washington, in Charles-street, with his colossal statue on high, is better indeed than our Duke of York's—rather; but one sees nothing of the general but his Roman toga, which does not sit well, and puts one in mind of nobody. This humble imitation of Constantine's pillar and old Rome is surely a mistake; the French set us both a better, a sterner example, in the greater trench in the Place Vendôme, and in their better taste and superior art, since the world will copy columns. The other monument is a miserably poor affair indeed, in art and in taste, to some officers who fell in the late war.

Still there are many fine buildings and excellent houses in the upper parts of the town, the brickwork remarkably good, and a great profusion of white marble steps and polished brass about their doors. In magnitude, however, I fancy Barnum's hotel is the greatest thing to be seen. Market or High-street has all the busy features of such active spirits, and the shops, though not equal to the greater cities north, still make a very handsome show.

Here one sees the beginning of that hateful thing slavery; carrying with it its usual accompaniment of dirt, idleness, and carelessness; no slave, however, ever slaves at all; not half so much as the free negroes—for instance, in Philadelphia and New York; but one may be certain it is the one great

cause of the marked greater neglect and slovenliness of everything in the south of the Union, beginning here. From what I have ever seen I cannot conceive a grater curse to a man than the possession of a slave. They are the real bottle-imps of the planters; too happy if they could keep them in a bottle, or part with them for the smallest coin, if they could afford it; such is their innate laziness, carelessness, forgetfulness, dirtiness, and thoughtlessness. They very often put me in mind of great baboons—they are quite as mischievous too—cruel to everything they can master, or have any kind of command over. I trace it in everything—the horse they drive—the dog they feed.

Of course there may be some few exceptions; but, indeed, whenever and wherever they can do as they like, "they act such tricks as make the angels weep!" Our own ruined West Indies, and the total ruin of St. Domingo, in vain read us a lesson: but let any man travel south in the States—let him search for an "Uncle Tom," or his cabin either—he will find a comical, often a disgusting, reality, rather stronger than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's fiction.

To explain this would lead me too far; but what may strike our obtuse, fiction-loving senses more clearly, is the great fact that the negro race, slaves or free, are the happiest beings in existence; just as it holds good that the greatest fools in the world are the happiest of men; but the slaves of America, even when under a severe master, are better fed, better clothed, have more animal enjoyment than our own poor in England; nor are they made to work half so hard in the south as slaves, as they are obliged to in the north as free coloured people.

To observe them (free from their vexation) they are funny, droll creatures. In Philadelphia, which is their stronghold as citizens, and where they have their most respectable standing, is quite as good as a farce, on all occasions; so little has common sense to do with their love of finery and aping the manners, and expressions, and forms of the white world, high and low. Their love of finery is egregious: the black belles go to their "first-rate" balls dressed in muslins, gold lace bands, roses, lilies; ribbon-trimmed long kids, white as "dribbin snow," and white silk 'tockin dragged over the heel of their tremendous ugly flat feet (forming a straight line upwards), and white satin shoes—when they can get them big enough; their wool (in *leads* all the week before) now combed out, swells to the size of a bushel; their beaux, in white cravats and trousers ("ebery ting muss be white, and first-rate") look quite as *outré* and absurd. Our street negro melodists are hardly a caricature of these happy creatures; but their ceremonious affectation and talk is killing. Let us

suppose two negroes ("coloured gentlemen") meeting in one of the Quaker city streets; dirtily dressed as labourers, a few patches, and even rags: but pretty well off; one, perhaps, owning a cart and half-fed horse; the other, a sawyer or porter; both independent citizens, and gaining a living at occasional jobs.

They meet on the full grin, showing their white teeth, and rolling their eyes about, they come to a full stop in face of each other, and burst out in a loud laugh before a word is said, each swaying about, and holding his sides.

Mr. Jefferson S. Skunk.—Bress my heart—don't—dat you, Massa 'Gustus Quashy? Well! my! any how—yah! yah! he, he, he!

Mr. Augustus Q. Quashy.—Well, I nebber seed de like! Yah, yah, yah! (*They both set to at another spell at laughing.*)

Skunk (*holding himself up*).—Well, do tell! Where away now, dis time? You am after dat ere job of de old man's, way up dere at de depôts?

Quashy.—If dat don't beat Lady Suffolk! (*A fast horse.*) Where you get to—say—last night arter de fust quadrille? I seed you a startin' arter Miss Hetty—no? Yah, yah! He, he, he! (*Here they both go off in fresh raptures.*)

Skunk.—Say! for true, you seed me? Well, you seed dat ere fine young lady? Mighty likely gal dat, I guess—no. Look here—you no call, mind, to say nutting 'bout dat ere gal to de old woman. (*Both go off again louder than ever.*)

Quashy (*drawing a deep sigh to recover*).—Wheugh!—who? me! Nebber let on, 'pon my word ob honour. Well, anyhow, you am got de ticket. Well, my mind misguv me all de same, I tell you—tink ob dat! You is 'quainted wid Missy Lillycum—same young lady as lib wid de famimly of Massa Hiram Job—he as am member fum Congress?

Skunk.—Do tell! well, I is heerd as much. (*Makes faces.*) But look here, I'se but middling 'trong dis morning; my 'tummac complain considerumble, I tell you—dis way, look here. I not mush up to de fine new step of de Schotish, least ways, de *deuks temps*, but can go it some at de polka, say. Somehow I comed slick down and 'train my leff shin. (*They both look concerned at the left leg.*) It ain't nutting much to magnify. How is you good lady, Missy Quash, dis mornin'? Seem to me I tink she fling out in de polkum most de finest I'se ebber see in my born days. Hope not cachit no cold? not sneeze none?

Quashy.—Well, tank you mightily, she am first-rate. I don't know she am powerful mad dis mornin', I tell you. Look here, you ain't seed nuffin ob she lilywhite supumfine glub, what she drop, somehow, afore Massa Assa Cuffy hand

'em down to 'freshment? Dem glubs coss dollar and twenty-five cent piece—look here—ebery cent hard cash, I tell you.

Skunk.—Do tell, my! Well, I guess I nebber seed nuffing, case why, more 'tickler, seem to me I had to look arter my partner; she go it so mighty hard, she take all de wind out ob me—he, he, he! Look here, Jeff'son, arter we comed away along, was considerumble bodder'd wid de old woman; and worse nor dat, Miss Maltilda loose 'em shoe right in de mud; and agin, was moss gettin' in a mus wid a big nigger what persiss to offer him arm, and cuss me in heaps, case make perlite remark as not 'greeable to de young lady.

Quashy.—I nebber heerd de like. I know dat nigger, he am on de fish-wharf, and de Riggers; and more, am vulgar as cat-fish. Well, anyhow, must make tracks; got to haul dem 'ere bricks. Good morning, sa. Maybe, see you dis ebenin' at Change down dere?

Skunk.—Good mornin', sa. Well, I don't know, I spect to look down, anyhow. Give my 'specs to de family. (*They part, touching their hats and chuckling—"tickled by a straw."*)

I should explain, that among the coloured race of America, whether free negroes north, or slaves in the south, the word "nigger" with them means a bad, low fellow, and has nothing to do with any shade of colour. A very black fellow will call a very light mulatto a "nigger" if they fall out; who will perhaps answer, "No more nigger nor you." Among themselves, their masters and mistresses are but "white niggers." It ingeniously gets rid of the ugly word. When in Philadelphia, many years ago, they appeared to me more numerous than at present, better looking and better dressed at all times—less apparent poverty. What the facts are I know not. It is, however, their nature to be extremely improvident, no matter where, or how many generations they may have been free. At the same time, however dirty or slovenly they go about on week days, on Sundays, and high days and holidays, they dress up in the most *outré* fashion of the day. At their society meetings, the *Washington*, Freemasons', &c., they muster in great ceremony and force. I have seen them two and two, full dress, with wands, ribbons, rosettes, scarfs, form processions of ten or twelve thousand on the pavements of Philadelphia. Their numbers (all grown men) I cannot speak to exactly, but I recollect they seemed interminable up and down the principal streets. This was the grand Washington festival.

Besides their balls and "society" meetings, they have their chapels and "coloured" preachers, whose discourses are as funny very often (particularly the Methodists, the most numerous sect,) as "Nigger Sambo's sermon" on the origin

"ob de fuss white man as come on de face ob dis circumlar globe." One thing is most certain, they are the most laughing race on earth—the happiest, particularly the slaves—for they have no cares whatever beyond the instant—no thought, and not an idea; and it is well it should be so. The awkward, and the worst part of this much-vexed question, pertains to the Anglo-American race! The attempt to mix is vain—almost unnatural. Pity they were ever brought here—true, true—a great pity; but the fault lies with none living. And mark the glaring inconsistency of our days on the African coast—we tax ourselves to do a most outrageous wrong! The chiefs who conquer in their eternal petty wars, if not able to sell them on the coast (to save their lives!) kill them on the spot! and our officers and men, who are yearly decimated by the coast fever, have even been sent on shore to fight and kill the conquerors—to prevent their selling their captives! Surely the universal madness and confusion of ideas of this whole world is not at all exceeded by what one may see any morning on the other side of Westminster-bridge—in Bedlam. We all know that Baltimore, like almost all the chief United States' cities, is not the capital of the state, but a much smaller town, Anapolis, once a fashionable place, about forty miles lower down the Chesapeake—which nobody ever hears anything about—where of late they have established a naval school, after the fashion of ours at Portsmouth. It is presided over by a commander, with a lieutenant under him.

The face of this whole country, after passing the Susquehanna, is flat, sandy, and poor. The forests on the sea-board are more frequent—there is more wildness in the scene; the planters' or farmers' houses stand further from each other; their fields, chiefly of Indian corn, have the appearance of being worn out; each succeeding year makes manure the more essential, for rotation crops, and even rest, begin to lose their effect. Thence the growing anxiety about guano, and the great stir lately in the mercantile shipping world towards Lobos and Peru. But their farming is much inferior to that of the more northern states. Carelessness and waste mark the track of slave labour; indeed, universal indolence besets the land, master, and slave. Anywhere out of their towns it is the first thing that strikes one.

It equally applies to Virginia, across the Potomac. Thirty years ago her Indian corn-fields scarcely did more than feed her cattle and her slaves;* the only source of profit was her tobacco, which still requires rich, new lands. To be sure

* This most sweet and nourishing of grains is so good for man and beast and so loved by the negroes, that once, when the crop failed, and they were forced to feed them on wheaten bread, an insurrection of the slaves was threatened.

Virginia has still thousands of square miles of virgin forest and beautifully variegated country towards the Ohio—noble rivers, valleys, and mountains, rich in luxuriant vegetation, and valuable woods and ores, as yet almost unknown to their owners, (some of it occasionally appearing in the London market for sale at a dollar the acre!) Why she attracts so few of our emigrants I cannot understand. She is, indeed, less talked about, and does not go so fast ahead; has little or no shipping of her own, Baltimore doing most of her coasting trade up the James River to Richmond, and up her grand inlets, the Rapahanoc, the Rock, and Potomac rivers; but of this, the largest, and naturally the very finest of the early settled states, it will be worth saying more hereafter.

I take the railway on to Washington—a flat, wild, sandy, poor country; as elsewhere, we started from the station in Pratt-street, with four horses along the streets to the suburb, on a gentle rise, where the engine was put to. The citizens all grumble at the badness of this railroad of forty miles, and its comparative dearness of fare. Half-way we were brought to a stand-still by the sinking of the rails; navvies were mending the spot. A funny, withered mummy of an old fellow, who had been hard at an argument with his wife, in the next arm-chair behind me, from the moment we took our places, left off to address himself to the "brakesman" (breaksman), who had come in to put the stove fire to rights.

"I guess I'd fine you all five hundred dollars for this here!"

"Would you, though?" was the reply. "What's it to me! I'm paid, move on or not. What's the odds! I don't care, I don't, if we don't stir out o' this till July."

At this retort my citizen looked excessively grim; presently we moved on, slowly enough, giving all the passengers a good opportunity of looking at the only carefully-fenced farm we saw the whole way, which served as a vent for the pent-up wrath of the grumpy citizen.

He now declared aloud, that "He'd hang that 'ere colonel for a swindling scamp and copper-bottomed rascal!—he'd learn him to build fine houses and factories, and put up board and wire fences out of his 'tarnal kites and shin plasters, and then back out, and cheat the universal world!"

"You are so awful hard on him, my dear," said the wife, "perhaps he couldn't help it."

"Perhaps!—perhaps, wouldn't I hang him like a dog!—yes, slick away!"

It was evident she couldn't soften her better half; but no wonder—it turned out that he had started without his breakfast.

This railroad has been easily made, but is very hard to keep

in repair—owing to the loose sandiness of the country, neither embankments nor cuttings will keep up. Leaving Bladensburg to the left, and passing through the gently rising semicircle of hills which forms the eastern frame of the "Columbian" district, we came into the "depôt" (station) on the higher portion of the city of Washington, not far from the Capitol, the body of the place below us, now a large town of 40,000 souls. From any part of this elevation, looking to the north and west, one sees the whole town and country at a glance. The city, along the Pennsylvania Avenue, is built more or less scattered all the way—Georgetown in the extreme distance, which it joins; the White House, and all the government offices being between the two, at the extreme north end of the Avenue, where it bends a little up and down a hill, and runs over a bridge into the older settlement of the two. Georgetown is in itself a large town, and existed when Washington had not a street laid out.

On the left, to the west, is the silvery shining Potomac (though a muddy tide river), with its bridge of a mile long over it to the Virginia shore opposite, still looking as wild in its virgin forests as when the poor Red Indians lived undisturbed by their very virtuous, philanthropic English white brothers! Over this vast expanse, far as the eye can reach, one sees nothing but woods; on the shore, lost in the foliage, a speck, one may indeed detect a house, a seat, or a log hut here and there; while, on the river, the white sails of the schooner and sloop coasters, the passage steamer to Baltimore, and the little one to Alexandria, six miles below, give some life to the water at least.

As one is for ever misled by asking for the "*best* hotel," and as there was a good half mile of muddy road before me, "where to choose my place of rest, and Providence my guide," I started off down hill, edging off along cross-roads and chalked-out streets, up and down various cuttings, preparatory, till I got pretty well down, and into the Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the Regent-street—nay, the one all-in-all street of the place, on which the great treble-domed Capitol smiles placidly from its hill and gardens.

Gadsby's Hotel did not seem too monstrous, so I mounted up many steps, and entered. I found it much more quiet and comfortable than any I had yet tried. The National Hotel, lower down the Avenue, is much larger; and they are building an immense thing, to outfeed and outsleep all the rest, a little further on. I am now lodged at the corner of "Three-and-a-half-street" and the Pennsylvania Avenue, with the Capitol very handy on the hill, looking as if its garden at the foot of it terminated the Avenue, to the south; it is, however, but half-way, and this columned façade of it is but its back

front, the chief front and portico being on the upper side; and looking down the other half of this grand central avenue to the Pontiac River, or estuary, at a point two or three miles off below, where it branches from the Potomac, and where the navy-yard is established, and the arsenal, but not a house is there beyond the close precincts of the Capitol gardens; two or three blocks and rows of good-sized town houses stand to the west, just outside the garden rails, on the platform above, on a level with the Capitol, and some few isolated houses on the chalked-out lots on the higher ground are all that is visible in that direction. The great body of the town yet built, lies along on the east side of the Pennsylvania Avenue, with comparatively very few houses, indeed, as yet built on the avenues and cross-streets westward, towards the river (distant about a mile, perhaps more). Nor, indeed, is the west side of this one great leading street more than partially built on. There are still plenty of frontages and lots left to speculate on, and still leave the view to the river and the Virginia woods unobstructed from the hotel and shop side of the way.

The day was fine, and here all the Washington world are seen. Half-way down stands the market. I walked on amidst an immense crowd of lank-looking, home-spun farmers and their wagons, mostly drawn by oxen in spans of two and four. Some with horses, of good shape, but excessively lean and rough, as if a currycomb and wisp of hay or straw had never smoothed them down since colts—indeed, their masters seemed equally rough. The majority of this crowd of teams were driven by darkies, who punched and knocked their cattle about without much ceremony. I am now fairly in the land of niggers—none but slaves ever do the least thing; not enough, even, of walking for their health's sake! No planter ever stirs off his horse; the whole Avenue was alive with omnibuses running to the White House and Treasury, and further on to Georgetown, at the universal fare of six cents delivered before you get out, through the round hole contrived in the roof, the driver giving you your change out of his cash-box as he relaxes his strap, which keeps the door fast shut, to prevent any "tricks upon travellers," or over-hasty exits, without taking leave.

I should like to give a clear idea of this flat, bare tract of land on the river-side, a parallelogram of four or five miles along the Potomac, and perhaps three miles wide, from the river to the wooded and rather prettily-shaped hills framing it round to the east, and closing in with increased altitude and abrupt wildness above Georgetown, where the tide ceasing, the Potomac becomes a most beautiful, savage, romantic, picturesque river; while opposite the city, towards the river, all

is flat and monotonous, without a tree, and fenced off in hundreds of lots (for sale), and most excessively deep-rutted roads, avenues, and embryo streets; there is, indeed, a small row or two of houses near the water-side, just above the landing-place of the steamers, and a few grog-shops, timber and coal-sheds, along the few straggling plank wharves thereabouts, in a miserable state of decay or unfinish. The half dozen 'buses and hackney-coaches which drive down to meet the boats, descend from the streets (of posts and rails), through gaps and gullies in the muddy bank, at a pitch of forty-five, or half the perpendicular façade. The even elevation of the land at the water's edge, from Arsenal Point up to the President's house, being about forty feet above the water —an abrupt earthy cliff—down they go, and flounder about in rival ruts and mud below; and very often have their drive only for their pains, or they may carry off a prize in the shape of one gent and his carpet-bag, just landed from Alexandria or Baltimore, as the greater part of the arrivals by water (few at any time) very sensibly prefer walking into town, unless there are ladies or luggage, when, I dare say, they make up for their empty trips; for here, as in every other city, the scale of fares is just simple and clear enough to make it impossible not to be imposed upon. From this point I regained my hotel once or twice by a little *détour* across the grounds lying out round the Smithsonian Institute, an excessively elaborate building of small round and square towers and infinite angles, built of a kind of red freestone; as yet it is quite in the fields, and just beyond it, nearer the water, is rising in granite what will be as ugly an obelisk or square tapering tower of tremendous height as can, I should think, well be conceived, to the memory of Washington. This monument as yet has only got upwards about sixty feet. O Mr. President, O Mr. Secretary, pause! Have you not the fear of the Bostonian Bunker's Hill 200 feet high mile-stone before your eyes? But this one is to beat that one. Be it so.

Now I am passing this *Smithsonian* ugly affair, for the dissemination of knowledge, moral and physical—one word on the strange freak which could induce my old friend, dying, to send half a million of dollars to America, instead of devoting it to something useful for the benefit of his own land!

"Die, and endow a college—or a cat!"

From whence come all riches? the land. It is easy to trace gold back to the garden and the fields, the woods, the rivers, and the open sea—Australias and Californias are but hideous excrescences; but this gold came from England's soil—'twas

not kind, not well, to throw it here—where even the recipients are grumbling at the way it is frittered away, without taste, without that broad utility it might have insured. They say there is no one room half the size necessary; much such another thing in small, as our gingerbread, jackstraw's, pinnacled weather-cock tin-roofed frippery thing in Westminster! I do not, indeed, hear that they have got a kindred Dr. Reid to blow hot and cold, to run away with an extra half million; but they are yet young in reckless extravagance, folly, and blunders, and will improve, I dare say. It seems Mr. Rush got this precious legacy out of Chancery.

The omnibuses are very convenient—they save one's legs to Georgetown (three or four miles), and I see the outsides of the Treasury and Government offices, and the White House—both very handsome buildings, to the left as we rode along, on a gentle rise here, shaded by some fine trees and their grounds, reaching to the river, laid out more tastily, after the manner of our approaches and lawns, than anything I have seen elsewhere. Before the President's house, which stands pretty near the road, there is a bronze statue of Jefferson, good enough not to be laughed at quite so much as our own bronze perpetrations. This was the gift of a naval officer, Captain Levi, lately. How we should stare at a bronze statue before Buckingham Palace, the gift to the Queen of an English post-captain!

At Georgetown we were fairly among the hills, and I got out half-way up the chief street, where the 'buses stop, and walked on upwards, and down the further side to where the great canal crosses the river on its aqueduct to the Virginia side (ending, I think, at Alexandria, a branch coming on into Washington, parallel to the Pennsylvania Avenue).

Little old Georgetown has its theatre, its balls, its halls, and its associations, and though it does not grow much of late years, yet there is more schooner coasting-trade at its wharves; and it grinds flour, and it is not going to give in entirely to its big, growing-proud sister t'other side the White House—I guess not—she was a Maryland town when her big, lop-sided sister was nothing but flat fields of Indian corn, with a planter's old brick mansion here and there (one of those solid old brick houses stands just above the steamboat landing) in ruins, and decayed indeed (but still inhabited by two or three families of squalid squatters, who pay little or no rent), on the model of many of our old brick country mansions, with a fine hall, and broad oak staircase, &c. Virginia has many such, still.

In short, the great Washington city has been sliced off Maryland's south-western verge, a ten mile square lot, the sister States made her sell 'em, perhaps give, nothing loth;

for the owners of the fields must have made a pretty spec in subdivisions, which still goes on. This ten mile square (district of Columbia) did stretch across the Potomac, and slice off a strip of the Virginia woods opposite, but of late years, why I know not, it has been ceded back to Virginia, and is no longer at all connected.

The two little steamers running to Alexandria, and a few schooners, form the only river communications. The bridge indeed is open across, and one or two omnibuses run at the same fare to the Virginian Town. But Alexandria has declined a great deal of late years in her trade and activity; at one time her wharves were full of large sea-going ships and brigs, now only schooners and the river and Chesapeake small craft are seen there; and, indeed, the place looks, wharves, town, and all, wretchedly slovenly, out of repair, and neglected. I went down one day and rambled about for a couple of hours in the mud, admiring the capabilities thrown away—the neglected logs, scantling, planks, the falling piers and jetties, rotting in holes; the slouching niggers, and the clothes-drying Irishers in the smaller frame houses.

I confess I only saw the water-side and the suburbs; and was not sorry to get back again by the steamer, which leaves, I think, every hour or two; fare, twelve cents, or sixpence; the distance about six miles. The railway to the southern states crosses not far below: so far it may revive their hopes; a great fact I forgot.

Another day I crossed the aqueduct, which has a footpath beside it (the whole of wood, resting on stone piers; it leaks sadly, and wants repair), and had a chat with the very old toll-gate man, who out of sheer good-will took five cents only, backwards and forwards, when he could demand three cents each way; but in spite of this toll, he said, and the traffic of the canal boats, it is a losing concern to the shareholders. This great canal—a noble work—runs to Cumberland, 150 miles across the chain of the Alleghany Mountains (for some distance following the course of the Potomac); but the railway is now completed to the same place, and will soon be continued to Wheeling—on the Ohio. It is already the rival of the Philadelphia railway to Pittsburg; both rails having recourse to dozens of four-horsed stages over the parts not yet finished—the one (this) about ninety miles, the other thirty miles. Thence the failure in the profit of this canal. But railways, of course, everywhere supersede slow water conveyance; very much to the benefit of the community, however the shareholders either in canals or *cooked* rails may have to grin and bear their small dividends—or their no dividends.

Just below the aqueduct, on the Virginian side, there is a

love of an island, occupied by a single farm; "but nobody can tell," said my old man, "to which state it belongs. No," said he, "there's been a lawsuit about it, and the lawyers jawed a sight, but could make nothing of it—except their 'tarnal fees." At this spot, looking upwards, the river and the forest-covered hills in their brilliant-tinted foliage, the canal, and the suburbs of hilly Georgetown aside, and her flour-mills, form a very beautiful picture. Looking downwards, all the prominent buildings of the city (the Observatory on its jutting hill, and the President's, being the nearest, then the Treasury, the Monument, the Institute, and in the extreme visible distance the domes of the Capitol), form, together with the river, rather a rich than a picturesque view.

I was surprised to see so few vessels on the river; but there is, in fact, little trade here, and most things now reach them by rail. Mr. Webster is here alone at his post; the only sign of any government whatever; all dispersed—president, senators, members, ambassadors, and all;—the papers say, the secretary of state is keeping house. The general rule being that everybody (except the natives) is living in the great hotels, or the great boarding-houses. One of the largest of these other sort of feeding-places is opposite my hotel. Most of the houses have verandahs—very pleasant in hot or rainy weather.

I often go up to the Capitol and roam about both gardens, back and front. A couple of hundred masons are building away at two extra immense wings they are adding to the wings; sixty feet wider than the central body itself. These are to be the new chambers: already the old ones, which are very spacious (like the French Houses of Parliament), are found too small for their purposes. The whole interior of the Capitol is easy of access. I often went in, up-stairs and down, without any notice being taken, though there is a custodian in the Rotunda, who is very civil, and sends a porter with you, or comes himself, to show the two chambers, which have been often described. This Rotunda is a very noble hall under the centre dome; it is the grand antechamber leading to all others. The great pictures by Trumbull are placed round it: they are tolerable—better in conception than execution; but still respectable. I thought the "Christening of Pocahontas," poor; "Columbus at Prayers on his own Quarter-deck, on the discovery of this New World," better. Two others are not very flattering to us! In the front façade to the south, facing the non-existent side of the city, the statues which ornament the portico are but indifferent: the same may be fairly said of a colossal statue of Washington, in the grounds, which some poor sculptor in

his enthusiasm took half his life to accomplish. On the pedestal one reads the pithy sentence—"First in war—first in peace—first in the hearts of his countrymen."

There is another marble monumental group put up at the north face, at the head of the fine double flight of steps (out of the garden below), brought here it seems from the navy-yard, in honour of some captain and officers of a frigate, killed at Tripoli. They had better have let it alone. The setting of this lumbering piece of crudity in an oval basin of green water, intended as a fountain, strikes one as anything rather than ornamental. The view on all sides from this handsome north terrace is very magnificent, particularly from the cupola above the roof, embracing the hills and woods beyond Georgetown; the river, to where it loses itself among the mountains in the blue distance; the whole town as on a map at one's feet; the pretty wooded hills to the east and towards Bladensburg; then, to the west and south, across the Pontiac, the Virginian forests, down to, and far beyond Alexandria, with the woods of Maryland beyond the navy-yard and arsenal, across the Pontiac. Altogether, it is a most interesting panorama; but, in descending, one's mind descends too, and I couldn't help speculating on the vast circumference of empty lots, growing more valuable every day.

They are to be had of many private individuals; at this moment emigrants with a little money might make their fortunes in ground alone, if they could afford to hold on a certain time! I muse on what all this may be a century hence; when all this plain will probably be covered as closely in brick as London; when every rood of ground will be worth a fortune; when a tiny yard, or bit of garden, will be held as so very aristocratic, so very distinguished and agreeable, and so impossible, except to dukes, earls, and millionaires—I should say the richest citizens.

One has but to look back to the days, so very recent as of our second George—a mere yesterday—when the whole of our west-end, and north, and south, were out-of-town fields, even beyond flower and market-gardens; where donkeys browsed, and boys played at cricket, in my day, is now Belgravia; and just beyond, late in the seventeen hundreds, men were hung for half-a-crown where now Tyburnia lifts her head, and pours her modern gold into a bishop's pocket!

It is a great fault to be disheartened, and thinking oneself too late, or too old, for anything; so I pursued the happy speculative idea down the steps into the garden and along the excellent flag paved walk, (such as we should have in Hyde Park, instead of grinding gravel and the London clay!) to the gate where the 'buses stand as a terminus to their toils. I

mused on, clever in my generation, hastening my steps, half-determined to run to the first attorney and conveyancer, to secure a few El Dorado lots; sure to live into the next century, and make my fortune; but, as I went, "the native hue of resolution was sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought, and lost the name of action!"

I thought of that "undiscover'd world, from whence no traveller returns;" ay, indeed, I shall return in a fine steamer or *liner*, and let *well* alone. It was near dinner-time at Gadsby's, and "the air bit shrewdly." This is a very clear sharp air—it is autumn; the sun and moon shine bright, and the heavens are of a fine celestial blue; but I deny that it is of a brighter blue than our own English blue, in spite of poetic fancies and pens which travel to Italy and America, and, having come away, are quite in ecstasies—but in good earnest, with youth and some little cash, ten thousand speculations beckon the hardy adventurer throughout the States. A man's sons and daughters may be the riches of the house; it is but to work together, and to one end. Everything is still in its infancy; and so is the English idea of comfort only dawning on the States; how they lost it originally, having certainly embarked with it, such as it was, in James's, and Charles's and Anne's days, I know not. But I have said a good word for *Gadsby's;* they are very civil, very; but here comes into play the inevitable devil-may-care, lazy, laughing carelessness of the *darkies*. From the Irish spalpeens and dimity jackets of New York and Philadelphia, as you come south, you are handed over to the more assiduous considerations and attentions of the dimity darkies who stand behind your chair, in the darkness-visible halls, and feed you on *warm* eatables, and cold and hot water; you are as helpless under their tyranny as a two-year old baby. I have talked of interminable long tables; at this hotel we have immense round tables; the markets at Washington are very scantily and badly supplied, nothing is very good, and the table partakes of it; but, then, one has a foolish prejudice in favour of something *hot* at dinner. Nothing is ever "hot" in America; beefsteaks, tea, potatoes, toast, and eggs, even corn cakes, are only "warm"—when not quite cold; people ask for *warm* things (warm roast-beef!); but in good sooth, at table nothing is even "warm." As usual, our food is brought to us, helped from the mysterious regions in the dim, dark vast, at one far invisible end, where the tricksty yellow boys (mulattoes mostly) hold cabinet councils of fun, plate in hand. You have consulted carefully the bill of fare, and if your particular darky has any bowels of compassion, you may get something of what you send for before it is all gone, or quite cold, and, perhaps, before your more swift-munching neighbours have

backed out to their stores, to visit the bar, or smoke a cigar.

Now, though I fee these animals perforce, it little availed as to getting any given thing with the smallest particle of caloric remaining perceptible to the taste.

With a vast circumference of white tablecloth, salt-cellars, and toothpicks before one, nothing whatever eatable is put on it—and ten minutes, or fifteen, must be employed patiently picking one's teeth; one may fancy the sly fun going on among the dozen quambos who keep out of sight, exchanging witticisms at the expense "ob de white niggers dey got to feed any how." Let us suppose it at breakfast, the whole gang of grinning woolly-heads collected round the tea and coffee coppers, or boilers; both liquids nothing more nor less than coloured hot water, the taste very much alike, and so execrable, that I send my fellow mildly back with my cup to beg it may be, if possible, a little stronger.

My Darky.—Here, old Sam, dat ole chap what dey say jus come from de ole country, he say dis cup tea is nutting but water, him want to know if can have it lilly more 'Sampson,' (strong!)

Snowball Sam.—Yah! he, he! why you no tell him must get use to it, any how! (*Fills the cup again from the same universal cock.*) Here, tell him dis is 'trong as debil and half, good measure! he, he, he!

My Sable Imp.—'Sides dat, he say, dem egg is boiled hard as corn cob, yah, yah, wheugh!

Ginger Blue (*another Imp*).—Why, dat am de way as is all biled to suit majority, and neber complains none! No pleasing dem catawampum ole folks, I guess, he, he, he, he!

My Imp.—Well, any how, must gib one soff, I 'spose, not to break him toose! if he am got any, he, he, he! What seem to you he say beside? dat de room am so dark him can't see de way to him mout. (*At this a chorus of laughter.*) Well, him bess feel de way! (*Fresh bursts.*)

Ginger Snowball (*head wag*).—Look here! dem 'ere ole country Britishers what is so 'tickler, dey bess stay at hum (home). Well, look here! what 'stonish some, dere is fussrate membrums ob Congress neber gives no trouble 'bout de egg, nor de tea, nor nuffing—shouldn't wonder! What sort ob tea dis blessed ole man got used to? if am so cruel 'trong, make him legs shake, I guess! no! yah! (*Chorus of chuckles.*)

My Imp (*as he turns to bring me my tea at last*).—Bress you—dat not all; yesterday him say de beefsteak was tough as cow-hide, and cold as dog nose, he, he, he! (*Grand chorus of chuckles.*)

Of course my fresh cup of tea, which at length my imp

brings me, is exactly the same as the last, as with a serene slyness he says, "Massa, dis is true 'Sampson!' you find dis cup fust-rate anyhow, I tell you!".

These idle, laughing creatures, generally paying their real masters so much a month, or year, and getting a sure employment wherever they please, look and feel like anything but slaves! Indeed, one would never suspect it; their wages are very high, and they do the least possible work for it.

I have seen nothing but the outsides of the public buildings; the elaborate description would convey nothing new. The State-house and Town-hall, where the courts are held, is a very handsome pile, opposite the Patent-office and Post-office, all fine buildings, in the next street, east of the Pennsylvanian Avenue, near Five or Five-and-a-half-street. I did look in one day at the State-house, but the court had just risen. Nor did I ever get to the Observatory, ably presided over by Lieutenant Maury, of the U. S. navy, who is very obliging should any stranger ask admittance. He has been recently in England to establish his admirable sailing charts. But indeed there is a most praiseworthy and liberal feeling all over the States on this head; nothing is shut up, and rare indeed do they condescend to take fees—the Irish and the niggers alone ever dreaming of such a thing.

I say nothing of climate. In this situation it should be delightful, and yet the intense heats of summer and freezings of winter are killing. They say, of late years their tremendous frosts are much milder; but I fear this winter may be an exception; and I have to look at Canada before I fly before the north-west blasts to the south, down the Mississippi—I must not lose a moment; and have seen nothing of the great men who are about to pour in—nothing of the Washingtonians, who, a guide-book says, are quite the cream of the Union!—but will they allow it at Baltimore? or even just in sight, down the Potomac, at Alexandria? I guess not. It is nothing to say that there is no such thing as a bit of green to be seen, except at the White House and Capitol garden, for the summers here burn up everything—and this has been a perfect furnace of a summer; but I do not see anything like an attempt at a garden anywhere, nor a flower. No wonder! for the slaves would soon kill not only flowers, but the very caterpillars and worms—if laziness and neglect could do it: so the thing is impossible, as their masters, by the month or for life, are themselves much too lazy to look after them. The only plant particularly cared for is a weed—the Virginian weed—which they chew and smoke with an unwearied industry truly admirable.

CHAPTER VI.

UP THE HUDSON.

ALBANY, TROY, BUFFALO, ERIE AND ONTARIO, TORONTO—DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, MONTREAL, QUEBEC—BACK BY LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND BELLOWS FALLS, TOWARDS BOSTON.

RETURNING to New York as a starting-point for the north, I took the upper line of railway from Baltimore to Philadelphia, which only requires the help of steam-boat to cross the Susquehanna at Havre-de-Grace—a good large town on the banks of this fine, wide, but shallow river: even here near its mouth the banks look very inviting, contrasting pleasantly with the more level and more sandy parts of Maryland, and partaking more of Pennsylvania in its looks, its crops, its everything—for they are here close on their northern border. The steamer, a large and fast one, shot us across in a twinkling, though the stream is at least a mile wide. We passed the Schuylkill about four miles below Philadelphia; putting-to four horses to sundry divisions of a long train in the suburbs, and trotting into Broad-street, and to the corner of High-street. Here the fire-engine brigades of the city, drawn up, awaited our arrival in all the pomp and circumstance of banners, uniforms, bands, &c. This muster was to welcome the Baltimorian brigades, or some of their own return companies—for now is the great season (the fall) of their visits reciprocal from city to city; and our cars were crammed with these annihilators of fire in full dress: their black-glazed and iron and brass-bound hats and helmets encircled by wreaths of flowers—some had nosegays—all presented by their fair friends. The bearing of these young fellows was excessively hilarious and jolly, being well charged at starting at the various "bars" and "changes," and rushing out at every station as we came along to keep up the rum and whisky ardour. However, I observed not one of them beyond a very pardonable elevation, and they trundled themselves out, and formed on one side of the rails in Broad-street in perfect marching order—the whole moving off through the principal streets of the city, to the great delight of all the world. Their bands, too, were in handsome uniforms, and played, I thought, very well.

I think it was on this occasion I saw a company from Jersey City on a visit here, dressed in the exact uniform (blue and buff) of Washington and the patriot armies who conquered their independence—long-skirted coats, knee breeches, white-topped boots, and enormous cocked hats, with an immense

upright feather! They caused quite a sensation, and some little tittering in Chesnut-street. Such changelings we lords of the earth are! all hinges on time, circumstance, and place! But after all, it requires no great abstraction to consider our dresses, whether in the last or the present century, as highly absurd and grotesque. Our own present triangle cocked-hats, shell jackets, paltry gold lace, enormous epaulettes, &c., are carried about with all the jauntiness of high fashion. Why need a very handsome young fellow, an officer, too, with his old strap-epaulettes (these were volunteers) look so terribly out of conceit of himself, and shuffle along as if ashamed of his old war-gear? Still, it was considered as little inferior to real Bloomer in comicality.

I took the lower railway (a single line of rail, as most of them are, and rival of the one I came by,) across Jersey from Camden City, along the left bank of the Delaware, by Bordentown, Brunswick, and to South Amboy, at the mouth of the Rariton, a muddy little tide-river; but Perth Amboy opposite, at its mouth, is a pretty town; and Staten Island, across this arm of the sea inlet, quite charming. This is the south end of this pretty island. All along this channel, up to New York, its shore is lined by farms, villages, country seats, and villas, till, as it nears the bay of New York, there is a perfect chain of them, with their gardens or grounds, coming down to the water, where they keep boats for pleasure, or to dredge for oysters—these waters being alive with the oyster fishermen. The Jersey water-side, a little way above Amboy, is one flat of grazing meadows or swamp, with Elizabeth Town in sight, on a gentle elevation, five or six miles off.

The New York steamer from Amboy is exactly like the Delaware ones I have described—very complete and very fast—though not equal to the north and east river ones in size and speed: one of which, the Isaac Newton, lying at the slips a few hundred yards higher up, I immediately went on board of, as she was going to start for Albany in an hour after we got to the wharf at the west side of the Battery. I had no time to look at the wooden "*castle*" close by, nor its "garden," which consists perhaps of a few flower-pots, for no ground is there more than what it stands on at the edge of the Battery-walk. This *castle*, however, is the place chosen for *fêtes* and receptions of illustrious strangers on their landing: it contains a hall or large assembly-room; here, lately, Jenny Lind was so obstreperously and expensively welcomed, and here, since I landed, Kossuth tried to speak, to thank the American world for his enthusiastic reception, but the crowd made such an uproar in their great joy, that he was fain to sit down, merely (after many vain efforts to be heard) observing, that as they would not hear him, he would

hold his tongue. Alas! what is enthusiasm and the talk of liberty, which not even America can understand! After all the fuss among ourselves first, and next here about this Hungarian hero, in one short year he grows out of fashion! now "none so low to do him reverence"—*Punch* and all are mum! Poor man—worn out talking, he quits, nothing loth, the noisy halls of Columbia, *ibi omnis effusus labor*, and sits down quietly at Bayswater.

Several of these immense and most magnificent steamers leave New York for Albany every evening: one, the Troy (though not so large or fine), started at the same instant as the Isaac Newton; we were very full of passengers, deck and cabin. I have spoken of the internal economy of these great river steamers, but I must say a word of the extravagant fitting out of this very famous one, only eclipsed in size by the New World. The great cabin or saloon of this immense fabric is one mass of gilding on a white ground, in the Gothic style, springing up in groined arches, about twelve feet, more profusely gilt than Horace Walpole's gallery at Strawberry Hill; the skylights above of stained glass, the range of state-room doors richly panneled, carpets, mirrors, ottomans, arm-chairs, lounges, &c., tapestry and velvet; in short, nothing afloat was ever finer, and all perfect, except perhaps in taste and delicacy as to colours and patterns, but that hardly to be found fault with. The building and fitting of these boats must be something quite enormous; they seem never to consider expense; everything is handsome, and on the most ample scale, always excepting of late years their tables. Still I must say, in this, too, the steamers are much better than the hotels, after all.

Their appointments, too, are on a grand scale—clerks, stewards, engineers, stokers, the crew, servants very numerous and well-dressed; those of the great cabin, the waiters (mulattoes) in velvet caps and jackets alike, with a smart *esprit de corps*, which tells well. Ten to one you do not find out who the captain is, unless you pitch on the greatest swell on board, or mark who sits at the head of the ladies' end of these half-mile tables, for you never hear an order or a word above their breath. All these steamers steer forward before the funnels, in a centre, elevated, glazed wheel-house, on the upper deck, where the pilots, mates, and occasionally the captain, congregate. Why do *we* still persist in leaving our helmsmen unsheltered, and our *engineers* on our railway engines? In the States they are always protected by a glass screen or frame. The Americans dare all man dares do, but they know the severity and risk of facing wind, rain, and cold, totally exposed as our helmsmen and engineers are.

As there was the Troy opposition steamer, as fast a boat as

ourselves (neck and neck the whole way), the fare was very low—a dollar and a quarter; but the sleeping cabin charged separate, half a dollar, with a great rush to the office to secure berths and tickets for *tea* (that is, hot water). We soon passed the Palisades, a remarkable range of high rocks on the Jersey shore, in sight above from New York; and while an immense mob besieged the lower dining saloon (in gold and white columns, as splendid as that above), the door kept closed by a woolly-headed Janus some minutes after the gong had clamoured round. This manœuvre is understood to allow the ladies (husbands, brothers, cousins, particular friends, or chance acquaintance) to get seated at the best ends; then comes the rush of "outer barbarians," or bachelors, who have not by hook or crook the smallest nodding acquaintance among the fair.

We all know, however, what a supper crush is of white cravated gentlemen—very gentle—whether in days of old at Rothschild's or Lafitte's, Demidoff's or Borghese's, or nearer home in our own polite circles, and at Guildhall or the Mansion-house. The thing is not new, only here it is periodical, and quite in an undress *sans cérémonie*.

Night and a dense fog closed round us as we advanced, but the Hudson and its fine hills have been often described. In the morning we found ourselves at anchor six or seven miles short of Albany; the river most unusually low; curious rolling waves followed our track in shallow water, added to the fog, had compelled our stop; we had left our opposition steamer, the Troy, a little once or twice, but she was now fairly alongside. Indeed, during the night, I heard the ringing of ours and her bell at intervals. We soon proceeded as the sun rose, but with barely water enough to carry us up. The only inconvenience to those going further was, that we lost the morning train to the west; and Albany, though a good large town, and the seat of government of the state, is a stupid, dull place, where one would not willingly throw away an hour; so, having deposited my carpet-bag at an hotel in State-street, I crossed the river to Green Bush, a straggling village opposite, not much grown of late years, except in its railway station, to Troy. At Green Bush I rambled up the hills, beyond the last frame-houses, to have a good look at Albany, which of course has spread over her steep hill considerably and stretched up the river in wharves and timber-yards in the course of twenty years, but is not much altered in its general features. Its trade is chiefly active as an entrepôt to the lakes by its canal and rail. Here one sees hundreds of canal-boats in the locks and basins just down or just starting, having been previously towed up in dozens by the tug-steamers I have mentioned. Several hens and chickens of

this kind, carrying goods and emigrants, we passed coming up. Indeed, this grand river is constantly crowded, up as high as Troy, for its whole navigable length, 160 miles, with schooners, sloops, and steamers of every possible description, and loaded with all sorts of possible notions; the stream of traffic and emigration going on from the great dépôt (New York) along up Lake Erie, round Michigan, to Chicago, on the further side, then splitting off towards the Ohio south, or the other great lakes and wilds north.

While I was dwelling on these stirring facts, and making my way upwards towards a church amidst some latter-day firs, two fierce dogs, not caring a pin for my cogitations, or trade either, came after my heels; two dogs are awkward, but the good lady of the frame-house, their mistress, left her clothes on the line, and very kindly called them off, for which I felt much obliged, and acknowledged it with becoming urbanity.

I have called Albany stupid and dull: what nonsense! it is all life and bustle in the dry goods and emigrant line. Far as the eye can reach upwards, one sees crowds of boats, steamers, builders' and timber yards, manufacturing chimneys, all speaking of great and increasing activity; to say nothing of the vast numbers of large canal-boats, many full of emigrants, chiefly Irish and German, all bound in good earnest to the west, sifted from the dregs who stick in New York or the cities on the sea-board.

Seeing the cars about to start for Troy, I ran down and got in; only twelve miles—almost in sight—quite, from the Albany side hills. A[illegible]d there, we were trotted along the chief water-side, Riv[illegible]et, by horses, as usual, and deposited about the centr[illegible]he town, which I was surprised to find so large, and with as much stir and trade going on as at Albany—at least in the streets, if not on the river, where, however, a good sprinkling of steamers and small craft stay at the wharves below the bridge and viaduct (of the rail to Ogdensburg, by Lake Champlain), which crosses the stream above the town. The Cohoe's Falls is just above, where the Mohawk joins the Hudson.

Nothing is so dreary as walking about a strange town alone. The day was very fine, one of the balmy Indian summer ones. I like hills, and made my way up one of the steep streets to the range immediately over the place, from whence the view up and down the river is very fine, the many-coloured shades of the woods and foliage in all directions, bright scarlet and yellow, making it very rich. There is something grand in the distant blue line in the horizon of virgin forests, which meets the eye in most American scenes.

Here it stretches along the track of the Mohawk, to the westward.

Having gained the fields clear of lots and sites for rich citizens' villas (some charmingly inviting spots), I sat down under the shade of a friendly tree, when a little fellow came along, "whistling for want of thought," barefooted, with plenty of brogue. It was Patrick O'Gorman, himself to the fore, in a transition state, waiting he was for his brother. Pat sat down, as I invited him, on the sod beside me, and was quite friendly in an instant; showed me his dad's house just behind us, over the next field, a good large frame-house, half sub-let, well to do. Pat was eleven years old; "didn't go to school since last winter; didn't want to, much; liked marbles." Pat's exchequer being low, I made him happy with two cents; but Pat was 'cute as a 'possum, and will soon be one of the go-ahead citizens, not a doubt of it; and so I bid the little fellow kindly a long good-bye, in this sunny work-a-day world. What it is to speak to and to know, and not to speak to, not to know! and so we pass through life's pilgrimage. But it was now time to get back to Albany. By way of varying my route, I crossed the river in one of the clever horse-ferryboats, really four-horse power. They work on the disc of the great centre cog-wheel, which, turning horizontally under the deck, turns the paddles. The contrivance is admirable; at once economical and prompt. I crossed in the stage 'bus, which, too, had four horses, not yet put down by the railroad. For why? They are at a trifle less fare—twelve cents and a-half (the rail, I think, eighteen cents)—and run into the centre of State-street, handily to a certain tavern; but, like our 'buses, if you don't get down there, they nail you for six cents more for a few hundred yards further, to where the steam-boats lie. This proved an exceedingly pleasant drive of twelve miles, on an excellent turnpike-road; the only good one I ever saw in the States.

Albany has been often written about. There are no lions, except the "Great Canal," which comes with its locks and basins to the wharves. I once went by it to Lake Erie, 350 or 360 miles, the scenery through forests and beautifully wild and romantic spots, particularly near the little falls, or the Mohawk, and at Lockport. It is said that this same canal, of which they were so justly proud, broke Governor Clinton's heart; something of the fate of our own Middleton, of the New River benefit! The gratitude of mankind is proverbial; but patriots fare worse in republics, I fear, than in kingdoms.

Hurrying to the depôt, or railway-station, in Maiden-lane, I was vexed to find we started so late; just sunset. While

seated in the cars, waiting to be off, we all poked our heads out to witness a row, the first I have seen any approach to; but the belligerents only struck each other with hard words after all, to our great disappointment.

Flying along in the dark all night, we arrive at Buffalo next day by eleven o'clock, passing through, on the way, most of those enormous villages so much talked of, as springing up by magic—Schenectady, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Salina; but particularly Rochester, on the Genessee River, now a large city, where we crossed it, close to the Romantic Falls.

On this route three or four beautiful small lakes are passed; at Geneva, Skeniatiles, Canandaigua, all surrounded by their primitive woods or fields, still filled with stumps of trees, as yet unrotted, all wild, but all beautiful in their very wildness; nor do I hear that the country on this track is unhealthy. Hereabouts is Cooperstown, where Cooper, the American novelist, died in his own village; after abusing us English all his life, living with us and abroad, he returned home in his old age to find all sorts of nuisances and vexations, at which he in vain growled, and so he died.

At the Buffalo station there was quite an army of omnibuses, carriages, and cabs. This "Depôt" very large and handsome, with the air of an immense traffic. A word of American railway travelling: I begin to change my mind as to its excellence. Their cars may be more safe in a regular smash, but all else is decidedly bad and uncomfortable. I will say nothing of the centre-alley abominations, where everybody squirts his tobacco-juice; but the seats are uncomfortable, and hardly have room for two, in such close propinquity with an utter stranger; the hard wooden back of the seat in front of you is close against your knees (dangerous in a shock), and those in them throw their arms over, or their legs, or their great coats right on you, so depriving you of the little room left. Your feet have no resting-place, not even a bar, as in some, to keep them out of the filth. All this is very annoying in a journey of seventeen hours. The conductor never condescends to explain anything or say a word, except to see or change your ticket; and often one is afraid to stir, as nobody knows whether any stop will be long or short. If you are forced to risk it, when you return you find your seat taken; you walk on the whole length of the car perhaps in vain, and must try the next one before or behind. If you have your carpet-bag with you (if very small), you must return for it (hung on a peg where you were), and lug it out with you. You may, indeed, see a seat or two with only one single lady occupant. In this predicament a Quakeress once said to me, "Thee may sit down;" but killing delicacy and custom forbids. It is a ticklish point to put yourself beside

the fair; it is considered, I believe, a liberty. She may not assent to a distressed wanderer. But I have seen a most ludicrous awkwardness in a pilgarlic in search of a seat, like myself, afraid to try it on, and yet forced to; and so edging himself in "slantingdicular," with extreme caution, as if a rattlesnake had the other half. Now, there is no doubt about the *right*, of course; but Americans have a great awe of a lone lady! Whether the women plume themselves on this most inconvenient privilege, I know not.

One more car grievance is the stove in cold weather; you burn near it, and you freeze a yard or two off; so altogether, on second thoughts, I prefer our own carriages. In comfort, indeed, there is no comparison; but the Americans never care about comfort. At most of the stations, girls and boys come through all the cars, offering apples and peaches, the daily papers and pamphlets, tracts, and small books stuffed with wonderful conversions, escapes, or murders.

The fare to Buffalo, upwards of 300 miles, six dollars sixty cents, about twenty-seven shillings. Our railways might take a lesson of them in moderation, at any rate; and there is hardly anywhere a second-class car. This very moderate fare makes it unnecessary. I have seen negroes frequently admitted; they generally sit together at one end; and this kind of modest reserve would be, I dare say, enforced if infringed on. They are always *deck* passengers in the steamers, though most of the cabin servants are coloured people.

Putting myself in one of the dozen omnibuses drawn up at the station, I went to the American Hotel, in Main-street, then rambled about the town. The black mud, knee-deep, of twenty years ago, in the streets, is now replaced by good pavements, brick at the sides, macadamised, for the road.

What can one say of Buffalo not already said by somebody? It lies nearly flat, by the side of this eastern end of the lake, where it narrows into a river, and runs (thirty-five miles), plunging over Niagara, on to the Ontario. Like all these very new large American towns, its streets are wide, regular, in right angles, full of good brick houses, with the extremities in board or frame, painted white; churches, shops, changes, hotels, private houses, invariably after one plan, here and there shaded by the willows or poplars; for the rage for cutting down the old forest trees has left all their cities and towns bare, and those planted are slow of growth, or grow poor slender things. In the same way they have left nowhere either common, green, park, or garden. Nobody wants any walk but the streets, no recreation beyond dealing with passing emigrants, and selling dry goods. But mark what eager enterprise does; its imports reach twenty-three, its

exports twenty-eight millions of dollars per annum. This arises from its situation as a central point and depôt from New York by the canal, which, striking the river three or four miles below the town, at the Tonawonda creek, near Black Rock, continues along the river shore to the foot of High (Main) street, where it ends in vast basins, and the harbour full of steamers and lake shipping to and from the far west. Thus, aided by the railway for passengers and the finer goods, though already herculean, it may be said—and who can doubt it?—to be only in its infancy. The place is at least three times the size it was twenty years ago, and then it was cited as one of the marvels of these woods and wilds.

Buffalo is full of churches, chapels, halls, assembly-rooms, societies, a theatre; in short, all things common to large cities; but there is a lake and far west coarseness, a certain careless rawness in everything. New York is refined compared with this, not because it is so much larger, but modes of thought vary at this distance, and we approach the Indian wilds—once Indian! Poor things, they are nowhere now! How much of the early contact may be now traced in the race of our cousins? A good deal; formal, taciturn, sudden; humour and joviality seldom lights up the face in smiles, all is practical utility, the one great aim and end; and were we all poor, felling trees, building houses, and hoeing corn, a good end and aim; but already it sits behind barrels, cases, cotton, and iron, affects finery, has left the fields, and the woods and fields' simplicity and truth; the wits are sharpened, and it is now one universal struggle in sharpness, the features not a jot relaxed.

Were I young and had my fortune to seek, with my rifle and axe, this is the country. But here there is no luxury in reciprocity of thought or feeling; few of the amenities of life, no matter what the riches or creature comforts. So, Buffalo, adieu! I would rather live in any little poor Scotch or Irish village, or Welsh, or Italian, in the chestnut Apennines. I know not what makes me say this, for what do I know of Buffalo? Perhaps, that all the lower part of the town near the wharves has just been burned down, the bridge over the canal, and a chapel near it, said to be not at all accident; and here I saw a savage fight among some navvies clearing away the rubbish and ruins, one fellow struck another with a spade when down (always rough and tumble), like a true, good-for-nothing ruffian.

I passed on to the basin of the steamers about to start up the lake; one had a band hard at work to entice emigrants to "walk up," as at our fair booths, while flaming placards held out all sorts of advantages in opposition. It is not uncommon,

even now, to see the shore lined with emigrants from all countries, Germans particularly, sitting on their bedding and boxes, their only home, ready for the last stage perhaps, up this two hundred mile lake, and on and on, to St. Clair, and the Huron, Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

Chicago has of late years been the land of promise as a thriving town; and wonders spoken of Green Bay, on that western side, as the most charming spot yet explored, and getting settled. These great steamers run up and down the whole chain regularly, heavily loaded with goods and passengers—not a few Yankees, restless spirits from the New England States; they quit their stores and scanty pastures for the fatter west, but fever and ague (at least in Michigan) destroy their health, making life itself not worth supporting.

We are all running after some good we never attain, but here no man seems to possess anything but as a stepping-stone to something else; no one lives or enjoys anything—but they mean to. I speak of the rich moving world.

The weather so far is delightful. A few frosts have killed the main body of the mosquito army, and they barely skirmish with balmy sleep, to which the beds invite, being generally very good wool mattresses, better at all times than feather beds, at least in warm weather.

A new railroad has just been finished from New York to Dunkirk, near Cleveland, on Lake Erie; it crosses the Hudson lower down, at Catskill, or Hudson-town, cutting through the state diagonally. It is in connexion with other railroads south, through the Ohio state, coming in on the river at Cincinnati, to be prolonged through Kentucky and Mississippi, and to St. Louis through Indiana, on the west side. It has a branch to Pittsburg. Thus, there are now three or four rival routes to the lakes—the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri. It already draws off some of the passengers and traffic which was before forced through Buffalo. It gains the Ohio or Chicago quicker, there being a railroad straight across the State of Michigan from Cleveland and Detroit, cutting short the long round of the lakes; but these rails are much more expensive than the steamers and canal, so that poor emigrants never take it, time with them being of little moment.

Two small steamers ply down the Niagara River as far as the Rapids. I chose the English one (the Emerald) to Chippawa. A good, bluff, John Bull of a captain put me in mind of our own skippers; but, indeed, there is a close likeness in manner of all merchant sea-captains. It comes of the rough-and-ready, the habit of command, the constant risks, hardships, and essential activity. The fare to Chippawa was, I

think, a dollar, the short three horse rail of nine or ten miles beyond the Falls to Queenstown included. Passing Grand Island, which the Americans take by hocus-pocus, as if more on their side of the river, and the famous Navy Island lower down, on their left side, one would think it a favourable spot to settle on; but I observed only a log-house, or shanty or two, in the woods near the water, for the woodcutters. Except a cleared patch or two, farming, or anything like a settlement, does not seem attempted. Indeed, our own Canadian side along this track looks equally wild and neglected. Nor is this savage forest scenery much altered even to the Welland River, where we landed, at a kind of tumble-down wooden wharf, where a large party of what I at first took to be Indians were huddled together amidst their goods and chattels; but they turned out Norwegian emigrants! The women extremely resembled Indian squaws, at a little distance. These good people were waiting for a passage further on. I should remark that from this point the river rushes on to the Rapids with accelerated force. Indeed, it gradually increases even from Buffalo; but not so much, I think, as the captain said—seven miles an hour—more like three or four.

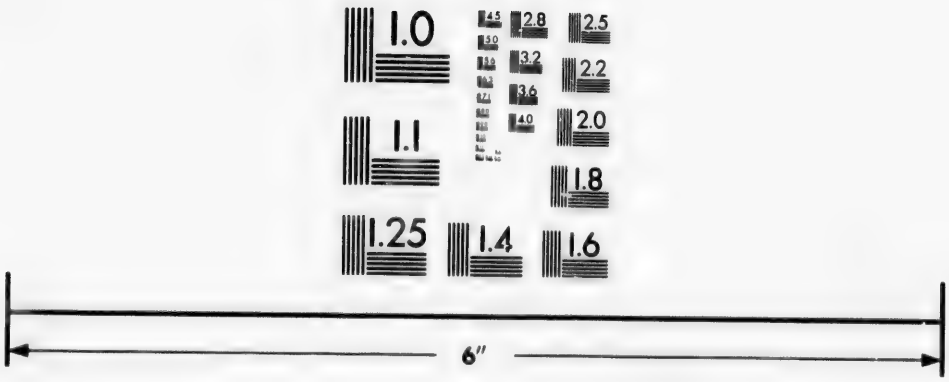
Chippawa is a wretched village, with all the marks of idle indifference in the board and log-houses, the fences, and the attempts at bits of cabbage and potatoe gardens. One is, indeed, disagreeably struck by the great difference between the two sides of the river and lakes, very sadly to our disadvantage, and so it continued all the way down the St. Lawrence; not so much in the towns, for ours are the oldest settled and much the largest, but in the industry and activity of the people in them. Here we at once had a pretty specimen under a shed, the station, where, after a long delay, a slouching, ill-dressed clodhopper brought out and put to his three lean horses, with such wretched harness that, on the cars starting, one of his make-shift traces broke before we had got clear of the town, and we were fain to wait for sundry patchings and knottings. When at last we did proceed, it was at the most sleepy of trots; all this spoke at once for the fashion of things at Chippawa, and yet our people affect very much the American independent manner, even the same twang and emphasis, the same quiet indifference, which, too, they carry beyond their wiser neighbours in things essential; all is sluggish and slovenly. Nothing on one's path seems at all getting on; nothing but what our government does; always at a very disproportioned outlay for any good afterwards derived from it. The Welland Canal to wit. All down the Niagara River it is particularly obtruded on the traveller. Handsome large villages keep fast increasing; Manchester, at the Falls, Lewistown, Fort Niagara, &c., on the opposite side;

while, on ours, there is little or no stir or increase of population in the towns or of farms, corresponding to those so near them. Thus our side of the great Falls, though they have built a great hotel just below them (the Clifton), is still a mere scattered hamlet; while the Falls village, on the American side, has grown quite a large town. They have affectedly changed its name from Manchester, and old Goat Island is now finer Iris Island. What's in a name! but no doubt it is to suit the excessive raptures of our English tourists, who flock here every summer to torture themselves (and readers) to find expressions intense enough for their bewildered sensations, all about the plunge of this great river! To be sure, it is very fine, but so is the Rapids, before it leaps over. Nobody ever says a word of them, or of the whole scene, which, after all, is the really sublime. I strained my eyes as we trotted along to catch the whole expanse; the sun and clouds threw flitting shadows at that moment, the rushing river, on our side a dark blue, where the whole line marks its plunging descent. The island in its rich autumnal colours, and the American half bright in the sun; the fragrant aroma of the pines in the balmy air; the rushing rapids from far above; dancing, sparkling, bounding, as if eager to get over; beyond, along the whole horizon, one interminable forest, shaded in various hues, till lost in deepening blue tints along the edges of Ontario, or the Genessee, about Rochester. This rocky ridge of the Falls extending in that direction, giving a slight elevation, through which the Great Canal is cut at Lockport; where, by the way, a succession of stupendous locks marks the magnificence of the enterprise.

Near the Falls we came to the Ferry-house Hotel (eclipsed by the new grand one below), now empty and going to ruin, its windows broken, its small garden all weeds.

It stands in a commanding situation above, from whence the view must be superb. I observed an artist on the green bank below us had set up his easel in form, and was painting away. I, too, took a sketch in my mind's eye, and a scratch or two in my pocket-book; but Niagara has been done *ad nauseam* from below; 'tis time to give some faint idea of the Rapids, not that I could do it; but I did regret more and more afterwards, when too late, that I did not get down and join Jenny Lind, and the busy convivial inmates of the great Clifton hotel, which stands near the old Museum and steep ladder-steps, which leads to the close drenching view of this mighty cataract. A small steamer now runs backwards and forwards as a ferry among the splashing foam and whirlpools close below it, so that parties cross and recross, in the course of any day, to and from the American side; indeed the greater number of sightseers stay at the American hotels, at the Falls

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

1.0
1.1
2.8
3.2
3.6
4.0
2.5
2.2
2.0
1.8

village, where they cross over the frail bridges, from rock to rock, to Iris Island, in the centre of the Rapids, saunter about in its cool shades, take mint juleps, sherry coblers, and buy moccasins at the sort of shop there. But of late years the Americans, ever daring in their wooden contrivances, have run this sort of scantling bridge, perched on the rocks (not quite submerged in the foam of the Rapids), on to the verge of the Fall itself, so that amateurs may look over and watch these millions of tons a minute of water following the laws of gravity. Is it not Sir Charles Lyell who says these same Falls have been travelling back from Lewistown (seven miles below) for these last thirty-seven thousand years? But they started from still lower levels; Inshallah, Allah Ackbar, who knows? Who can tell? If I got into a brown study on this bewildering point, I was recalled to smaller matters at the cross roads, to the lower falls ferry, near a secluded tavern, the Pavilion; here, by the railway side, was an immense pile of luggage in charge of a gentleman's groom, unmistakable cockade and all, the first I have seen in all America.

This additional load was piled on, and we were, besides, joined by two well-dressed ladies' maids. They were, indeed, ladies themselves here, only they all belonged, it turned out, to the Governor-General of all the Canadas, who with his lady and two children and aide-de-camp were returning to Toronto, and were themselves somewhat near us on the road in his lordship's phaeton and on horseback; and a very delightful ride they must have enjoyed, as the day was charming —one of those few and far between, not too hot nor too cold —the horses not tormented by the voracious wood-flies, first cousins of the mosquitoes—all nature dressed most attractively in a thousand sunny bright colours; and, as to art, one is glad to get rid of it, beyond the saddle and the wheels; nor was I sorry for once at the pleasant slowness of our queer set out in the cars, which brought us, I thought, all too soon to the terminus on the hill side, at Queenstown, near the Brock monument, and recent grand suspension-bridge over the Niagara.

I think they say the span is the greatest in the world; shouldn't wonder. But I had no chance of going to it, or stopping at all, for the steamer, lying on the opposite side of the river, at the Lewistown wharf, was expected across to pick us up, so that as soon as we halted under the railway sheds we were hurried off down the hill to embark.

Like all the other places, Queenstown disappointed me. It seems to have grown very little these last twenty years; it is still a mere village, while Lewistown, opposite, has increased tenfold, and is now a large town. It lies comparatively low, while the bank on our side is higher, the American side sloping away more to the river from the rocks above the town,

perhaps a mile, where the bridge is thrown so boldly across. Both towns have but scanty clearings, or farms behind them, but are framed in by the unbroken forest, the river rushing down between high abrupt banks. The idle apathy of Canada I do not hear accounted for. They have few or no taxes; the land, and wood, and water, as good, with every chance in life equal to the Americans. Why are they so far behind? I had a great mind to have asked the governor, who is said to be clever; speaks well, 'tis certain, and seems to have no sort of nonsense about him. But we shift them too often; and at home we are sad ignoramuses. Commend me to our colonies in Downing-street; there lies the root of such evils, however they may be denied by party writers.

As I could see the steamer over the way had not started, I was in no hurry to descend the ladders to the wharf below, so rested under the trees of one of the villas on the green bank, and presently Lady Elgin, and her little boy and girl—both fine children—drove up, to wait under the shade, not far from me. Lord Elgin, Lord Marc Kerr, his aide-de-camp, and little Lady —— Bruce, on horseback (his daughter rode a pretty pony); now, without parade, in all the States one would look in vain for anything so stylish, or so comfortable, or so complete, as this whole group. How sorry I was I could not approach them, or say a word; and so, I doubt not, missed much pleasant chat they bestowed on some Canada clergymen on board. But I observed his lordship, like a man of the world, went about the deck of the steamer and spoke to many people, some perhaps as much strangers as myself.

Together with the horses and carriage, there was some cargo taken on the deck, mostly flour in barrels, I think: but already all the bustle of trade and enterprise in bales and boxes has comparatively ceased. The steamer was smaller, less complete, less ornamented, less commodious, less comfortable—a paucity of everything comparatively—and they were immensely tedious getting the things on board; at last we were off, but very late in the day, and the captain fearing a fog at night. These fogs are rather prevalent on the lakes and river. The distance is forty miles across to Toronto. The fare six shillings or seven shillings currency of Canada. What confusion of currencies here and through the States!

One word on this nuisance. The best way, perhaps, is to load yourself with sovereigns, for which they give you, by Act of Congress, four dollars eighty-four cents, that is, sixteen cents, or eightpence short of five dollars. It is worth more, for the dollar should only be four shillings and three halfpence; but there is no silver in the States, never any change; and besides, you are everywhere puzzled and cheated by a parcel of dirty bank-notes, from one dollar upwards, and from

a thousand banks; some, far off, may be already broke; some breaking, some at a heavy discount; indeed, the whole of the best notes are at a discount out of their *own* State—often, if beyond the town or county! The consequence is, that these dirty notes ("shin plaisters") are constantly refused, often in ticklish moments when you are in a great hurry; or you are told (having had it in your pocket a day or two) that it ain't worth a cent—bank smashed! This thimble-rig has created another; in all the cities' exchange offices, where everybody is *shaved;* that is, they take your notes at a discount, giving you better ones; *ergo*, of the place; or gold, which you must pay extra for; or silver, which you must pay still more for!

Gold is very plentiful since California has opened its shop; but silver is still more precious; people cannot by any means get or keep small change; one sees the most ludicrous distress very often—delays, and trottings in search of a quarter-dollar (a shilling)—while gold eagles, half-eagles, and quarters abound, at a premium! In this the Americans are sadly too 'cute; why is there not a United States' Bank, guaranteed by the whole Union, such as our Bank of England! Perhaps the whole army of shavers prevent it, now their trade is so thriving.

Their precious ragged notes and the confusion of their value cross the frontier, and help the needless confusion of our own Canada currency; so that what with dollars, pounds sterling, and pounds and shillings currency, one is never sure of what is to pay, or how to pay it; it is always "about so and so." I always insisted on gold, or silver for gold when it was possible, and never took a shin plaister or applied it without trembling. The sovereign in Canada is twenty-five shillings (with absolutely the same coin as at home!)

While in the bows of the boat looking at Lord Elgin's handsome horses among the crowd of deck passengers who generally collect beneath the wheel-house, a quarrel arose between two gamblers; one, an Irishman, threatened the other, an American, with his knife—on which the American, who had been much the most silent and cool, suddenly drew out a knife too, and rushed at his antagonist; for an instant they stood face to face; I thought bloodshed inevitable; but the first, finding how resolute a fellow he had to deal with, lowered his tone, and so it ended.

As we proceeded we had a good deal of fog, but luckily it cleared away, and we ran into the wharf, where we found other steamers and lake coasters; about four hours crossing.

Toronto is a larger town than I expected to find it; some good streets (Yonge, York, and King streets the best), with many really fine brick houses. The shops are but so-so, and the suburbs in frame, the footpaths everywhere of planks—

making the walking very pleasant—the streets better macadamised than in the smaller American towns.

The houses much on the United States' plan; verandahs and green open blinds to the windows. I went to a quiet small hotel on the English plan (a treat) at Ellahs, where I found everything comfortable. I think it is the Army House; at any rate, Lord Marc Kerr breakfasted there next morning. I found him very pleasant and sociable. This was my first comfortable breakfast since I left Southampton. I had leisure not to choke myself, look at the paper, and lounge pleasantly. I see the same miserable cabals going on about the *ins* and *outs* here as at home; only here we are in small. And the honourable Mr. This and That has had his day; and now, shuffle the cards. But, my dear fellow-countrymen in the woods, suppose you were all to get up a little earlier!

What a morning sloth I find here, compared with the American wide-awake stir! There is nobody awake here till eight or nine o'clock. In short, they ignore old Franklin and poor Richard; thence the out of tidy repair things appear in; and yet the thrifty Scotch are the first people here; but we fail to lure our surplus population this way for want of wiser heads, as usual, in Downing-street, or indeed any heads at all, or any common-sense direction.

"What is it to me?" as the breaksman said; "let it go on till July or eternity, all one a hundred years hence."

I just looked in, kindly permitted, at the Officers' Club, where all was quiet and gentlemanly; but your gentlemanly quiet (before or after breakfast), it is that kills here in the woods.

I set off by the Highlander (she starts from Hamilton and calls here) for Montreal; fare (I like to mention exact sums) 32s. sterling. The fellow diddled me at the office on the wharf I am sure; for out of two sovereigns I only got 7s. 1d. The clerk muttered something about 7s. 9d.; but if two sovereigns is 50s. currency, whence this unaccountable change? It was all right, perforce; I repeated a Turkish "Who knows, Inshallah!" and got on board.

We skirt the Canada shore, calling at many towns—Port Hope, Prescot, and other villages I forget; the next morning we got to Kingston, the largest town after Toronto. This was our great naval place; still there is a dockyard and fort, and many steamers are seen in the harbour, which takes a deep sweep here into the country at the mouth of the canal. Here the great Ottawa Canal begins, and the St. Lawrence, leaving the lake, speeds on. By sunrise we were threading the exquisitely beautiful *thousand isles*, sparkling in their pellucid waters like gems; what would we give for a few of these sweet miniature islands and their rocks at home! How

the crystal stream reflects them as vividly as the very upper substance, all smooth as a mirror, the waves following our paddles, and sending streaked flashes through their firs and pine-trees and bright foliage, now clothed in countless hues of crimson and gold. The effect altogether was delightful; one longed to linger in this watery Arcadia.

Who has ever counted these countless islands? no matter if there are not five hundred, or not a dozen—it is still the same thing to our very finite purposes or feelings. Nothing in all the way down at all equals this part of the St. Lawrence for its startling novelty, though its beauties are infinitely varied.

Taking a range of the whole country hereabouts, and for hundreds of miles before and behind, it is one great forest flat, with the banks more or less elevated above the lakes and rivers. Hills begin as we approach Montreal, in the distance, and swell to mountains as we approach Quebec, growing more lofty beyond it—more grand and picturesque.

As we passed these enchanting islands, and along the various rapids of this river, I thought of Moore's Canadian boat song, and fain would hide the sad reality of the man who charmed so many, sunk in the decrepitude of age—dying, or dead, in his little cottage at Devizes. And so ends the poetry and prose of life! but as yesterday he was the flushed gay young fellow "in life's young dream," dancing down these very waters—*O quam cito transit.* On the American side we called at Ogdensburg, a growing town, near the dividing line; one of the new rail *entrepôts.*

These boats are very well managed, the meals tolerable, and included in the fare. The next feature which roused us, after a day and night's monotonous steaming, was the first rapid of moment—the "*Longue Sault.*" The rush down, and the tumultuous waves gave us a taste of what the early boatmen on the St. Lawrence had to dread.

The steering in these reaches was ticklish; our boat reeled again, lashed on all sides—the steam taken off to ease her down, only just keeping way enough to steer by. Our boat drew seven and a half feet, but we had only one shock of grounding on the fiercest of these rapids (the Cedars); instantly, however, dashed off by the following waves. Nobody cared about it except the captain, who, I dare say, was anxious; for even a detention is to them a serious matter. At this spot are several islands.

On our side opposite the rapids, canals (the Ottawa, St. Lawrence, Beauharnois) and locks have been constructed to pass them, for the upward voyage.

It appears we were afraid of the last great rapid of "*Lachine,*" within nine miles of Montreal. The water being

too low—and besides it was night—so we were landed at the railway station at Lachine, and got into the carriages; but it was already dark, so that I saw nothing of this approach to the city.

Long and even good descriptions of towns and countries is quite in vain to give one any idea of them. I find Montreal a totally different town from what I imagined, by the help of fifty descriptions.

It lies on the left bank of the river, and seems to have nothing *French* about it! It may be really on an island in fact, but of this, like New York and other river and creek formed islands, nothing appears. A ridge of hills runs at the back of the town a mile off, "Mont Royal," covered by woods, up which I scrambled (taking the bull by the horns) just where one M'Tavish has his curious tomb, or mausoleum, on the ascent, buried doubly, in the woods, a field beyond the M'Gill College, where M'Tavish's large (*haunted*) house stands, shut up and going to ruin, near the college. From this mount the view over the town, across the river to the distant mountains on the American frontier, is magnificent. The town itself is full of good houses, the cathedral, large churches, and hotels; but not one good street; the shops, too, very inferior to what one might expect.

Neither the French brilliance, thrift, and industry, nor the American go-ahead breadth and bustle, but quite as much careless slovenliness; except at the water-side, all seems sleepy indolence, want of spirit, care, and enterprise in everything which meets the eye! The hotels, however, are quite American. I went to the Ottawa. The footways in some of the streets and all the suburbs are of plank, and encourage walking about.

Like all Canadian cities, Montreal has immense capabilities for spreading, for improving. I cannot judge of what they have been about these last twenty or thirty years—doubtless much improved; but all this is a matter of comparison, and I must suppose things very poor and very indifferent then.

Without troubling one's head about statistics or reports, to judge of any town or city, as to its wealth and prosperity, its present go-ahead enterprise, one has but to walk about the streets and wharves, lock at the shops and advertisements, study the theatres, concert-rooms, societies, meetings, lectures, &c. Things which lie on the very surface. All this here, and everywhere in Canada, I am sorry to say, shows very little signs of that vigorous life one sees in the United States.

The Miss Herrons and a Sir William Don are playing at the small theatres to thin houses, and some nigger warblers

scrape a scanty return. The shops are very inferior, and are evidently doing very little business. There is, there must be, some trade at the river-side, if only in upward emigrants, and stores for the settled and settling country west; but neither the steamers nor the river craft show the build, the size, nor the activity one could wish. The wharves are good, however, and there is a fair show along the river face of some trade; but, as I say, these things are matter of comparison, and in all America they are ever against us; in vigour, activity, and that broad careless plenty, which covers, it may be, a thousand faults of mind, manner, and taste, in the States.

They are building a row of large houses on the site of the Senate-house, burned in the last rising against government; and they must for their pains do without its patronage, as its seat is now shifted back to Quebec; where I must betake myself per steamer, ignorant of a thousand interesting things here and about this fine country; but the weather threatens, rain sets in, doubtful, from the sharpness of the air, whether it wont turn to snow. I go on board the Crescent in the evening, another (the mail steamer) starting at the same time for Quebec, fare 7s. 6d.

It had rained all day, but now the dense clouds rose in golden-fringed curtains, cheering us by a most glorious sunset, just as we cleared the pretty island which lies opposite the city.

How exquisitely grand are these arched liftings of the clouds, showing the azure heavens beneath their own golden, crimson, purple folds! A brisk breeze from the west helped us along bravely.

The river opposite the city is very broad, has sand-banks and rapids; but with depth enough for the boats at the quays all along its face, even when the river is rather low, as it is this autumn.

A dark night shut out both banks. We called at Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, St. Anne's, St. Croix, and the Three Rivers, where we meet the flood tide; but the stream is no longer so swift after leaving Montreal, and of course no more rapids.

In the morning we saw something of the increasing boldness and beauty of the landscape on both sides of the river as we approached Quebec, its shipping, timber-rafts, and timber-yards. We were at the very dirty, muddy wharves beside the lower town by breakfast time. The mail boat got in a little before us; but why do these boats persist in only running at night. With the citadel towering above us on the end of the heights, where they descend to the mouth of the St. Charles River; but I must not, cannot describe, it has

been done too often, and conveys nothing. I packed myself in one of those truly French calèches, a sort of cab (like our own original ones), and we scrambled up the steep streets to the Swords Hotel, on the American plan.

They were excavating the rock beside them, and building a wing which is to swallow up the original house.

At Quebec one thinks of nothing but Wolfe, Montcalm, and the plains of Abraham; heroes and events out of sight, and almost out of mind now-a-days. I saw nothing but a most egregiously dirty, crooked, up-and-down-hill, muddy, half-wood paved town. I heard French spoken indeed, but nothing was French, except, methinks, the cabs and drivers. The weather, which helps or spoils all, had grown terrific, now and then an hour's sunshine, and then I ran down to the platform, a boarded space on the site of the old château, which is the parade of the gentry, overlooking the lower part of the town.

Among the half dozen there I saw Colonel Bruce and his lady. They had just come and awaited the arrival of his brother. The rival hotel to the Swords, Russell's, was engaged for him; for I believe there is no government-house that will do now.

They were hard at work at a new Senate-house, which already shone brightly with its tin roof. This is a town of tin roofs; there is a good deal of this shining too at Montreal: how beautifully bright it keeps!

I shall ask no questions. There is no theatre open, no concert, no anything in the amusing way, and only two so-so hotels—the one empty. The shops very so-so; the streets ditto, even the best. In the working world all seems Irish, with a French cross. There is some stir in the St. Roche suburb on the St. Charles's side, and generally all round by the water-side, and for a mile up the river among the timber-yards, but it is of the salt cod and bacon sort; and in grog shops and low taverns, which, indeed, have far too much activity. The whole town is full of these taverns, but only one hotel and a half—for the owner of the one let to his lordship, I hear, intends to set up another to accommodate his customers.

I one day walked out to the plains of Abraham, on the road through the fortifications at the St. Louis gate; they are about a mile beyond the citadel, on the banks of the river. Villas and small houses here and there, and inclosures, now occupy these plains. To the left of the road near the turn-pike-gate stands the small column erected on the spot where Wolfe fell; a poor affair, unworthy of the man and the occasion. Even this neglected, the railing rusted and broken, and all its whereabout made vulgar by the wayside taverns and

slovenly board-houses and fences. The romance and glory of the spot effectually spoiled. A little beyond it, in the only open space, is the race-course.

Walking about the town I find the streets full of holes, the wharves out of repair in the same way, all dirt and neglect; some coal unloading, some timber loading, a sprinkling of ships at anchor, or at the timber-yards; but the general impression given is far from activity or enterprise, care or economy of any sort. The very shops are rough, mean, and slovenly, and yet here the leading people are Scotch—but grumbling at free-trade. A few starved triumphal green arches were put up to honour the entry of the Governor-General. The streets are full of these one-horse calèches driving about empty, as if for amusement. I got into one to snatch a look at the falls of Montmorency; for nothing save the mountains, the water, and the woods is worth looking at. We drove through the mud of St. Roche over a rickety wooden bridge across the St. Charles, where we paid 6d. to cross; then for eight miles along a kind of continued rows of small houses, by the banks of the St. Lawrence to where the Orleans Island divides the river. Here the Montmorency joins it, rushing over its rocky, romantic bed, falling nearly 300 feet. Leaving the cab, I got down the bank among the firs, and down a ladder to where the timbers of a mill-race help one to get fairly down to this grand rushing of the waters. The basin and glen below is, indeed, sublime. Heavy rains had made the river yellowish, but it added force to the fall.

I next day crossed the river in one of the steam-ferry boats to Point Levée, a straggling sort of village, with some few wharves, where ships are loaded occasionally. But here, too, all was idle neglect, few or no signs of anything doing, the road in mud-holes, and not even a foot pavement attempted; but I turned my eyes to the city, the citadel, the river, and the distant mountains, the picture thus is superb; indeed, this is, of the St. Lawrence, altogether the most beautiful spot; the great tameness of the country upwards is here amply made up for. Time presses, and if not, space does. I must cut all this short, and retrace my steps in one of the passage steamers, the Jenny Lind, a compact, neat boat. They all carry deck loads. Coming down we had cattle, tobacco, and other bales and barrels; but I cannot reconcile myself to this constant steaming at night.

We started at sunset, and with the rival mail boat, the Quebec, which headed us very little before it grew dark, we went to tea, and all interest in the river and country was shut out. The fare up and down from Montreal is from two to three dollars, including tea, distance 170 miles. Arrived

next morning at Mon real, I went on board a temporary boat to La Prairie village, the Prince Albert, regular boat, having struck and sunk on one of the sand-banks in sight. By this line the fare through to Boston is eight dollars. We ran alongside the wrecked boat, and helped them a little in trying to raise her—doubtful—and so left them.

At La Prairie, some miles up the river, we were transferred to the railway to Rouse's Point at the head of Lake Champlain, to the frontier custom-house, where, undisturbed by officials, we went straight on board a fine steamer, the Whitehall, which plies on the lake to Burlington, in Vermont, where we arrived about midnight. The country is flat to the head of the lake and its shores half its length, but mountains are seen in the horizon, and the green mountain range in the east (Vermont side) already capped by snow; indeed, we had a sharp frost in the night (late in October). Here, too, I had occasion to observe how much better our fare was on board the boat where we dined, than at the hotel; one of many large ones, in this go-ahead thriving town, where the railroad has two branches; to Boston by Bellows Falls, where the Connecticut river is crossed, and to the east, to the White mountains, near the diggings of our Wenham Lake ice.

What a charm there is in the bright morning sun—I walked about the town speculating on its lots and endless capabilities—its cuttings, its buildings going on with activity, while the milkmen, in their light one-horse wagons, were ringing their bells and serving their customers. This will be a large rich city before long; its site, too, on the lake, is very happily chosen. Our boat having landed us, went on down the lake to Whitehall, from whence other railways run to Saratoga and New York, and places in New England, forming links to all the larger towns on to Newhaven.

We start again through a pretty hilly romantic grazing country. The New England farms are generally worn out, but the meadows and streams in the small valleys have a pleasing look. We pass many factories near the towns. Oxen, I see, are much used: all bears the stamp of a closer thrift and economy (as with ourselves) than in the south-west of the Union.

At every station lots of well-dressed young men and women got into the cars, all talking very loud, for everybody's benefit, of their small domestic affairs and arrangements. One bevy of these smart rustic damsels at Middleburg jumped in, sat themselves down in the chairs, and held flirtations at the windows with their beaux, who handed them in love and lollypops, which they sucked with great gusto; but this pleasing intimacy was not to be encroached on by

strangers nohow, I guess not. One unhappy wight was repulsed, who addressed one of them in the car thus:

Gent.—Well, how do you do, miss?

Miss.—Oh, my! how do you do? Well, but you ain't Mr. ——?

Gent.—I guess I know you; you mind I put you down—at—you are Miss; Mrs. Smith, do tell?

Miss.—Nohow; now I see, I don't know you; no, no, sir; I don't think I know you; no, sir, I don't nohow; no, sir. (*She looks at her young friends, and all burst out in a general laugh.*)

Gent. (*not much put out*).—Well, miss, excuse me.

Miss.—No, sir; you may go. I don't know you now. (*Another general titter.*)

Cut short by the whistle to start, when most of these young giddy things jumped up and left the car, only come in to keep their friends company.

Bellows Falls is a pretty spot, where we dined. At Fitchburg, a large town approaching Boston, the conductors tried on a little knavery, I think. One sets out only with a strip of paper in divisions, bits of which are plucked off as one advances, and lately exchanged for small cards. My last was taken, marked Boston, and a wrong one given me; I couldn't at all judge right or wrong; a new conductor now insisted on another, the Boston one, and tried hard to make me pay extra, but as I knew I had paid on to Boston, I was equally obstinate; a reference to the office and my word of honour settled it, but such mistakes might end very unpleasantly.

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN THE OHIO.

HIGH PRESSURE STEAM-BOATS—CINCINNATI.

THE weather has suddenly become so cold, though the sun shines brightly, that the snow drifted in the furrows of the fields sets it at defiance. I have as abruptly skipped from within thirty miles of Boston to the station of the great Western Railway in Philadelphia; and while the mules are putting to the cars to run them out High-street westward over the Schuylkill (where the engines are waiting on the opposite bank), take my seat, after trying in vain to soften the rigidity of the baggage man, who had seized on my small carpet-bag, and insisted on its keeping my trunk company. This dodge I might have dodged by not letting it out of my hand at all while paying my fare, (eleven dollars to Pittsburg), but I am for ever (all through a long life!) making mistakes, which I find out when it is too late.

Many younger citizens were up to this, and took their bags slily inside in spite of there being no room contemplated anywhere, above or below, for anything larger than a monstrous reticule, or lady's carpet-bag, which are in the States, made very pretty—of velvet, silk, embossed leather, &c., and in very gay, bright patterns. The engines put to, away we go to the west—our track at starting, along the right bank of the Schuylkill, striking off at the upper ferry—opposite Pratt's and the waterworks. A little above, I got a glimpse of *Solitude*, the seat of General Cadwallader, where once, far back, "in life's young dream," I passed many a day of pure delight with a revered friend, who then owned and gave its appropriate name to this sweet spot. Gone is that friend, and my beloved "Solitude" has grown a large house—the scene below on the river quite changed—no harm in the useful world; but one grows more and more solitary in the busy hum of men—new faces, new generations! The old covered wonderful wooden bridge, of from three to four hundred feet span from shore to shore, is gone too—replaced by the present iron suspension one; the former only recollected, it may be, by the old, and never heard of by the young!

And how do one's remaining years fly by at railroad pace! To put on the break a little, I am now in these very cars; to throw a few novel incidents into the passing year's monotony! not to stagnate near Hyde Park; no, not willingly in a Belgravia; not in a Pimlico palace. Enough; I have got for my sins into the too close vicinity of a bunch of fast gents, who are chewing the weed, *et cætera*, as Lady E. S. Wortley says, with a vigour which makes one shudder.

Twenty miles through a tolerably well cultivated country, the woods and clearings more or less frequent, brings us to the "Great Valley," across which, at Downing's Town, runs the Brandywine Creek, famous in the old war for a fierce battle—at present, for turning the water wheels of innumerable grist mills along its course, and at Wilmington, where it joins the Delaware (passing Westchester on its way), running through beautiful woods and glens. Often as a boy, barefooted, with my trousers tucked up, have I passed the day bobbing for eels, in spots where it rushes over its rocky bed in the *freshets;* these torrents of rain, the brief accompaniment of the awful thunder-gusts of American summers, making its clear stream muddy, and sweeping the eels down from the more level banks. In body of water it equals the Isis at Oxford.

This finely cultivated valley was settled by the Germans: they are the chief people to this day, and their farms the pattern farms to the whole State. The economy of these farms, in a double sense, would be well to follow in some

things, even in England; particularly in their ample barns, large enough to contain their whole crops under one roof, avoiding our more clumsy, inefficient stacks. Under all this vast mass of wheat, oats, barley, rye, on one side of the barn floor, and hay and straw on the other, all their numerous cattle are warmly housed in winter, and coolly in the hot summers, when wanted. Indian corn cribs run along and overhang the south side of every barn, bursting with its golden plenty, and loved of all four-legged and two-legged animals, including man. Oh, sweet, beneficent, pure, wholesome grain! how does one bless God for sending it on earth, a standing miracle of Thy care and goodness! with the cocoanut palm for the hotter climes, conspicuous.

I wish we would take to it more in England; it is so very good, so very plentiful and cheap, so very sweet and nutritious; of this was the unleavened bread! it is made in a minute. As mush (the polenta of Italy), it is eaten all over America; and how superior to oaten porridge. It is made, too, into cakes, bread, pies, in infinite variety. Horses and cattle like nothing so well; ground rough and mixed with cut straw, or thrown in their cribs in the cob. The grain is the favoured food of the feathered creation; ground and mixed in cold water it fattens poultry, pigs, &c., quicker than any other grain.

The meal, if kiln dried, keeps very well, and we might have it in any quantity; but, with ourselves, the difficulty is to create a taste for it! I brought some home with me, and I insist on having a little *mush* now and then (cut in slices, when cold, and fried) for breakfast! but alas! one or two men I tried it on, have but d—d it with faint praise! Need one wonder at the Swiss or Prussians preferring their own coarse black bread? But I shall never get out of the "Great Valley."

We skirted its southern hilly borders of woods. I looked for Fanstock's Tavern (the General Paoli), a serious, steady, thrifty man, grown rich more by his fine farm than his brandy, wine, or cider. I saw him—his thin, placid face and kind greeting—in my mind's eye, for he, nay, his very children (daughters) are gone, and the funny old ostler, who used to give my pony jin a bite of hay, gone. I was rather glad that we flew by, and cut short reminiscent dreamy repinings. All this country is either High or Low Dutch—at least their descendants, and Dutch or German is their domestic vernacular. They used to speak English unwillingly and badly.

On a railway one can see very little of a country, but it struck me there was less neatness in the farms and farming than formerly, and certainly, in the whole length and breadth of this valley (ten or twelve miles by five or six), the home-

steads are not more numerous, nor any of the surrounding woods more cleared: but these very woods have become more valuable. The surrounding hills, too, being of limestone, is one source of wealth, to build and to burn for lime, used everywhere as a manure.

I find a great difference in the comfort of the cars; this set is very shabby and bad. The stove in the middle only heats the few passengers in its vicinity, while all the rest may freeze, as the doors and windows are constantly thrown open by the conductors or passengers, who amuse themselves travelling backwards and forwards through all the string of cars, gossiping.

Lancaster, sixty miles from Philadelphia, is a fine large thriving town—slow and sure, quite German, with a good many Quakers. The country round is pleasingly undulated, and very highly cultivated; if anything, rather too much cleared of wood, though coal begins to be used as a cheaper fuel in all American towns already.

Hereabouts, and elsewhere, I have observed attempts at cotton factories, encouraged by the high tariffs, to shut England out, but they rarely succeed; many are shut up. Even at Lowell it languishes. The reason is obvious enough; hands are not to be had except at great wages, and even then it is very difficult to keep up an essential subordination. Still, on the whole, they do increase, particularly their iron-works and foundries for stoves and steam-engines, for which there is a constant great demand.

An apology for a turnpike road runs from Philadelphia to Lancaster, on which forty years ago were seen the Conostoga wagons of eight horses each, two abreast, famous for their size and the careful economy of the teams and their appointments. These wagons supplied the interior of the State as far as Harrisburg, the capital, on the Susquehanna; but, like ourselves, the railways have upset all the old slow conveyances. I looked in vain for a Conostoga wagon, though I dare say they still exist on those tracks of this vast State remote from the railway stations, on their rough primitive roads, and through hundreds of miles of still virgin forests.

Some distance beyond Lancaster, the railway skirting or running through a wild woody country, we suddenly came upon the steep banks of a considerable river, and crossed a very bold and feeble wooden bridge, evidently not a bit stronger than could be helped, with no sort of rail or parapet—all nothing, when one gets used to it. We passed many such beyond the capital, approaching the spurs of the mountains.

The view across the river to the westward, coming in on the Susquehanna, is beautiful; a grand smiling valley, in which Harrisburg rejoices. One cannot imagine a finer site;

but even here I overheard conversations about unhealthiness! One is puzzled to account for this mysterious miasma, which seems to take possession of all the finest, most habitable spots; and yet here is a bold, rocky, very open country: hills and dales in profusion on every side; rocks of limestone and slate breaking out on the banks, the woods, and in the very meadows.

We remained but a few minutes in the suburbs of the town at the station to change carriages (for a better set), so that I saw little of it. It is a large place, but not increasing rapidly. The governor and assembly of any one State seem to have very little influence in any of the small quiet United States seats of government. Since this railway, however, they are going a-head; and paper, iron, and tin factories increase, if I can at all judge by the various tall chimneys I saw smoking.

Northward, among these romantic hills, on the upper branches of this noble stream, lies Campbell's "Wyoming." One might look in vain for such a spot as he has drawn it; indeed, for the essential truth and vigour of such tales, the poet should himself have walked these woods, and have witnessed the lives of the Indians and the primitive settlers.

Before I quit this part of the State, a word *apropos* of the excellent economy of their barns, their farm-yards, where their cattle luxuriate in the severe winters in the sun up to their knees in straw, with fodder scattered about for their mid-day's amusement—that is, the toppings and strippings of the corn-stalks, which growing from eight to twelve feet high, sends out its beautiful and vigorous leaves by the yard; these and the stalk, when dried, form excellent food; indeed, the stalk when in its full sap and vigour is as juicy and as sweet as the sugar-cane, which it a good deal resembles, and not a doubt would make sugar profitably, if the corn itself were not still better and more solidly profitable. This is called fodder when dried, and in the south is more relied on to feed their cattle, where grass and hay is more scarce.

Thus on the sunny side of these immense stone barns is the warm parlour, in common for the whole farm stock: cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and poultry, all in a state of delightful familiarity; the cocks and hens perched on the cows' backs occasionally, or feeding under their feet, all enjoying themselves. One might indeed call it a really "happy family," had not that pleasant designation become so odious from the specimens in a wire cage which still takes up its stand at our National Gallery!

But there is a broadcast plenty, a freeness from want or hunger both for man and beast, which makes up the chief charm of this country life, which, joined to a wise prudence, albeit quite animal, and excessively dull in-doors and out, makes great part of Pennsylvania a good compound Dutch

and Quaker Arcadia. Not but that they have their gay "frolics" occasionally: their "quiltings," their "apple-butter stirrings," and "corn-husking" frolics, in autumn and winter, when all the valley or neighbourhoods meet for five miles round, and feast and laugh, and "bestow their tediousness," and "don't go home till morning." On these occasions occur those "bundlings" we have heard of.

But what is most to be admired in the true American farming, is the perfect knowledge of grandfather, father, and sons (for hired servants are very rare), of what they have to do; and it is done in the very best way, whether with the axe, the plough, the hoe, or the scythe. They have, too, a spice of the Swiss in their sharp thrift, and as good shots with the rifle; and go beyond them in riches of every kind, and a consequent bluntness of manner not particularly engaging to us strangers.

In the country parts of America churches are rare; all the world are Dissenters of some shade or other; they ride miles of a Sunday to their meeting-houses, where may be seen, perhaps, fifty horses, hitched to the trees or fences; and a dozen or two of their light carts or wagons, all taking care of themselves outside, while the congregation, if Quaker, are silently waiting (covered) for the spirit to move some one; if German or mixed, a Lutheran or Calvinist extempore service; but there is no sort of acrimony of sect: out of the four walls nobody talks of beliefs, no matter what it is. Often there is a great mixture of creeds under one roof, as a matter of convenience. Even the Quakers have grown less rigid. The rims of their hats shrink perceptibly, and buttons abound. Here (and it really is refreshing) gentility is unknown, unheard of; the poorest creature, if hired, eats at the same table, and is quite on a familiar footing at once, from the wilds of Connemara, our own street-sweepers, or the organ-boy of Savoy—if any such should have the luck or the address to find his way over—and persevere out of the sea-board cities, into the interior: all I now say holds good more or less in all the northern partly-cleared states—from the vastness of the space; and, though America has a grand total of near 25,000,000, still the country population is very thinly scattered, and hands and labour always welcome.

Then again, while the men are in the fields or woods, the women attend to the household concerns, milk the cows (no man ever does), attend to their perfect dairies, which are always over pure springs, and called "*spring-houses*." No matter how rich, there is seldom or ever a hired maid; and if there is, ten to one she instantly merges into one of themselves, or becomes shortly their sister-in-law. In all this perfect economy, perfect plenty, and progress to well-being and wealth,

there is but one neglect—there is no garden beyond a few poorly-raised vegetables, though each farm has a fine orchard of apples, peaches, and cherries; but the men have no idea of, or time for, horticulture. Potatoes are fine, and in great plenty; but few turnips, or beans, or peas, and never in their fields: there are very few sheep, fewer pastures; no downs or commons of any kind, on this side of those rolling prairies of the far west; thence, apart from the grandeur of their woods and rivers, American scenery is very formal, indeed ugly wherever settlers meddle with it, from the constant post and rail divisions of the fields, or by still uglier worm fences, and, in the newer farms, the stumps of trees; the absence of anything like a park, or a lawn, or a flower-garden, at or near their houses, which, in turn, are much inferior to their barns in size, often in good looks and construction; the richest farmers, perhaps, living in a small log or frame-house, while his barn is of stone, towering two stories above his very humble roof; a sensible proud humility; for all his riches are comprised in the grand barn and farm-yard, and there is wisely concentred all his care, industry, and attention.

As to mind, the amenities, accomplishments, and elegancies of life, they would only enfeeble, and do mischief here; and who expects it? In our dear old England we are eaten up by gentility—enfeebled by it—bored by it: we are so excessively genteel, that we are forced to be rude to each other; and can by no accident ever be natural and sincere, in or out of the country, so much afraid are we of each other's hair-splitting pretensions to caste and fashion! I have, of course, the highest respect and consideration for *our* "ten thousand" small pretenders at the heels of the *ton*, expectant; but what is one to say of our really great people in high places, who guide us, and their very fashionable followers and creatures, who, to a man, are so very good-for-nothingly exquisite, that they disdain to do their official duties decently, or condescend to be sufficiently vulgar to know, or be at all alive to anything that is going on about them in the world, beyond the trifling West-end exclusive circle?* But how pains-taking and truly industrious in their trifling!—in the shape or speed of a horse—in the importance of a particular club, the Opera, or French play, or French dish—or the sublime impossibility of a ball at the Palace! Oh, England! Oh, my country! what are your ships like—what, your sailors—your poor fishermen and your shores?—what of our one river, and of our one city, flooded with idle luxury, dirt, and ten thousand conflicting abuses and abominations?—but, hold!—I am offered some indifferent apples at six cents a-piece, at the station.

Seven or eight miles beyond Harrisburg we come to the

* Sadly conspicuous in the conduct of the present Russian war.

spurs of the hills closing in, and cross the Susquehanna towards the Alleghany mountains along the track of the Juniata river; one of its romantic tributaries.

We now ascend along the valley on its right bank, and pass through a string of new towns, with many odd names, all going more or less a-head; these names are not of much moment; but there was Rockville, Cove, Duncannon, Aqueduct, Miller's Town, Tuscarora, Mexico, Miflin, Lewistown, M'Vey, Newton Hamilton, Hans Valley, Mill Creek, and Huntingdon, the most considerable, and a large town.

As we proceed, our inclines grow more and more elevated—the hills on each side swelling into mountains—sometimes the railway crossing rapid deep creeks rushing to the river far below us in the glen, over viaduct bridges very boldly thrown across—the scenery all along beautiful—growing more wild and grand in forest and steep valleys and gorges every ten miles; our course often skirting the slope of the hills with abrupt precipices above and below us. It went often to my heart to see the noble pines on each side felled, many wantonly! and laying prostrate in their pride, and rotting—in every stage of decomposition—some again, but lately cut in all their green glories, would "make a mast for some tall admiral's ship!"

After all, man destroys more than he creates! Look at these giants of the forest! and look at his little miserable frame-houses made of some few of them he has sawed, and tacked up in their villages on the river banks!—but night shuts out this horrid awful destruction, and these glorious wilds together—and in due time we arrive at Holidaysburg, on a branch of the Spruce river and Beaver Dam Creek—itself a fine large stream, of perhaps ten thousand-horse power. I forgot to say that we crossed and recrossed the Juniata more than once on our way; and finally, beyond Huntingdon, to the right bank, striking into the steeper narrow valley of the Spruce Creek.

One may imagine the peculiar beauties of this kind of wild forest and mountain scenery in summer, when these cool shades and retreats are so grateful—but we had nothing but snow and ice for it—the cold most bitter—we all sat latterly in a torpid state, except the few thawed individuals piled on each other round the stove.

At a junction station-house and hotel, a mile beyond Holidaysburg, a growing town, we were to sup and sleep; to be shifted next morning to the cars of the next following train.

Too happy to warm our fingers and toes, or for any sort of change, I was quite insensible to having gained nothing by being a day in advance, except a very scrambling backwood sort of supper (it was past midnight), and a three hours' attempt to sleep in a very frigid bed, which defied my puny efforts, laughed at my miseries (*à la* Dickens), and handed me over without concern to the tender mercies of the man and lantern

at four o'clock—in midnight darkness—to dress and get up a provisionary appetite for very tough beefsteaks, mountain and torrent stale bread, and some pure Mocha—into which the torrent had surely broken, before it boiled and filled our cups at five o'clock—when the passengers just arrived helped us to "do justice to the meal." Now, to sup at one and breakfast at five is not at all a bad contrivance—for the tavern-keepers! —so, having paid my dollar and a-half for this pleasing arrangement, and comfortable lodging—I once more ascended the cars; and after a pleasant search (all the seats occupied within 33 deg. of Fahrenheit, or any heat), I made a lodgement in the comfortable draught of the door; truly, it was Hobson's choice; and never shall I forget the ascent and descent of the Alleghanies! the weather each twelve hours growing more intensely cold. It was the middle of December, and perfectly natural; but still people would insist on the extreme mildness of the winters for these last twelve years all over America! and that there would be no frost and snow to signify before Christmas, certainly; pendant icicles everywhere commented on the impertinence.

Our way lay up the pass of the Spruce Creek by the steep mountain side, precipices to the right, but thick woods and noble trees would catch the cars if they went off the rail; so we couldn't fall far, and our pace upwards was not too swift, perhaps twelve or fifteen miles an hour. At one spot we came to a stand-still, overhung by a crag of most superb slates, in such exuberance breaking themselves out, a few tons had just shot down across our way, and local navvies were clearing them off for us. A thousand tons, loosened, threatened us over head. This was an escape we were not a bit thankful for, but grumbled at the stoppage. For my part, I tried to calculate what such a hill of noble slate slabs would be worth at one of our artificial stone-yards on the New-road, Marylebone, but it was impossible. Near me sat a most pretty, precocious, independent young lady, who kept up a loud incessant gabble (going home from some large boarding-school, highly finished, with her brother) with a Pittsburg practitioner, just introduced. Good heavens! what stuff did these two talk. But the only singular part of it was the scandal, of who and who were courting, who pretty and ugly, mixed with the grave disquisition of trite mundane things, politics, and finally pills, where the brother ventured to cut in. The Pittsburg man, who was absurdly gallant, though a married man, being a great philosopher, declaring aloud that it was essential to humbug his patients very often, and give them bread pills.

All this was really only remarkable from its crudeness, its

excessive affectation, and, in the girl, unbecoming forwardness and boldness.

We are always talking of American domestic manners; differing, after all, little from our own, except in this loud, bold, unbecoming affectation in all the *genteel* world of their cities. So, too, it already besets their country towns, and one is stunned by it, and made sick up the inclined planes of this grand ridge of "blue mountains." Not the cold, the snow, these noble pines, these virgin solitudes, can stop it. We had arrived at the first engine-house, the locomotives taken off, and endless ropes winding up sharp inclines through these beautiful woods. Some of us got out, and walked along or ran up ahead, to get unbenumbed, the doctor and the young lady still talking for a wager, and for the amusement of a considerable circle round the stove.

I should observe that long prior to this recent railway, a canal on our track traversed this state to the west, and climbs these mountains not far from us on the opposite side of this pass, to Pittsburg.

These inclines (I think, in all, six engine-stations, three on each side) are very tedious. In the summer the ramble across on foot, no matter how slow (about a walking pace), would have been delightful; but now the cold was too great; we were forced back into the cars out of the cutting winds. At length we got down on the western side, and were once more taken on by the locomotive.

As in all mountain passes, fine dashing streams rise and rush down on both sides. So here we left the Spruce River on the east side, and the Loyalhanna on the west rushes under our crossing viaduct, a tributary to the Monongahela.

In a wild spot (Lockport ?) on the western side, we at length came, towards sunset, to the provisional board-shed terminus, still forty miles short of Pittsburg; and here we all scrambled out, and scrambled into half a dozen four-horsed stages, drawn up waiting for us. It snowed at intervals, the cold intense, and I really pitied some of the women and children, bewildered at the "depôt" among the baggage, and under the horses' feet. All in confusion worse confounded, everybody *sauve qui peut*, rushing to the stages, in or out of turn, the fear being, among the more knowing, that the lag-lasts would have to ride outside.

We all know what an American stage is. Inside or out, they are the most stupid, detestable contrivances ever imagined. Inside I thought I should have been frozen, though packed close on each other. They hold nine, but eleven got in, and the leathern curtains only mock you with the idea of warmth or shelter from the cutting blast. My

teeth chattered, my limbs trembled. Millions of deaths occur with ten times less suffering than that of this wretched purgatory of twenty-eight miles. As to our luggage, it might come on, or be pitched into the Loyalhanna, which was meandering somewhere about, getting frozen like ourselves. But what must have been the feelings (or no feelings) of the drivers, and a few stray unfortunates who had to sit outside during that abominable drive! The jolting, though enough to dislocate one's limbs, was a kind of pleasure; and yet, oh! outside I could hear them laughing, pulling up at various wayside taverns for a dram, ay, it couldn't be too strong. And the horses, always good and fast, tore us along with glee, thinking, poor things, of their stable and their corn. I'm not sure, but think the same set took us a full trot the whole distance.

I instinctively ran for it, and got into the last twelve-mile rail-cars along the right bank of the Monongahela down to Pittsburg, where we arrived near midnight in a torpid state. But what I suffered from cold further down the Ohio this winter makes all this mild initiation a mere matter of moonshine. An hour in a fierce snow-storm, hunting out our bags and baggage, and a mile ride in an open omnibus, for twenty-five cents, to the Monongahela Hotel, was yet not the "deeper still" reserved for my crude inexperience. I was now a mummy, but I had yet to be unrolled.

Well, this large soot-begrimed (worse than London), black, brick town, was now clothed in a pure white frozen mantle. Indeed, natives and passengers were equally astonished at this extreme and sudden severity. Stoves were red hot (coals are here just as at Newcastle, and the town is a coarser Birmingham); but, however, resolve to mount the long cold corridors, and seek one's icy bedroom. Well, all sufferings, great and small, have their pleasures, by the contrast of intermission. I was alive and lively next morning, and rambled about the town in the snow.

Pittsburg is in a most beautiful situation at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, on a flat peninsula, under the fine picturesque hills of the Monongahela on the east side; to the west, in Ohio, all is comparatively flat near the town, though distant hills appear; and, altogether, it is a charming country. Both these rivers are large, and navigable a long way upwards, and form, at the point at the south end of the streets of the suburbs, the great Ohio. Large handsome bridges, on the iron suspension plan, cross both rivers to the centre of the town: while on the east side, on the Monongahela, some forty or fifty Ohio steamers lay at the wide sloping strand, with their noses on shore; no need of

anchors, or particular wharves. Nor is the west side of the town without its boats on the Alleghany river.

The whole town is an iron one; up and down every street the largest warehouses are filled with thousands of cast-iron stoves of every possible form (and in execrable bad taste as to ornament), the pavements are encumbered by them, and pots, pans, boilers, ploughshares, and all the useful family of hardware, is in coarse profusion—for as yet they have not come to the more delicate branches of knives, scissors, razors, and highly-polished things; but steel tools are excellent, and of handy forms and variety, exceeding our ingenuity—axes, chisels, hammers, saws, planes, vices, files, rabbets, &c., and I could have loaded myself with *varieties* and improvements, which our more stupid mechanics and tradesmen never have hit on yet! These ingenious contrivances extend to farming implements, and useful novelties of other descriptions. Our hardware people should travel! so should our stupid tailors and shoemakers, whom I have watched not advancing one single step in forty years! Even in harness they beat us—in wood, in leather, in iron. In the purely ornamental they may sin against simplicity and good taste more than our tradesmen—but not much—while it is made up for by their practical, useful, handy, ingenious contrivances, which in England, from father to son, is never dreamt of!

Who but must be aware of this, crossing from the Boulvards, or Rue de Rivoli, to Regent-street, or from Boston to Piccadilly? It is not what one may see shine in a few families among us—a few shops, a few things, very exquisite in their way—but what is diffused throughout the land, and in everybody's hands, making the million intelligent!

I was very proud of our superb show at our half of our World's Fair; but china, plate, glass, jewelery, pianos, silks, and ten thousand superfluous elegancies in which the French rival us (often beat us), should not set aside the more valuable and *useful!* in things of daily use, that we want every minute; we, too, who pride ourselves on the practical and useful!

Pittsburg is already a large and populous city, of an immense trade in iron, doing business on a great scale, full of foundries (many on the opposite shore, under the steep hills), casting and manufacturing steam-boat boilers, funnels, and machinery, for all the thousands of steam-boats on all these great western waters (the other chief manufactories being at Wheeling, Louisville, and Cincinnati), the demand increasing every year. Perhaps this one branch and mill cog-wheels, may be considered as of the most consequence; and it is brought to great perfection in high-pressure engines, with which all th oats are fitted—open on the main deck,

the great cabin fore and aft variously divided in saloons, state cabins, &c., being supported before the paddle-boxes on stanchions—all open on deck—the centre up to the axle of the wheels occupied by the furnaces, boilers, cylinders, and pistons, which work horizontally (nearly), with double-hinged arms, direct to the axle behind the boilers, which, ranged in pairs, of cylinder shape, too, of perhaps seven feet diameter and twenty-five feet length, are placed horizontally on a brick-work platform on the deck.

All the boats have two great funnels over the fire-grates. Coal (which is in the cheapest abundance, cropping out in many spots along the Ohio, and requiring hardly more labour to get at than a common stone quarry at the water-side) is burned all down the river, and would be continued, as much the better fuel and more economical, up and down the Mississippi, but that they cannot afford to take up so much of their freight with it, having other deck cargo; and even on the Ohio, rather put in at various coal depôts as they come up and down, than encumber their decks with it too much at a time.

These immense boats draw astonishingly little water—loaded to the "guards," that is, almost level with the deck itself, only from four to five feet—with perhaps 800 or 1000 tons, and towering on the water twenty feet high, perhaps sixty broad, and 200 feet long. All carry passengers, as well as cargo. Their tables, saloons, servants, state cabins, &c., are much in the same way as on the eastern sea-board.

One of these fine boats, ready to start, I watched from the parlour window of the hotel, sorely perplexed whether to go on board at once, or run the risk of the river closing entirely by remaining a day longer; for already I saw, when on the north side of the town, the Alleghany river filled with floating ice, though the Monongahela (the larger, and coming from the south,) was as yet free; indeed the thing was so very rare, that nobody would believe the river below could be closed; however, the intense cold ought to have made them suspect it; besides, at hotels they are never anxious to get you away, so I suffered this boat, the mail, to depart, not without doubts as to the morrow, which certain recollected sage maxims reinforced very uncomfortably.

In ordinary weather many boats come and go every day, and there is no sort of difficulty about a passage; in such weather, still snowing, and freezing great guns, walking about was not pleasant, and to observe minutely, difficult. The entrance of a canal in the north-east suburb, and its locks, gates, &c., in ruins, might be traced to railroads casting their shadows before; and beyond them, on the [illegible]e elevated

banks, I could see where all the town came from, in the still busy and extensive brickyards, kilns, &c.

There is not an essential thing that nature has not provided them with here in a rich abundance on the spot. Thus do the Americans everywhere start with unheard-of advantages, and all the painfully, expensively, and slowly-acquired knowledge of England and of Europe. If I wonder at all. I begin to wonder rather at the many faults, evils, and ignorances they have perpetuated among themselves, with no possible good reason or excuse. But I must be off: it is too cold to moralise; and the boat is about to start (next day), the ice floes and flakes increased, so that the report comes that great difficulty is found in ascending the river from below at all; and when we got below the town, fairly in the Ohio, we found it full of ice grating harshly at our sides, and, though not yet packed much, looking rather ominous; far as the eye could catch down the reaches, a devious serpentine course starting for the first sixty miles in a north-west direction, wandering away from the point we aim at—the south and Cincinnati—which is, by the river, distant five hundred miles, but, as the crow flies, only about 300—the current running three or four miles an hour, and our speed, in spite of having to cut through the thickening detached ice, about ten miles.

The boat's stem is iron-shod, with plates of iron to guard the bows, and yet there is some danger of the ice cutting through. The captain, a good-natured jolly fellow, with a very red face, has a hard time of it—up night and day, though he has a pilot; for the river has many shoals in the middle, near the shores, and often shifting, so that it requires all their intimacy with every reach, every landmark, and turn (when one bank has to be crossed over to or left), to avoid grounding.

The excessive severity of the cold, felt more and more away from any shelter, makes keeping the deck a duty only possible to strong men inured to a very rough life.

The roughest Kentuckians and severe 'Kansas colts on board couldn't stand it, even for a walk on the roof-deck, or round the guards, but kept snug in the fore smoking-cabin round the red-hot stove; the windows in front crowded by those who preferred looking down the river.

This fore cabin is directly over the boilers, and I confess I never felt quite easy there, though I got pretty well hardened to it before I got down to New Orleans. When there is a blow up, it is this fore part and its contents that suffers; the saloon more behind, particularly the ladies' end at the stern, almost always escaping; but, in spite of the terrific accounts

which often reach us in England of these blowings up, it is remarkable how little notice or fear it creates among those who are used to it. They never seem to give it a thought. To enjoy their cigars, two-thirds of the men were constantly crammed over this crater of their floating Vesuvius, some never stirring night nor day, except to eat and visit the "barber's shop," for ten and twenty-five cent drams at the bar, or have their beards trimmed. In this "shop" all the men wash of a morning, gratis; two or three basins and a jack-towel or two serves excellently well for seventy or a hundred—but there all luxury ends, unpaid for, extra. Fast gents get their boots polished at the rate of ten cents the pair, which, too, is the expected fee for lifting your portmanteau into your particular state-room when put on board, and again when put out on deck; in short, all down to the south, and along the slave margin, a copper cent is never touched or heard of—nothing less, for the least thing, than silver—the fivepenny-bit or piccayune, and the dime or ten cent piece; even in the markets the cheapest vegetables, &c., are put into "piccayune" or "dime" tiny heaps or bunches. If a beggar should accost you (and such things are, though rare), you cannot offer less than silver, and you may make it the Irish "tinpenny, good luck to you," without being thought at all too generous. In all my long journey, I found no use whatever for a few loose cents I happened to have about me when I left Philadelphia, so I threw them into my trunk to await my return to the northern states; indeed, I felt ashamed of them, though a handsome coin, and had some horrid thoughts of committing them to the deep in the Mississippi, slily, at night, for the bare possession of them (unless I could have pretended as a curiosity, and passed myself off as a curious virtuoso and numismatic philosopher,) implied danger of losing caste, most especially with all the Uncle Toms.

Our meals were included in our very moderate fare (six dollars to Cincinnati); but after dinner, and after our iced muddy water (no wine or beer by any chance whatever, or any kind of spirit, out of the barber's shop and bar), the darky waiters brought us indifferent apples, for private amusement, at a piccayune a-piece.

By day, and round the saloon stoves, even with the thermometer at zero, we did pretty well; but the nights were one long waking spell of freezing misery, the icy blast whistling through in a thorough draught—it rivalled the intense suffering in the stage. Meantime, as we literally ploughed our way down, the ice grew more and more solid, in some places closing across the river, and then came a tremendous grinding as we bored through it, the wheels sending great blocks and masses of the ice on the guard at the opening behind the

paddle-boxes, mixed with logs, limbs, and roots of trees, which had to be cleared off every now and then. I more than once wondered such logs, and such thick, ponderous pieces of ice, did not break the wheels to pieces.

We stopped at several towns going along, to land or take off passengers. It is wonderful how handy these boats are, and how well handled. Taking the requisite sweep of the river, they round to, and gently put their bows to the clay bank, when a thick plank is put out, people go and come, and we are off. In this way we got coal on board, the second night, at an active increasing place, and great coaling depôt in Ohio, Pomeroy. Here we met the Pittsburg, fellow-steamer, coaling, too, on her way up, giving us no great hopes of reaching Cincinnati—and her chances of reaching Pittsburg were still more slender; in fact, she didn't—frozen in fast, fifty miles below it.

Ours was a capital boat, the Keystone State, Captain Stone, a clever fellow, and, as I have said, wide awake; freezing on the roof at the wheel-house night and day, or we should have been caught, the thermometer seven degrees below zero, out of the wind. But I anticipate, Pomeroy being about half-way, and opposite Kentucky. Both banks are studded all the way down with thriving towns and villages, all interesting enough in their abrupt history.

But what I most regretted was, not seeing this noble river, its beautiful banks and woods in all their charms, at any season but this. All is now one monotonous white; not a leaf; the few houses and farms hardly discernible; not a thing moving; the cattle all under cover, and man at his fireside. But what can stop a Yankee pedlar, and his two-horse light wagon?—and lo! we saw one creeping along a track through a wood, on his way to the various out-of-sight farms and villages.

Charming conical wooded hills skirt the Ohio its whole length—the state of Ohio on the right, and Virginia on the left, succeeding Pennsylvania on the bend where the river, in its tortuous vagaries, turns once more to the south.

We pass under a curiously bold iron suspension-bridge at Wheeling, where the Virginia bank is much higher than on the Ohio side; so, to avoid trouble and expense, the bridge is made slanting "dicular," descending into Ohio state, and meant to allow of the tallest steamer funnels to pass under close to the Virginian side. It was a very close shave with us, and is still too low for some of the larger boats. There is some grumbling about this mistake. "The long and the short of it is," says the skipper, "they must cut their funnels shorter." Of course, the bridge looks very ugly, but is, I suppose, as good as if on a level; but the *'cute* architect surely forgot

about the rising and falling of the river many feet! and only calculated the frequency of the boats being forced to get new funnels—they are so soon burnt out! Apropos, the expense of these boats in this cheap country is enormous; a medium-sized one from Pittsburg to New Orleans (and I am not sure if back again) costs her owner in wages, wear and tear, coals and wood, wharf dues, &c., five thousand dollars! One may judge how profitable the freights must be to make anything out of it, reckoning passengers and all, numerous as they always are.

Kentucky (looking, I often think, more inviting than the Ohio side) succeeds Virginia on our left, all the rest of the way to Cincinnati, which city we reached, happily, on the third day at noon; and well we might be glad of it: for the last twenty-four hours our boat has been often cutting through the solid ice, hard enough to have borne a horse, often obliging us to ease the engine, to back, to manœuvre, and go at it again, at the risk of cutting through the bows entirely, for they were found very near it! half the wheel floats broken, and the boat much damaged along the water-line: in a word, we had not long taken our place among the other steamers at the strand in front of the city, before the whole were frozen in immovable; but not before one or two of the outsiders were crushed.

After all we have heard of this famous western city, I am utterly disappointed in itself, and in its looks from the river. But it is too excessively cold to look at anything; a few hack carriages trotted down, and I jumped into one, as the shortest way to find a hotel and shelter of some kind. I really thought my fingers and toes would be frozen before we got to the Broadway Hotel close by, in the Broadway-street. Never was anything more dismal: the sun shining brilliantly, not a cloud, and not a soul in the streets—indeed, for a day or two, nobody went out of doors not forced to, and then at a full run. All the hotels and boarding-houses full of travellers, unable to get either up or down; particularly, it was said, great numbers of gamblers and scamping loafers, who make a good thing of going up and down these rivers in the steamboats. Thus pent up here, and rendered desperate by their honest expenses, they were spoken of as very unwelcome customers; and not a few of them, if one might judge by their queer exteriors, had taken up their quarters at this same hotel; but as I never play cards, and don't mean to walk out at night, nor day either, with the thermometer below zero ten or twelve degrees, I need care nothing about them. Still there was the universal printed caution on my door about keeping one's bedroom-door locked, and nobody accountable for robberies.

The usual discomforts of American hotels are nothing in summer, but here I have them in full force. I should much prefer a stable, even without straw (and with a stove), to the sitting-room in this hotel; one of the best here, and only second to Burnet's, which is an immense pile, but in an out-of-the-way street, while this is in the centre of all the stir and fashion of the town, and pretty close to the river—but, indeed, the stove is surrounded by a rough lot, with all their amenities and damp accompaniments. To read, or write, or converse, all equally impossible, so I walk from one room to another, look in at the barber's and bar-room, and out at the windows; a desperate Kentuckian rides daringly down the street, and some boys have established a slide on the pavement.

Cincinnati is considered the queen of the Ohio, the wonder of the American medium western world, and it is a large brick-built city, of a hundred and sixty thousand souls, not badly placed below some nice hills on an elevated flat, where the river (here, and all along, about half a mile wide) makes a bold bend opposite the Licking river, in Kentucky, which has its large town of Covington on one side, and Newton on the other, skirted by very picturesque wooded hills behind them; I think it much the prettiest side of the two, for the city people here wont let their nearest hills alone, but are cutting into them, roads, levels, brickyards, &c., so that already they are ugly in bare clay and earth faces, and their fine woods already cut down.

The streets are wide, but except this Broadway, not wide enough, and crossed, as usual, at right angles; a canal, which runs up the valley of Mill creek, skirts the northern suburb, the locks opening on the river.

There are a good many handsome churches, meeting-houses, halls, hotels, assembly-rooms, asylums, and other public buildings, including a theatre; some of the private houses are very handsome, and all are on a large scale, and at high rents, with the usual proportion of frame-houses at the extremities of the older streets, which are planted with trees (the plane-tree, horse-chestnut, locust, and maple). In the suburbs are a good many manufactories, and the smoke as dense nearly as in London; some, however, shut up, others in ruins; showing a constant change even in comparatively recent speculations. In Third-street, and near the Broadway, I saw what was Mrs. Trollope's bazaar (always a failure); it has been long since occupied as an occasional lecture-room, and divided off into an apothecary's shop, and other stores. The façade is still comparatively handsome, in the modern Gothic, in spite of the immense brick buildings, as hotels and stores, which have since sprung up each side of it. She left it, I dare say,

the largest building in the street; but even Mrs. Trollope is forgotten—few recollect who built it, or for what purpose; and no attempt at a bazaar succeeded it.

This is the season of balls. The firemen and Germans are advertising *à l'envi*. Other amusements seem scarce, even when the weather relaxes a little. The town is badly lit; and even the men are afraid to go out at night, except in parties and armed. Several citizens are mentioned in the papers as missing most mysteriously!

Our evening lounge for idlers (and the whole town is now forced to be idle) is the evening auction marts, where every conceivable thing is sold—if it comes up to the price expected! Books, pictures for farmers and log-houses, clothing, &c. I do not go, nor to the theatre. Shut up in this way one finds some other amusement. The place is full of French bagsmen, or adventurers, up from New Orleans, or down fresh from Paris. Here is one who has been here some time with a venture of pictures for this market; but they wont sell, and he is forced to try it on by the hammer. Every night when he returns from the sale he is loud in bad English, interlarded with French, against "Dis stupide peoples, good for nutting but make do pig and de dollare! dis sacré Porkopolis! Vell, sare, nevare was some peoples like dis stupide! what is, but canaille!"

Some one slily said:

"Do you go armed, mounseer? there's a lot of queer chaps about; they might upset you, and borrow your porte monnoie!"

At this the Frenchman looked fierce.

"Vat is upset? Sall borrou. I nevare am fraid of chap yet, brigand! I shall knock him wid dis poignard!"

"Ay, but what if five or six trip up your heels?"

"My heel! Ah! let come five, six—I knock him all, au diable; sacré canaille!"

On the third day, now near Christmas, the streets begin to show some sign of life, as the wind is less fierce. I walked down to the strand or water-side, where all the river steamers lay touching the shore. There are no stone or planked wharves, or slips of any kind, at any of the Ohio or Mississippi towns—they are unnecessary.

I counted about thirty-five of these great steamers, all frozen in as fast as if set in so much granite; one was broken in two, and several more or less damaged by the surging of the drifting blocks of ice before they finally closed completely across; under this rugged mass (not unlike the Alpine glaciers) the river rushes on its way, eager to dash the superincumbent stratum into fragments once more, on the first symptoms of a thaw. Thousands of people are already

on the ice, wagons, carts, trucks, and men on horseback, crossing to Covington and Kentucky, all the more eagerly on business, as everything has been suspended between the two shores, and there is generally an active intercourse between the towns.

I, too, walked over to Kentucky among the crowd, the sun shining brightly; and meant to have looked at Covington (a town of three or four thousand inhabitants, called a city), and I might have crossed the ice at the mouth of the Licking river, where three or four steamers were frozen in, and had a closer look at Newton, a smaller town, with a good many steam-forges, foundries, and manufactories, but I found the cold too much for me; and everything six inches deep in snow was not at all inviting for an excursion, so I turned about, and retraced my steps over the rugged river, forced up into all sorts of irregular fantastic hummocks and ridges, marking the process of the whirling floes uniting, after being previously forced upon each other.

Two or three huts and liquor-shops were quickly set up on the river as houses of call, where they had stoves to warm the fingers of their customers. For a few moments I watched various horsemen coaxing their horses down the banks, and across the ugly ice-barriers, or slippery open intervals; other parties with loads of provisions on sledges; others with carts and wagons, loaded in various ways, drawn by mules, and forced over blocks of ice and holes, enough to break their sledge-runners or the legs of their animals; but they stopped at nothing, as if their very lives depended on getting their load across.

This excited and desperate exertion on emergencies, I think it is which is so remarkable—far beyond our own sleepy hired capability; certainly brought more constantly into play all over America. They *will* have no difficulties, or instantly some new energetic mode of getting over them. In this way one Kentuckian had a long contention with his horse, which over and over refused to enter the ice. *I* should have alighted, and led him on, but he persisted, and finally rode him on over a very ugly place, where some of the ice had been broken at the edge; certainly at the risk, had the horse slipped, of breaking his own neck.

The whole scene, though comfortless and desolate enough, looking up the river on both sides, the hills, trees, steamers, the city itself, and all the country round, clothed in one dazzling white, had a novelty and grandeur in it sufficiently interesting, had I not been so very cold; so I regained the streets, along the sunny side of the shops and warehouses, which face the strand.

This same wide strand is paved, and on ordinary occasions

is full of barrels, boxes, cases, carts, and long-bodied drays expressly for carrying flour barrels, hackney coaches, and crowds of people; with a constant loading and unloading of the numerous steamers, arrivals and departures. Even now it is lively enough, for half the town are out to see or go on the river.

All the stores on this river-face have a second-hand, slop appearance, or of a low peddling order, set out in glass cases; a great mixture of the gaudy and superfluous in the watch and trinket way (French wares); or, if useful, in clothing, tools, fire-arms (very much after the fashion of Peter Pindar's razors), said to be cheap, and sure to be good for nothing; with bold touters at each shop-door ready to pounce on their victim, should he venture to look at anything. This excessive attention is perhaps sharpened by the cold, and consequent slackness of trade. But in all the hotels and stores one hears nothing but this lament over the slackness of trade. Here the great staples are in hog's flesh (thence "Porkopolis"), flour and whisky. In the upper part of the town, near the canal, are several immense pork-killing and curing establishments; half a million unfortunate pigs are killed here in the year! salted, packed in barrels, and exported; and Covington, opposite, shares in this thriving trade. Here the streets are full of fat pigs, and fat rats. Apropos—I more than once amused myself watching these sagacious creatures in a back yard, under my window, where an Irish girl regularly fed some fowls on potatoes, &c. The chief rat village here was under a pile of wood; as soon as the cocks and hens were busy eating, first one would run out and reconnoitre, run back, then out would come a dozen, and watch their chance under the legs of the poultry, while their backs were turned run off with the largest bit; every now and then the fowls would chase them back under cover, but they still returned while a morsel remained. No noises seemed in the least to frighten them, or even the presence of the Irish girl, as she was quite expected and very constantly looked for by both parties. The fowls seemed only to resent their meal being thus stolen, but no sort of surprise or panic at the intruders. One old cock seemed to watch the most bold of the rats as they advanced, as if from the corner of his eye, then make a bolt after the most daring, but he never could get a peck at them, on which he would return from the chase with a dignified air, as much as to say, "You come that again, that's all!"

During the few days I remained, I saw an immense number of wagons loaded with dead hogs, stiff, piled and loaded like wood, ready to be cut up, taking to the salting warehouses. They say now, that the two railways here already interfere

with this monopoly of pork, by running off the pigs alive to other markets. I cannot understand it; but when were men ever content?

The quantity of whisky and fine wheat flour collected here, too, is enormous; transhipped up and down the river, and to the sea-board cities. The houses in Broadway, in Walnut, Main, and Sycamore-streets (and fashionable Forth-street), are many of them very handsome; all are well built, but the streets are very dirty and badly paved; the shops not so good or so well arranged as one might expect to see in so large a place, but there is a general air of careless neglect in everything which meets the eye as to public arrangements; and I am told the police is a mere mockery. Like so many other American cities, the mayor and municipality, chosen from the favourites of the citizen mob, are afraid to make stringent or wholesome regulations; or, if made, to enforce them! Their own daily papers are full of complaints of the authorities. People are afraid to be out much, or late, alone or unarmed. The other day a man was killed (it is concluded) near the water, dragged off stunned and bleeding; his son, a boy who was with him when attacked, ran off and called the watch—about as efficient as our old Charleys—but the assassins got clear off, and the body is not found—a hole in the ice reveals nothing. Other cases have since occurred of citizens missed most unaccountably, supposed by foul play, but there is no stir or inquiry about the matter. Gangs of desperadoes set themselves above the law, and the indifferent, independent constables don't trouble themselves about their duty, or dare not do it. Added to this, the inhabitants complain of the turbulent spirit of the associated firemen, who hang together, behave rudely, and set people at defiance; for all these evils there seems no remedy, till it becomes worse, more intolerable, when the volunteers, or militia, must be called out.

There are a great many Germans and Irish here, chiefly inhabiting the north and east suburbs beyond the canal; lots of French adventurers; some few shopkeepers in jewellery, pendules, and daubs of pictures; with the usual auctions going on at the auction stores, of books, prints, clothes—indeed, all sorts of things useful or ornamental from Europe, thrown on a forced sale, by hundreds of speculators and bankrupts. These sales are the only amusement to help the theatre, which is just now well filled by a piece full of strong points and horrors—"The Seven Passions." But, on the whole, it would be unfair to judge of this city or the country at this moment, when everything appears to a disadvantage. One day before the river broke up, on a partial thaw, I walked to the south-west suburb across Mill Creek (which meanders through a nice valley); all the suburbs are quite in the

rough, in frame-houses, deep roads, and empty lots; a large foundry on the river bank here is in ruins. The Northern Railway station is in this quarter, and is large and handsome. This rail crosses a branch of the canal and the creek, and runs up the valley to Columbus, the capital of the state. The other railway, to the little Miami valley, is on the north shore suburb, called Fulton, where there are several steam-engine factories and coal depôts, and where a fine new steamer, the James Robb, was fitting. All the ladies' cabins have a Cupid over the door, "quite significant," say the papers. Apropos of their immense boats drawing so little water, another paper says: "The new steamer, Major A. Harris, with her engines on board, draws but ten inches water. Low water will never give her much trouble."*

Some of these notices are startling. Thus: "Great complaints are made in various parts of the city in regard to clothes hung out on lines (to dry) being stolen. What next.'

Again, apropos of the river: "It is calculated that twenty thousand people crossed the river forth and back during Sunday. Guides charged two dollars and a half to show horses the way across the river, and four dollars for a horse and gig. This beats the boots off the 'Skinners' at Niagara."

Again: "John Hunt, the prince of apple-buttermen, is boiling over two thousand pounds of mincemeat for the holidays."

Of balls: "Some fifteen or twenty Christmas balls are advertised in the German papers. Whew! what a time there will be! an empire of grindstones in a crazy whirl will be nothing to it."

One would not expect to hear of destitute people here, but I extract from the papers again: "There are a hundred and fifty boys and girls at present in the house of refuge." Again: "The trustees' office continues to be the attractive place of distress; the little room was crowded throughout yesterday with the poor and destitute, asking relief of the city." To be sure, there is no such thing as a beggar by trade, nor have I been accosted by any one of the poor half-starved looking creatures one meets occasionally in rags; but whole suburbs seem in poverty, and yet the smallest service, or any job must be paid for exorbitantly. Often they will not be at the trouble of calling for it, if promised; it must be taken to them, and then very badly done. But I must break off abruptly for want of room to say more now. I will glance at one or two things characteristic of the place when the river

* This means light, and not a very large boat; but the great *breadth*, and the *flatness of floor*, give this excellent quality; it pervades all American-built vessels; giving swiftness, buoyancy, and stability.

opens, and as I leave this queen city of the West, where sixty years ago there was not a single hut or wigwam even of the Indians, then a dense forest and a silent shore.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE OF THE OHIO—THE MISSISSIPPI AND NEW ORLEANS.

With the new year, a sudden and most welcome thaw comes on with the wind from the balmy south; the river is breaking up its icy bondage, and the whole town is astir.

It is astonishing what general joy it diffuses. The whole waterside and in the streets, everybody as busy as bees; steam getting up on board twenty boats bound up and down; and for my part I rushed to the strand to secure a berth on board something, anything, overjoyed at the chance of escape.

The language of the puff advertisements is quite overpowering—where choose when such stunning excellence besets one in everything. I shut my eyes on the daily press and go straight over the inviting planks on board one of the many loaded steamers caught here on her way down—the Paul Anderson—loaded to the guards, loaded to sinking, loaded to death! but no matter. After that, and after I had paid my fare with my eyes shut (one should never be too precipitate), they found room for six hundred bushels of coal, seventy horses, and eight hundred turkeys and fowls, which poor things had been kept in cellars half dead, during this tremendous frost, and were now transferred to the hurricane-deck, or upper roof of my chosen steamer. Of all things in the world I should have avoided this particular Noah's ark.

This boat was already full loaded, but, at the last moment, and two hours after they had solemnly promised (like the fibbing "one, two, three" of the auctioneer) to be "gone," these unhappy horses and turkeys appeared on the wide strand. They could not be resisted. What! refuse dollars! what signifies going down in the middle of the river! or any additional misery to silly sentiment, or no sleep for the highly-favoured cabin passengers for a whole week or ten days.

Well, only eight hours after the last horse had been coaxed on board, and while the steam valves had been for so many hours snorting and roaring in aid of advertisements and solemn promises, then a few more coals—only six hundred bushels—might as well fill up all round the boilers, and leave not an inch to plant your foot on the deck, and not an encouraging inch of seeming spare safety for the rushing river and rock ice bursting and crushing with the headlong stream—at

last, I say, we push off, and night closes around us as we sweep round the south and pretty wooded point and hills below Covington. We bid a kind adieu to the queen city for letting us go. Surely we are always more grateful for any change of any particular misery than for any positive pleasure, or any positive good, if we ever do really know what is for our good!

There was I, delighted to get away, even for a good chance of sinking in the river before we could pass the first lower reach, the night dark as Erebus, with various pleasant opinions as to whether we weren't "somehow, I guess, a sight overloaded!" The boat was a capital one, but it is certain we were abominably loaded, dangerously loaded. Often the small ripple of the river flopped over the guards, washing the horses' feet as they stood in two rows on each side of the engines, with their heads to the water, where they might poke their noses for amusement, poor things.

A loaded cotton boat of six hundred or a thousand bales is a curious sight on these mighty streams; but our heterogeneous cargo I saw nowhere equalled all the way down to New Orleans. I forget to add some three or four hundred empty flour barrels, on which the unhappy poultry were perched, on the roof. This floating scene of suffering, misery, and death (thirty turkeys were thrown over dead the first night), was our Belvidere! From this feathered village we were to enjoy the country, the view, and the air!

Glad, however, as we were to be off, we were not aware, till long after, of our singular good fortune in escaping; for the next week, the wind shifting round once more to the north-west, froze the river and all nature up as hard as ever, so that nothing could get up or down.

Well, we are afloat. We have had our tea (or supper). I have heard several sad sounds of throwing over the dead and dying turkeys. Of the ninety or hundred passengers, the rough ones, or bachelor-loafers, bagamen, planters, and others, gather and smoke in the fore-cabin over the boilers; the family men, and the more genteel and more aspiring, keep at the hinder part of the saloon among the ladies, or as near them as possible, round the nearest stove.

A gay party of Tennessee youth sit round the ladies' table playing "yutah" (a sort of New World *écarté* and pam-loo mixture). A good-natured, good-looking Englishman, settled in New Orleans, who is returning with his excessively hard-featured, grim American lady home from a Saratoga trip, invites me to their sanctum (across the curtain line). Several of the girls are pretty, and all very lively. I look on, and escape the more stupid ring of ruminating males round the stove.

As I can make nothing of the game played (by any number as well as two), I reflect every now and then, at every extra thump against the ice, on how excessively little our wooden deck below us is above the water; one of our coal-loaded river barges one meets in the Pool is nothing to this exact scientific nicety between floating and sinking. The idea alone made any other idea of a blow-up perfectly laughable. But instead of philosophising, let me now take a parting glance at Cincinnati; a place that might well fill a volume merely to say what it has become since Mrs. Trollope told us something about it, and many others since her day.

I have spoken of a few trifling things on the mere surface, in this great western city, which has often been written about of late years; but the change is so rapid in most objects which strike the eye, that hardly any one year is a sure guide for the next. It is not only the mere building of more streets and houses, the greater number of human beings congregated together, and the greater mixture of each added year's emigration, pouring in human beings already grown up by hundreds of thousands, but the yearly change of ways and means, and no doubt a constant change in the domestic manners and ideas of all Americans, east or west of the Mississippi. I think too much has been said of (of the *morals*, at least) Cincinnati, and, indeed, all other great American towns; every year getting still bigger, still more irregular and ill-governed, where all sorts of civilized nuisances increase much faster than the population, and where each year they are coming nearer and nearer what we are in little over-peopled England. With our thoughts, and ways, and customs slightly modified, 'tis still the same. For the first fifty years we in our conceit, and insolence, and ignorance, would not condescend to praise anything, or know anything, about our cousins, who licked us after eight long years' fighting, and sent us an ambassador to bow and walk about at St. James's among as silly and selfish a set of embroidered, sneering gentlemen as may be found there now. Time, and the astonishing effects of a more enlightened, less shackled government begin to tell on the the toughness of our ignorant prejudices. We awake from a sort of dream when the finest ships to be seen by a Lord Derby at Liverpool (he goes on board sometimes), and a Lord John in the Thames, are not ours, alas! no, they are Americans. The balance and bustle of trade all over the world is every new year turning more and more against us. Even our own merchants take up and freight American ships! Safer, faster, handsomer than England's fleet, more numerous all over the world, they tower over our pigmy, ill-built things even in our own waters, and should, descending to particulars, shame our builders at Black-

wall. I say nothing of our royal dockyards, as they are quite impervious to any new lights, and seem to set a premium on blunders and absurdity.

Innocent of all this, each fresh traveller, however wise and common-place, however fashionable and funny, is now loud about the wonders of America! and there is in this sense nothing left for us but to praise. I might wish our rulers would come across, and take a lesson in these vulgar but most essential things—"domestic manners" may be safely left to triflers and wits. American strength may be vulgar, but our fashion is contemptible; nay, with us it works fatally: we are all supremely ignorant and lazy, and each jack-in-office, only thinking of Almack's, Rotten-row, and his circle; is above his business, content to ride out, shoot, and dress for dinner!

Lord Carlisle, and now and then a clever fellow, crosses, and witnesses the untrammelled vigour and go-ahead better sense of the stars and stripes; but it does not appear that we get on the least bit the better for it, or that his late colleagues in Downing-street are at all more wide awake to what's going on: but I forget myself, and this same town. I saw very few of their ladies, owing to the extreme cold, no doubt.

What we should call the working classes, seem entirely Irish and German; all badly clothed, dirty, and slovenly,—the streets, the pavements, and the houses to match; indeed, the better sort of men, natives, are not so well dressed as in the eastern cities. This careless neglect may be traced, increasing as one comes westward, in their ladies and gentlemen—that is, planters, lawyers, merchants, and large storekeepers—it pervades everything, naturally enough, the further removed they are towards the woods and prairies.

Indeed, short of the Ohio, in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and Maryland, people of education dress anyhow, and wear the oddest Jim Crow tiles possible (*Punch* would be in ecstasies!).

Just now, the Kossuth hat is the thing—a wide-awake, with a great buckle in front, to which some of the most respectable *loafers* add a small black feather. Some few exquisites pride themselves on velvet caps and half a yard of watch-chain dangling, and rattling seals at the waistband. But no matter what the dress is, there is no change morning or night. I have known Virginians, men of education, attend balls unshaved, and in dirty boots and uncombed hair, their coats and hats (all quite right when new) never brushed, nor ever left off till worn out; to be sure there were exceptions—the youngest, of course, the cleanest and smartest—but none of the ladies, who were all well-dressed, seemed to think anything of it. At Cincinnati, in the advertisements for their balls, the gentle-

men are warned that there is no admittance (one and two dollars a ticket) without a lady. These public balls prevail throught the Union in their cities; private ones are very rare indeed, and more like family parties.

Already in the States there are immense seminaries and boarding-schools for young ladies. There is a far-famed one in Ohio, at Steubenville, and some of its young ladies were on board of us, going home to Tennessee and Mississippi; but, like that other young lady of the Allegheny cars, who, too, had just left her great school near Harrisburg, they seem to pick up nothing at these schools but the most wild, silly, jejune ideas (from each other), and a very queer, independent small talk. As yet, however—perhaps for these next hundred years—a refined education would be completely thrown away; they dress and dance—quite enough.

Fashion and refinement of thought, perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, tact, good taste, and a love of nature—where nature itself is to be upset, and the sooner the better, up and down these rivers and regions—of what use here? Whisky, rum, tobacco, cotton, pigs, and flour, laugh to scorn small conventional elegancies and accomplishments—the dancing and dressing, nevertheless, notwithstanding, when froze up, or in the season, or when trade's slack. This must be pre-eminently the feeling at Cincinnati; which is, trade apart, a very dull city; they have had no time in forty short years to think of elegance or idle amusements; but youth, however pent up in stores, will dance and frolic now and then, and that, as Nym says, "is the humour of it."

They were going to get up a dance in the cabin during the evening, but the young ladies could not agree to turn out; and the fiddler, an amateur Englishman, at last got sulky, after tuning up invitingly once or twice, and put up his fiddle; but I do not think, after all, the girls were in fault; it was the men who held back, stood shilly-shally, or showed the most stoical Red Indian indifference—a quality considered of the first excellence in everything. As a rule, I should say, the Americans never talk till excited by anger or some self-interest; and then it is an interminable set speech, and thus their cleverest people grow into bores of the first magnitude.

Cincinnati is in the south-west corner of the state of Ohio, about fifteen miles from the border of Indiana; so that quitting the city we soon leave the state of Ohio at the river Miami and its rich bottoms. Generally it is a flat wheat-growing state; but its banks all down the stream are finely undulated; conical, well-wooded hills forming the banks of the river, with many agreeable openings of meadows and small valleys, "bottoms," with their attendant great and small streams all swelling this most bold and beautiful Ohio,

which takes its rise (as the Alleghany does) near the shores of Lake Erie in its north branch, and from the south-west as the Monongahela, in Pennsylvania.

In a peculiar, wild, bold river beauty, nothing can exceed these scenes, right and left, as you descend; it seems only a little hurt where man has been chopping and digging; still, in our civilised sense, it is all the more cheering, and makes a rich variety—cities, villages, farms, factories, steamers—and the human race is getting multiplied. I find a hundred things unsaid of this city, and indeed of all the country on the track of the river, with twenty fine streams which pour in on both sides, besides the great and little Miami, joining the Ohio, twenty miles apart, above and below the town, each watering superb and extensive valleys—one stretching to the capital, Columbus, in the centre of the state. But to attempt any further notice of what I leave behind me would fill a volume or two; already I find myself bewildered by fresh objects and new settlements, every day planting, building, and increasing on the banks. We pass the Miami a few miles below, forming here at its mouth the dividing line; and the state of Indiana is now on our right, while Kentucky keeps on below the junction with the Mississippi, and for 130 miles on the left to their largest city, Louisville, at the falls of the river; and where a stupendous short two-mile canal is cut through just below the town, to clear this great rapid (for it is not exactly a fall) of the river. This rapid is always the one great point of anxiety, and forms a kind of barrier, beyond which, upwards, the larger class of Mississippi steamers cannot come, except occasio..ally, when the river is very high; so that there is always a great gathering of boats at Louisville, at the town wharves, and below the canal at Shipping Port, where the great mail and passenger steamers lie.

All the smaller steamers which pass the canal up and down are for cargo and passengers jointly; their cabins and tables on a less scale, and so are their fares. I paid only fifteen dollars all the way to New Orleans from Cincinnati, whereas these great mail steamers charge twenty-five from Louisville down. They were very liberal to us, allowing the passengers who preferred it to leave them at this point, and go on board the finer boats; but, though we were detained half a day at the canal, I thought it best to remain quietly on board, as most of my fellow-passengers did; but of this when we do get so far, for the ice is seriously troublesome, and we are not at all sure we may not be stopped by it.

I see the exact distance is 460 miles by the river from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, and 494 miles to its mouth, making in its whole length 954 miles, without reckoning its branches above Pittsburg. In all this length it appears a greater

river than the Mississippi itself; it is, indeed, often wider. The great difference lies in the greater depth of the latter, which it is lost in at the junction at Cairo, where the Mississippi, even after receiving the Ohio, looks much narrower than the Ohio.

I do not often venture on statistics, as too dry; but I am tempted, while yet near Cincinnati, to put down a few items, which should by rights have been mentioned before, had I more room to enter into details. Thus, it is situated in a valley forty or fifty feet above the river at its medium height, the Ohio cutting this valley in half, the southern circumference of the surrounding hills being (behind Covington and Newton) in Kentucky. The town was laid out by Messrs. Denman and Patterson, in 1788, and was first called Losanville, on the site of Fort Washington, then one of the far-west military stations of the infant republic, from whence the Indian wars were carried on.

The first purchase of 311,000 acres here of the Indians, stretching along the right bank of the river, was by an Honourable John Symmes. There were two or three settlements of a few hunters at this time, one at North Bend, fifteen miles below it; but in '89 Government fixed on its present site, changed the name, and ended the petty rivalries of these early squatters; for already business was increasing up and down the river. The place grew rapidly. The first church was built in '92; in '93 they published a daily paper; in '94 two "keel boats" were built, with bullet-proof covers and port-holes, armed with guns and rifles, to run upwards as far as Pittsburg and back once a month. Drinking and gambling were then the chief features in these new settlements. The population in 1795 was but five hundred, with a small detachment from the army.

Early in this century their progress was very rapid; thousands poured in from the eastern states, attracted by the richness and cheapness of land. The trade with New Orleans, carried on with keel-boats, which got down in a month, and up again in about three months, was found very lucrative, making amends for its risks and tediousness, having often to fight their way up and down, sometimes against the Indians they had made their enemies, or against their own robbers and pirates. In 1819 it was first made a city, and contained 10,000 souls; the progression, in 1830, 25,000; 1840, 46,000; in 1848, 100,000, and at this moment 160,000. It has 15,000 houses, ranging in regular streets, at right angles, toward and to the hills at the back two miles, and on its river's face three miles. It has seventy-four churches, three colleges, four medical and one law; one female college, several seminaries for young ladies; four grammar-schools, and twelve popular

schools of five thousand pupils; six banks, eight large public halls, a court-house, town-hall and jail, three civil courts sitting the whole year, an exchange, a mayoralty and mayor's office; several public libraries belonging to societies; sixteen insurance offices, a post-office, three theatres (but only one open this winter), a museum, water-works, gas-works, two hospitals, four orphan asylums, one lunatic; a great many foundries, cotton and woollen factories, and many others; mills of all kinds; and lastly, the great pork-killing and packing warehouses on the canal, which I have spoken of. Upwards of two hundred steam-engines are in constant activity, "driving" the machinery of planing-mills, foundries, flour-mills, saw-mills, rolling-mills, furniture factories, &c. They estimate invested capital in this every-day stir at 25,000,000 of dollars.

But the press is perhaps the most remarkable feature in this activity—no less than thirteen daily and twenty-five weekly newspapers! four monthly periodicals. They count, too, seven turnpikes, two great canals, a railroad to Sandusky on the lakes, another to Columbus, and a general telegraph; two great cemeteries, four miles off—that of Spring Grove containing a hundred acres. Grapes succeed very well all over this country, and a good deal of tolerable claret-like wine is made. I find these are but a few of the noticeable things, but I must stop; besides, all this so changes and so increases with every new year, that it would be absurd to dwell on it; it may, however, interest a momentary curiosity. Not that I think one need be so much in love with the dry or wet goods of this world; in extending streets, the multiplicity of shops, or the endless struggles of trade and manufactures—all showing the increase of the human race, and the contrivances to feed and amuse them—if that were but the one end and aim!

Already, in this fine valley, these charming hills and streams, some of the beauty is gone for ever. The wild and beautiful denizens of these woods and plains—the deer, the Indian—the clearness of the skies, the aroma of the flowers on these wild banks—all gone! Man jostles man, ruts disfigure the earth, and stenches fill interminable streets, where a dense population drink whisky, feed pigs, and higgle over European frippery. How many hateful passions and things are here engendered, the concomitants of all populous cities; not to mention the extraordinary swarms of rats! The very atmosphere at times is as dense in clouds of smoke as London itself; and this comes of meddling with the bowels of the harmless earth, as well as that "saltpetre" of our dear bard's scented lord.

Some men are lost in the greatness which looms afar in

other centuries to come; we may indeed take it any way, just as one is in the humour. For my part, I do not see that the earth being more peopled is any great blessing to the human race. What is China better for her three hundred millions, close packed, to the exclusion of all other animals? They must eat rats and dogs, even as dainties beyond the reach of the half-starved multitude. As to the astonishing power and glory of this race or that, and the superior enlightenment, science and arts, and superior mode of killing each other in greater numbers, what a melancholy farce it is! It adds nothing to all the happiness we are susceptible of—not a jot. We English are very proud of spreading the Anglo-Saxon race, the most inquisitive, meddling, and destructive on earth. We alter or destroy everything not squaring with our very limited ideas! We make killing all the lower creation our amusement! Soon, soon there will be no beautiful animals left; in these woods and plains the bear, the deer, the buffalo, the beaver, most wantonly destroyed: as if God had not made these things—the lion, the ostrich, nor beasts nor birds can escape the destroyer man. To be sure there is some hope for the rattlesnakes of Wisconsin, for rats, and for the fishes of the deep sea; but, alas! for the beautiful beasts and birds, not the most entangled forests can conceal them, the most remote island, in its own savage virtues, innocence, and happiness. A whaler comes, or a meddling Puritan preacher, or a protectorate! and all the vice and misery of us Europeans, conspicuous in the Anglo-Saxon race. I am going down the Ohio; but a clever, gentlemanly fellow, a lieutenant-colonel, who writes a pleasing book, puts me in mind of this destroying propensity.

He takes a run down by the lakes and these rivers, chiefly to kill all the unfortunate birds, prairie cocks and hens (grouse), he can bring his dog and double-barrels to bear on, in pure wanton amusement. Strange, that men should thus cultivate a taste for cruelty, and run about the world destroying everything, and boasting of their game-bags and battues. What can be more detestable than these wanton slaughters, whether in our own fields or west of Chicago? Another set of rational persons gallop all day after a poor fox. Yes, and a Mr. Cumming, *par excellence*, goes slaughtering by wholesale in Africa—highly amused!—and here we have had these poor, withered skin trophies at Hyde-park-corner. Ay, conceded, the more risk the more manly the sport: and why not hunt and shoot each other, at an increased risk, at which we have such a pious horror? Can we wonder at a taste for war? Oh, no; the pious raise their eyes and their voices, and chatter of wickedness and sin, but not a word of our eternal cruelties to the lower creation: to shed their blood, or worry them to death,

is voted a manly amusement, is cultivated, is lauded!—even our priests dare to kill and destroy for amusement; worry a poor fox or hare all day, and boast of it over their claret, in the teeth of our Humane Societies! But I shall only whisper these heterodox and most outlandish notions to the ice-vexed Ohio. By the way, all down the river, sea-going ships are built and cleared, even to farther Inde, from Pittsburg, Marietta, Cincinnati, and many other towns on its banks. When the river is high, a frigate might sail right down, over the rapids and all, to sea, and now-a-days may be towed up again by a steamer; not that it is done, as it wouldn't pay; so they remain attached to their various seaports, built somewhat cheaper than in the yards on the Atlantic.

In the descent of the Ohio many beautiful islands are passed; sometimes they are still quite wild, sometimes with farms on them. "Blennerhassit s" has a curious story attached to it; once owned by a citizen of that name, who was ruined by being connected with Aaron Burr. The ruins of his once fine mansion are still to be seen, I believe; he himself dying in Germany thirty years ago.

After all, how unsatisfactory it is hurrying down this unique river in this way; to see nothing of the islands, caves, salt-springs ("salines") iron mines, and coal, exquisite streams and valleys opening out on us every twenty or thirty miles on both sides. Then, again, those Indian mounds, which are so impenetrable to our puzzled archæologists and antiquaries, speaking of some departed race, it may be, old as the "Iliad." The largest of these barrows or mounds, like all of them, overgrown by immense forest trees, is on "Big Grave Creek," thirteen miles below Wheeling, at Elizabeth Town; but as we passed, and are now passing, so many objects of great interest, everything is so cold, so frozen up, that one is glad to sit crouching over the stove, and give the whole river, banks, islands, and all, to the sharp winds.

I have been lucky enough to get a cabin to myself, with nobody sleeping over or under me (all the cabins have double berths). In the mornings there are the usual ablutions at the one comb and jack-towel (I never saw the "*one tooth-brush*") in the barber's shop, where, too, the *bar* deals out its fire-water, the bar-keeper adding a private spec of very insipid apples. Piccayunes rain on his counter for the fruit in its innocent shape; but he has a good store of it condensed in the shape of apple-whisky, strictly guarded, at a whole *dime* a small glass, showing an imperturbable love of morality —and dimes. The barber, a young handsome mulatto man, had music in his soul, and when his chair was not filled by any of his numerous helpless victims, would teach himself music on that most cantankerous of viols, the violin; but he

had heard of Paganini, or "Old Dan Tucker, way down in Old Virginy!"

All our cabin servants at table were smart, handsome, saucy young citizens, who treated us all very much *de haut en bas*, and cleared us out of the way of their dinner-table cloths and midnight mattresses, when they spread them on the floor about the stoves without ceremony. The porter, however, was a real, virtuous Uncle Tom, who kindly polished the boots at a dime (5d.) a pair, and to whom all portmanteaus and bags paid toll for lifting them in and out of your cabin, at a dime a-piece; it was imperative, but enforced with an obsequious flourish, and display of white grinders and laughing whites of eyes—"Well sa, dat's de way we fix it down dis way, anyhow." There was but one more bit of ebony, in the shape of a very tall, dry creature, and excessively dignified and serene, in the shape of a cabin stewardess. The ladies were often irate at her excessive tyranny and sauce; at which she looked down on them with an expression of mild contempt, when they ventured to remonstrate at anything very audacious—not often, for no people in the world display a more stoical indifference for small annoyances: perhaps, indeed, they do not feel them at all, as there is no great nicety anywhere in this young country. I followed this plan, and, however vexed, never said a word, but fixed my mind on the stern Indian under torture, and the great spirit! I have said nothing of the big bones found, and now mostly gathered up, at Big-bone-lick-creek, in Kentucky. But we have got the mastodon and Arctic elephant, I think, in Great Russell-street. The oft-recurring word "lick," marks all those spots where the wild or tame quadrupeds licked the salt oozing from the many saline springs along the tributaries to the Ohio. We pass the Kentucky river—a stream, in grandeur, said to be nearly equal to the Hudson; but all these great tributaries have their peculiar beauties—sometimes running for hundreds of miles through a succession of delicious valleys, with fifty or a hundred mills already on their banks, or rushing through glens, having eaten their way down through the hard limestone hills for hundreds of feet, with their deep narrow beds unfathomable. How exquisitely romantic must a ramble be amidst these scenes in summer—the Indian summer, at any rate—for I should not like to trust massa mosquito, and one ought to be well shod for rattlesnakes.

Fine marbles, coal, and iron, abound all over this country in grand profusion; but, indeed, so does every rich and good thing in nature—in water, earth, and air. In these rich valleys ("bottoms") and plains wheat and Indian corn is raised in immense quantities, and forms the great staple of the west; millions of bushels are destroyed to make burning

whisky, which, coloured, &c., is the New England rum, another of their great staples.

I find I must avoid digressions, and get on faster; or would I paint the kickings of the poor horses—the horrid screechings of the brutal animals in charge, knocking them about—the constant ringing of the engine bells (everything is expressed to and from the engineer and the helmsman and pilot by certain strokes and ringings of the bells on board all the American steamers)—the dead pluff sound of the poor dead turkeys as they were thrown over—the harsh gratings of the snags and logs as they rubbed along our sides or stuck in the floats, were hurled on the guards, together with floes of the floating ice—the incessant cavernous howling whistle of the waste steam-pipe, and the occasional unearthly scream of the whistle—the rounding-to at various towns to get wood or coal, take in or send out passengers—all this made an incessant uproar, which defied sleep. Besides, I could not help thinking of our being loaded to the last half inch of floating capacity; and how the least hitch—(a small snag, a plank cut through, or any trifle, if only decently loaded), might send us all down on the instant. The boilers blowing up quite a secondary consideration—not worth considering at all.

Well, I shut my eyes all night. We arrived all safe at Louisville early next day, and made ourselves fast to an outside steamer lying at the wharf, the Greek Slave. She has already found her way here. What a California is fame! but surely never was there such a piece of humbug as that much ado about nothing Greek slave in Hyde-park. There were fifty statues at our Exhibition of greater merit, particularly in the Austrian marble court.

The Ohio here at Louisville is particularly wide and grand. Passing over a wide ledge of rocks opposite the town, it forms these rapids for about two miles. The canal of two miles is cut through the solid rock, in some places forty feet deep. The first steamer passed through in 1816. There is an island near the town, which stands on the higher bank of the river, and commands a fine view of the country, and Indiana opposite. The place is full of factories, foundries, and building yards, and is, though not the capital, the largest town in Kentucky, going ahead extremely of late years.

Some boats were before us in the canal, so we waited our turn, and many of us passengers went on shore across other steamers and hundreds of cotton bales, scattered about the strand and trod on by anybody. Its population is 60,000 or 70,000, and they have all sorts of halls, theatres, institutions, asylums, &c., to be found in all their cities, no matter how new. All well built, too, mostly in brick, but of grand proportions, and always well fitted for their purposes. Here, too,

they have four daily and twelve weekly newspapers; and killing and curing pork one of the many great speculations. Here, too, they build steam-boats, and make vast quantities of iron machinery for the steamers on all the western waters. On these rivers, six years ago, they reckoned no less than 1300, valued at 16,000,000! and 4000 keel and flat boats; the total value, even then, of all the products floated on these waters, 260,000,000; of the whole commerce (inland joined) 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 (dollars), double the amount of the foreign commerce of the whole United States. The average of steam-boats lost, sunk, or blown up, about fifty per annum.

The river is full of snags, logs, and ice, here very conspicuous in their accelerated motion. Several log and timber fishers dart out in their canoes and dingies, in spite of the ice, and catch any plank or log straying within safety distance of the rapids.

In a fit of pity and disgust at being forced to see all our live cargo suffering, I went on shore, resolved to change my steamer; but after I had got across all the cotton and all the mud, I could find no steam-boat-office, and nothing but dirty grog-shops and hucksters all along the front street. One man told me I had better get a hackney-coach to go down to Portland, or Shipping Port—but where get one? We were not told at what moment our steamer might let go the Greek Slave, and enter the canal, so that I was afraid to go up and find one, or look about the town. Besides, my trunk was on board, and we were told we should be off directly, a dodge of the captain's, who, though a fine-looking fellow, was over taciturn to us men, and over talkative, I thought, to the ladies; but both he and his clerk, (who took the head of the table and fair sex by turns,) were smart men, and particularly gallant; indeed, they were the greatest beaux on board. Altogether, I thought it best to put up with the ills we had. Every mile below this town on to Cairo (near 500 miles), most things would be easier, the weather warmer, less ice in the rivers, and even the poor turkeys, I hoped, rejoice in a little sun, to dry them and their wretched coops. In short, by sunset we entered the canal, and by midnight found ourselves below, clear of the last sluice-gate, at Shipping Port, among the grand Mississippi steamers. The charge is no less than 150 dollars per steamer; if by the river down the rapids, 45 dollars to the pilot.

We did not find less but more ice as we progressed; and, out of the sun next day, the air so cold as to freeze on the shady side of the boat. Now began our wooding, every few hours, at the wood depôts on the wild forest banks, where the wood-cutters have it corded ready, or placed corded in scows fast to the banks, so that the steamer rounds-to beside them.

The bargain is made (from two to three dollars the cord), and the crew soon throw it on board, where it forms a great pile, with coal, and hay for the horses, in the bow of the boat, at the mouth of the fire-grates.

Next day we pass many spots, all of more or less interest, impossible to notice—Salt River—Sinking Creek, where there is a cave, a wonderful cave, with basins of pure water on its floor, confined by natural sides of stone "as thin as the blade of a knife."

Lady Washington rock, standing out boldly; Bonharbor coal-mines; Green River, in Kentucky, famous for its Mammoth Cave. This river is navigable to the cave, 165 miles. It is almost incredible that stupendous cave should be known to extend eighteen miles, and is supposed but a small part of it, with more than 200 avenues, forty-seven domes, eight cataracts, several rivers. The mouth of this wonderful cave is on a plain, entering its mouth by a romantic dell. The first vestibule is 200 feet long by 150 feet wide, and 60 feet high, as smooth as a plastered wall; but the wonders increase, and I must cease.

Gothic halls, cathedrals, star chambers; the temple, with a roof 120 feet high, covering an area of two acres. Here, indeed, man may ruminate on his insignificance. All this, and eighteen miles more of it, far underground! Some day we shall, nay, we should have, travels in the Great Mammoth Cave, in three volumes.

Half-way down the Ohio nearly, we come to the mouth of the Wabash (Indiana), which is navigable for river craft for four hundred miles, running through the centre of the State. A hundred miles up it is the notorious Harmony, bought in 1824 of the German Harmonites by our Robert Owen, of Lanark, to try his *social system*, which, as it deserved, soon broke up.

Lower down, at "Cave in Rock," Mason and his gang of river pirates hung out, and plundered the loaded boats on the river. He was shot at length, and his gang dispersed. Then we pass the Cumberland River on the left. Below this comes in the Tennessee River, the largest tributary, a river of 1200 miles long, and navigable for boats for a thousand miles. At its mouth is the town of Paducah. Here the Ohio is very wide and wild, the shores getting lower, with rarely any of those hills on its banks seen higher up, but everywhere dense forests, where not cleared in patches by farms, or in semicircles round towns and villages near the water.

I forgot to mention Evansville, two hundred miles below Louisville, in Indiana, a smart, fast-increasing town, quoted as one of the most trading, enterprising places on the river. We put into the boat-office for a moment, though the ice

resisted us a good deal; but our boat behaved nobly, and cared nothing for snags, nor ice, nor anything, and took us on at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour through all obstructions. I felt sorry when at last we arrived beside one of the old steam-boat floating "hotels," at the muddy flat bank in the wild woods of the far-famed Cairo. If it is not Dickens's "Eden," it deserves to be—a desolate group of board houses at the junction of these mighty rivers. Here all is level forest swamp. They have raised a kind of ditch, called a levée, to keep out the rivers from the little patch of land they have cleared behind these dreary-looking habitations. A few idle, sickly-looking men lounged on the guards of their floating stores and hotels' decks. (Old worn-out steamers are thus employed at various places up and down these rivers.)

An English and American company have alternately tried to *settle* this pestiferous spot. Our company made it a monopoly in worthless land, over-built, and ruined themselves.

About a hundred people still vegetate here; they cannot be said to live, for they look half-dead, and seem to long to escape. The miasma must be terrible indeed to deter desperate men from attempting to settle in so eligible a spot for trade. People are never agreed as to the particular complexion of this fever, from which none escape—a sort of yellow fever and ague, common to all this country in a milder form.

And now comes that stupendous dead level, stretching along the wide plain of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico; nothing but wild forests and flats, with just a strip on each side of the river of a mile wide, cleared by the planters, from within 150 or 200 miles above, to New Orleans, cultivated in cotton, sugar-cane, Indian corn, rice, and tobacco. Another, the only source of wealth higher up and hereabouts, is firewood, cut and corded along the banks, for the steamers. At these depôts live a few miserably sickly wood-cutters in as miserable plank shanties. They put one in mind of plants under a board, or shut out from the sun and light. Long, thin, feeble, never well, never ill, not ill enough to drop their axes and take to their beds—if they have any, doubtful. Even these men do not own the wood they sell. The owner, some planter, employs them, and himself rides a long way through the woods to look after them occasionally, see what they are at, and collect his dollars. We saw several specimens of these wood proprietors, "half horse, half alligator," all wild originals to a man, and in the most odd-looking garments; loose boots, with red tops, dragged over loose trousers, with a sky-blue coat, or grey, and a felt hat of every possible shape, serving as a parasol or umbrella, as the case

might be. These dollar-making individuals we hailed as we approached their depôts.

"How's your wood?"

"Two-and-a-half, no drift."

"Two-and-a-quarter?"

"No."

The skipper, maybe, thinks the wood looks rather queer, too rotten, or mixed with too much drift-logs, so on we go; perhaps goes from Indiana bank over to Kentucky bank, or from Kansas to Tennessee, hails another:

"What's your wood?"

"Three. First-rate; hickory and oak real, and no mistake."

"Round-to."

A young wood meter jumps on shore, measures off (for they don't trust to *soi-disant* measurements), and in half an hour we have the wood, about eight or ten cords at a time, and off again. Cash is always paid.

The sort of wood and price are placarded on boards, generally chalked up, at these spots, but not often to be clearly made out. I observed both parties are extremely laconic; no questions asked, no talk; and here, cut off from the rest of the world, from everything supposed to interest human beings, they never make the smallest request for news of any sort, or even look at us or our pretty girls, (who show their faces at their cabin windows,) with the least curiosity or interest whatever.

In our course downwards we pass some few cotton-loaded steamers, a shade slower than ourselves, and some of the mail-steamers passed us; now and then a Yankee pedlar's floating store of notions, or, like Banvard's beginning, loaded with "calico for bees'-wax." They drift along with the current, with a long oar to steer by, that is, to put their floating shanty on shore, where they can make bargains. All down we took in passengers. Among others, a party of young fellows, well-dressed, with small wagons and horses, carrying some thousands of fruit-tree slips for grafting peach, cherry, and apple orchards. They landed, I think, at Memphis, and thus traverse various states; grafting *insured* at a dime a tree. Surely an admirable plan for all parties.

But one word *en passant* of the Upper Mississippi, which, from its source in the small lake of Itasca to Cairo, where the Ohio joins it, innumerable noble rivers pour into it, not to mention the grand Missouri. Its upper course above the Falls of St. Anthony is said to be 1100 miles, where it is 600 yards wide, falling over a limestone ridge seventeen feet.

For 700 miles farther down to St. Louis, its features are everywhere magnificent. Beautiful islands, limestone rocky bluffs of 400 or 500 feet perpendicular on the river in some

places, distant and proximate mountains, noble rivers and their opening valleys; its rapids at the junction of Rock River and Des Moines, must make this scene, for variety and grandeur, quite unique, even in this magnificent western world.

All this kind of beauty, however, ceases before it reaches Cairo. We see nothing but an island off the point, and must imagine the rest. In its onward course the great Mississippi has nothing but its deep, boiling whirlpool, sullen, turbulent grandeur, as it rolls silent and dangerous to the ocean.

It is low just now, and may be from half to a mile wide or more; but when swollen in the spring, it rises, at a medium, fifty feet, floods the great forest plains on both sides, and rushes on, in some places thirty miles wide, through the woods, a waste of terrific muddy waters. Still the channel can be traced by the eye to those navigating the stream, no farther than the wall of forest-trees which follow the course of the river on either hand.

It is a curious fact that this prodigious rise is so lowered and absorbed by its spread, and into innumerable channels, that in the course of 1000 or 1200 miles, at Natchez, it is lowered to thirty feet, and at Baton Rouge, above New Orleans, to ten or twelve. I confess I was not sorry to go down it in its more quiet state. We often see its sandbanks bare, and can mark the new growth of young timber nursery-grounds, where it has quitted one side for the other, and where it has made its "cuts-off" across its earlier windings. We followed the main stream through some of these new cuts; at others we were forced to follow the bayou round, often almost in a complete circle, for it is singularly tortuous all the way down.

Leaving the Ohio, the weather grows colder; it rains first, then snows, and the woods are covered with a white mantle, so we have not at all got rid of the winter, though some of our days, descending, were sunny and pleasant.

We find a great deal of loose ice coming down from the Upper Mississippi; it makes our situation more critical, and on some of the wide reaches the waves make a complete breach over the boat's deck; but as we are something less oppressed with load by the ordinary consumption each day, we can afford to dash through waves, snags, and ice. During the day it is but pleasantly exciting, and relieves the monotony of the scene, for one can see nothing from the roof of our boat but the far-stretching turbid river, and interminable forests, and so on to each town.

We pass New Madrid, in Missouri state, on the right, the scene of a very severe earthquake in 1811; it raised some neighbouring lakes and drained others, so that corn is grown where they once were, while the banks of the river were for

hundreds of yards swallowed up in the stream. The town itself was sunk twenty feet; but this is an old story, and a mile or two, more or less, of mud bank is not missed.

Memphis is very pleasantly situated on one of the Chickasaw bluffs, but they should be called gentle hills—they are nothing like the grand limestone perpendicular bluffs above. Government have established a navy-yard here, and there is an active commerce up and down the river, being the only point fit for it on either side for 600 miles, down to Vicksburg. It is backed by a great cotton-growing country; 120,000 bales are said to be annually sent on board here. Population about 12,000. The mouths of large rivers coming in right or left are barely perceptible. The Arkansas River, in its state, now on our right, is one of these, inferior only to the Missouri; its course said to be 2000 miles.

I will mention a few other names as singular. We pass the Yazoo, which is joined by the Yellabusha and Tallehatchee, 160 miles above its mouth; all these rivers, great and small, send dozens of cotton-loaded steamers down the great stream. Keeping on the even tenor of our way, we arrived at Vicksburg, famous for its gamblers and Lynch law; but all this is changed. It is now a very quiet, respectable place of many factories, and much trade in cotton and dry goods; and on the most beautiful spot I have yet seen, called a bluff, rising grounds, and pretty hills.

We stopped here an hour or two for goods and passengers. A Vicksburg loafer, with his great beard, came, towel in hand (he was dressing), out of his room at the old steam-boat (hotel) as we sidled up to it, and I, jumping on the hotel deck, ran up the bank to get a paper at the *Press* office, but I was told none were out yet, as the President's speech had taken extra hours to strike off.

By this time our milk was exhausted, and we were in hopes of a fresh supply at breakfast; but the steward contrived not to get any—a small saving. Altogether, however, our table was not bad, considering the lowness of our fare (in dollars). Here we took on board a family going to Texas with their slaves. Poor things; the females excessively ugly, dirty, and ill-dressed. The master and mistress poorer than their slaves, but not in rags. Some looked serious, but not so deeply so as their master and mistress; some smiling and lively. But a party of lads who came on board somewhere lower down were as gay and nearly as well dressed as our gentlemen's sons; they had been hired somewhere, and had all the liveliness and easy assurance of boys leaving school. One can never judge, however, by appearances, either of happiness or misery; and I always suspect conversations got up by travel-

ers by a set of pointed questions to any slave met in a steamer or hotel, or on his own master's estate!—"Would you like your freedom?" Of course—the bare word (as that of slavery is odious) is dear to us all, and yet how often does it mean nothing—sometimes, I am convinced, hunger, wretchedness, and despair. They may be free, when old, to starve; and as to a life of daily hard work on one farm, or in one village, what slave ever drudged in serious monotonous cheerlessness, from youth to old age, more hopelessly than our own farming labourers? The whole world is for ever disputing about words—shifting from facts to abstract ideas, backwards and forwards, to suit the momentary purpose.

Here is the Englishman's American lady thinks her slaves the happiest creatures on earth (and it is true of *house* slaves), but is very indignant at the idea of kissing the Queen's hand! and yet she would go to court—she would, if she ever went to London.

"My dear, you'd have to," says the attentive husband, "when presented."

At which she looks awful daggers, with, "Well, I guess she'd never catch me a kissing her hand; no, I'd not demean myself so low—let her slaves do it."

I think there was nothing passed on board all the way down very amusing. I was in hopes to have seen more originals, and expected to see some turn-ups among a set of card-players among the loafers and sharpers, who were occasionally joined by a judge, a lawyer, and a planter, whose families were on board. They sometimes played all-fours, sometimes the constant game of yutah; often sitting up till midnight playing for dollar stakes; but, except a little awful swearing at each other between two cronies, nothing occurred—no "difficulty," as fights are called, nor any fun. There was no piano, so reading and cards prevailed among the ladies. There was, to be sure, one sudden Mississippi flirtation, however. A fine girl, a tall governess going to Natchez, took a violent fancy to a young fellow with lank, long hair, demure, and soft spoken. For a whole week he never ventured near the fair, and sat far down the table among the hopeless bachelors, when all at once, by love's enchantment, we saw him seated at the head of the table next his inamorata! He was studious, and had lent her a book at some propitious moment. And now they were never a moment asunder; far in the night, by moonlight, as we ran into more pleasant weather south, they walked alone along the outer balconies, (which are carried round these boats,) in the most loving propinquity. The women whispered—the men winked—it was a match. No, she left us, and the gentleman did not follow. But these sort of flirtations are sudden, and very

violent in the States; they may end in a day; nobody think anything of it.

The poor turkeys and poultry began to enjoy the sun little; altogether about eighty died on the passage the firs few days, from the wet and cold; their later sufferings cam from the sun and thirst. I now and then helped the tw men, their owners, to give them water, but there was n trough anywhere, and some of the poor things never got any

The horses, too, got more used to the fire of the engine the bells, the whistles, and the screeching brutality of the keepers. They plunged less, and submitted to their fate tied up in the cold wind; for the deck is open all round a the sides. Grand Gulf is remarkable as being an ugly cus tomer in snags, and whirlpools, and eddies.

But I do not mention all the towns, rivers, bluffs, an wooding stations along the river—alternately in Arkansas Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana; it would be an un meaning list of names—some of them curious and Indian but the greater part incongruous or absurd. Palmyras Carthages, and Brownsvilles, Simpsonvilles. Never surel was this French word *ville* so hackneyed and vulgarised—a over America; so that "cut-offs," and Bayou Atacafalaya Big Black Creek, Horse-shoe Bend, Devil's Bake-oven, &c. are quite a relief.

As the sun was getting warm, and ice had nearly disap peared on our approach to New Orleans, I began to look ou for alligators, and at Bayou Sara (Serée) we saw a small on sunning himself near some large trunks of trees close to th town, and where we put in with the boat. It was but a infant, and slipped quietly into the river out of harm's way "very likely its mother didn't know it was out!" the skipper suggested.

We pass Natchez, built on nice hills or bluffs, for every little elevation of the shore on either side is welcome in this thousand-mile dead forest level. Most of these towns and settlements were originally French: and there is a story here of horrid treachery and barbarity to the poor Indians in the eighteenth century. But, indeed, what is the whole history of us Christians, Spaniards, French, and English among these children of the New World, but a succession of robbery, treachery, and butchery! The catalogue is too black to venture on, filling one with disgust and anger, all in the name of God and Heaven!

We see a mail steamer going up the Red River, where we take an immense circle, not venturing through the "cut-off." An old steamer at the bank did duty as a sort of store and depôt at its mouth; below this the sugar-cane thrives best. This is an immense river, rising in New Mexico, 1500, or

000 miles off, running through dense tangled forests and sandy wildernesses; it is navigable for 700 miles, to where it runs under natural rafts of fallen trees, so deep and compact that it is crossed as on a bridge, on horseback, for miles, the overgrown mould, moss and shrubs concealing the river beneath; this is above Nachitoches. Of late years the excellence and fertility of hills and valleys on this wonderful river begins to attract settlers, and several large towns have sprung up, far more remote and "out of the world" than here in savage Mississippi itself. It is not the novelty alone—all nature here astonishes in the gigantic span of her silent workings.

We rush through the Racourci, twice "cut off," and in half a mile save a twenty mile bend (bayou); but bayou means any winding side river, or inlet, as well as these multiplied serpentine vagaries of this father of fresh waters. We have left the Mississippi state, at Bayou Sara, and are now entirely in Louisiana, and soon pass Baton Rouge, the capital. It is built on the last rising ground to be called a hill, even by courtesy. The town is small, and looks pretty from the river. Here the U. S., or Uncle Sam, has an arsenal, barracks—a fine building—and 400 soldiers, a hospital, a land-office, a state house, penitentiary, gaol, a college, and all the etceteras of the capitals of each State, but it is known only to a few officials; all the world live at New Orleans.

I might have marked the phases of this unique river more vividly. At one place where we put in for wood in 'Kansas, at New Carthage, the proprietor lived on the spot in the woods, in not a bad frame-house. This was a stern original, the *beau ideal* of the "true *grit*," half horse, half alligator, as he sat and whittled on the top of his piles of wood. His slaves were employed about; and one old woman was driving a span of oxen in a cart loaded with wood. About fifty yards from this barn I admired a *slip* of his territory; undermined by the river, eight or ten acres had sunk thirty or forty feet; noble pines, oaks, hemlocks, at the bottom of this muddy crater, still kept possession of the soil, but all thrown into various angles, and some prostrate, while yawning mud-chasms, through which the river was stealing, wound about their lower uptorn roots. This scene of utter desolation and engulfed wilderness he called Old Carthage! Shade of Scipio! here was a modern Marius sitting on his logs, but only ruminating tobacco and pouching his dollars. Nothing pays so well as wooding up and down this river. Our boat expends a thousand dollars each trip for wood alone. This severe 'Kansas colt was no doubt happy, the jingle of dollars sweet music. He defied fever and mosquitoes; and as for the sinking of Old Carthage at his door, or had it sunk house

and all, it would not have moved his grim resolve to go on cording his wood. Hereabouts we first begin to observe the curious Spanish moss, which drapes and at length kills the forest trees. It is very singular; wafted by the air this parasite attaches itself to the branches, grows in long graceful festoons, and drapes the woods; but I think funereally. I do not like it; it looks melancholy; vampire-like it kills its victims. It is of an olive greenish grey colour, and is converted, after being kiln-dried and broken like flax, into mattresses; its inner texture being black, very much resembles horsehair.

In our winding course we have got to the west of New Orleans, so that the lower part of this river runs eastward from about Plaquemine, and so on to the Balize, in an E.S.E. direction, as if it came from Mexico; but such are the immense distances, that even this last change in its general direction comprises 200 or 300 miles. I have said nothing of the planters, their houses and sugar-cane mills, steam-engines, and negro-quarters, generally built in a street of small frame-houses behind the great house and garden. These sugar plantations begin below Red River, till beyond Baton Rouge they fringe both shores in Louisiana, to New Orleans; the wall of forest forming an unbroken line behind them, of from one to two miles width of fields from the river side. The great cotton plantations are more in the interior. and out of sight, and spread over the south through all the States.

We saw nothing of the sugar-cane, which, planted in the spring, is cut in the autumn, and the fields cleared; and as the Indian corn grows and ripens at the same time, the fields are everywhere quite bare; indeed, shortly after our arrival, they were covered with snow, an unheard-of thing so far south; but this year is very severe, kills many indigenous flowers and shrubs, and nearly all their orange-trees, which are invariably the chief ornament of their gardens. But no more of the river.

On the tenth day, of a balmy afternoon, we pass round the crescent-bend in front of the great city of New Orleans, and after landing our seventy horses at the barracks below the town, we return, and take up our berth among the steamboats: their wharves, at what is called the levée, taking up one-third (in the centre) of the river face, which, from the upper to the lower tier of shipping, extends about five miles. These levées are no levées at all, as I expected; they are not a bit above the level of the streets, being merely broad, well-planked wharves, sloping to the river, supported by strong piles, and about ten feet, at the highest part, above the current, which is now very low. I am quite disappointed with the first view of this much bepraised city of the south. I expected to find it

ore French, antiquated, picturesque in solid high-peaked oofed houses, and a French or Spanish air, but all is now mo-otonous American. I can only except the old cathedral in e middle of the town, still the French quarter; but now the eat mass of the place, houses, streets, warehouses, cotton-esses, stores, language, dress, manners; all is wholly merican, down to hackney-coaches, cotton-drays, and niggers.

No sooner do we touch one of the outer steamers (for there no room to come quite inside the double, often triple, rows, rming bridges across each other's decks), than a troop of cks gallop down the planks, draw up in files, and their ivers, chiefly Paddies, jump on board, whip in hand, and seize us.

"You'll be going to the Verandah Hotel, sir? It's myself take you there in no time."

"Ay, my man, anywhere."

We all shake hands, and bid a kindly good-by to each other, ter ten days begets friendly nods and sociability, and more an one sincere and hearty invitation to plantations 500 iles off.

The great St. Charles' Hotel, corner of St. Charles-street, d just been burnt down; so the Verandah, close to it, be-me *the* hotel, though there are hundreds in the town; and ither I betook myself, went through the usual registration, ith the usual warning on the bedroom-door, besides the easure of being urbanely congratulated on my good luck in tting one of the two beds unoccupied. This is an immense tel: hundreds of beds, hundreds at table, hundreds at the r. At meals we sit in an immensely fine domed hall, in rkness visible, on exactly the same plan as the Astor, and all hers; but it is better, and the charge, including everything, ree dollars a-day.

The first thing which strikes one at New Orleans is the ant of care and neatness in everything in-doors and out. he streets are miserably paved; the only place to walk with y pleasure is on the planked levée at the water-side, among e cotton bales, casks, boxes, carts, hacks, and crowds.

I ranged on it along the whole extent of the river face, and uld not but admire the numbers of fine ships in tiers above d below, where they face the succession of cotton-presses and rds, each with its curious steam-engine press, operating on ousands of bales, reducing them at a single squeeze (placed tween two moving platforms) to half their plantation size, d ready for shipping.

Everything here is on a magnificent scale, as if this pestilent amp and threatening stream disdained economies of space, ought, or action. Indeed, all that meets the eye whispers, Be bold, be resolute; gain your ends at any risk; short is

your time—be off—or die." The most prudent and riche merchants keep this in view. Why talk of your house, you means, your family, your friends, when everything shifts in year or two, and swarms of new faces pour in and out; whe the police and the law stand for very little; where there is n rule, no order—the very authorities set at defiance by the own motley citizen mob, or the mob of desperadoes from ever state in the Union! True, all this does not appear at fir sight, and its worst features only break out at intervals. Bu all police regulation, order, cleanliness, and obvious commo sense arrangements, are quite neglected by the mayor an municipality—as in most of their cities—or they dare not e force them. Here they are in a dead lock, some parts of th city being beyond the centre (or one end) jurisdiction!

Their daily papers are loud against this mischievous an absurd state of things. Meantime, as every soul is busy, fe or none hungry, though dirty and ragged enough, and all th world, like ourselves, used to a loose self-government, thing go on somehow, the town increases, and its population swelle by Irish emigrants, who flock more and more each year to th south.

One hardly ever hears French spoken, except by the olde negro slaves, and some few French new from France; for th natives (they call themselves creoles) though they speak bo languages, seldom have occasion to speak French, except t new comers, or, perhaps (if French), at home, in their familie

Fine buildings abound. The Custom-house, in granite, no rising on the river side, near the centre, Canal-street, will b a noble edifice. The whole town is on piles; and there a no cellars, nothing underground. The least hole dug, u rushes the water! In such a swamp, however the surfac may be dry, paved, or planked, one wonders they venture build anything solid or heavy, and yet the whole town is brick, with many houses massive and of stone; the suburb only in frame, fires are so frequent, so very often are hous burned on purpose!

The chief market-day is on Sunday, after morning mass the cathedral close by (about the centre of the city, openin out on a square to the river). The market is a fine, amp building, open on all sides. Here all the work-a-day wor may be seen—chiefly very ugly female negroes—squatting rows along the sunny strand, with little piccayune heaps pot-herbs, vegetables, grapes, oranges, bananas, pepper, sug and sugar-cane, pineapples, yams, sweet potatoes. This tr pical fashion puts one in mind of the West Indies. I looke about for Indians, but only saw two or three half-starve creatures standing, cold, mute—statues in rags; yet did look with interest on their wan faces—this was *their* lan

But even the degraded remnants about the southern towns contrast favourably with the chattering monkey-antics of the restless negroes, who, forsooth, affect to despise them.

I one day crossed the boiling, rushing stream to the opposite shore, a kind of suburb called Algiers, where everything bears the marks of decay; muddy roads, broken wharves, nothing neat or cared for; some few warehouses at the river side, where a few ships, not finding room at the city side, unload or load occasionally. Steam ferry-boats cross every half-hour from two or three of the city ferries, the fare a dime both ways. A Frenchman going over was loud against the knavery of his tenants, and everybody. He had made money in eighteen years; but to keep it, or get his rents, or get any one house repaired or painted, is hard work. He called on an independent operative at a store about some job, ordered for the twentieth time—"Mon Dieu!" said he, "quel pays!"

This side is fast washing away. A fine house in the best style—all their country-houses are large, square, with high roofs and dormant windows (mansards), with broad verandahs carried quite round them, or at least on two sides—this house and its ruined garden, all now in ruins, had been long abandoned by its owner to the devouring river. It was close to the floating ferry-office and platform. A few squalid squatters, negroes and Irish, had taken possession, ready to move when the premises began to move.

The city is full of exchanges, large saloons with bars. At some of them, the crowds who hang about them day and night have "cold cuts" and lunch gratis. Here most of the turns-up and scenes of violence occur; not that I saw one in the two weeks I remained. There were, however, two night assassinations, and people out at night always went armed; but these grog-shops below the cathedral, and in Lafayette suburb above, are the worst.

They may be said to have no outlet by land except the Shell-road, of five or six miles, straight as an arrow across the flat or swamp of Palmettos (ditched, and near the town lazily cultivated) to Lake Ponchartrain to the north-east. This, and a canal opening from basins in the eastern suburbs, and running south of the lake, and a railroad parallel, to Lakeport on the lake, seem the only lines at all frequented. The Shell-road is exquisite in its smoothness, formed of the gnothodon shell (a giant cockle), an extinct species, found in masses about the Gulf of Mexico swamps.

This fine bit of road is the fashionable drive for their fast men and fast horses, in their spider-spoke-wheeled light wagons, common all over the Union. They drive out, smoke and drink at hotels on the lake, then they drive back, smoke and drink, sometimes racing all the way.

Walking out Canal-street, the widest, if not the best, in New Orleans (the canal filled up and planted with trees), just at the suburbs, a short mile from the river, the lazy ruffian cotton-draymen are allowed to leave the dead carcases of their poor horses and mules when worn out or killed. A horse and mule I saw by the road side infecting all the air; and so on in all the swamp Palmetto ends of the suburbs. This, too, in a town where the most exact care should be taken to prevent infections, where, from the inevitable summer miasma, the yellow fever too often decimates the inhabitants; but nobody cares.

What with returned or going Californians, rich planters once in ten or twenty years turning up from their far-off estates on the Red River, or the centres of these wild states, or suddenly-enriched artisans and tradesmen, &c., New Orleans is full of curious originals—some violent, some funny and harmless enough. About this hotel, where Common and Charles-street corner is crowded day and night, one of these odd creatures displays himself. He has made dollars, and now idles about from dram-shop to dram-shop (exchanges) in utter vacancy, dressed in superfine blue broadcloth, richly embroidered in oak-leaves (like a prime minister's), his buttons gold eagles and half-eagles, with an immense gold eagle and cockade in a broad-brimmed beaver white hat, his fingers in rings of price, and round his neck half a dozen massive gold chains; but all this is not rich enough—he stands in *silver shoes!* All the world know this crazy creature, and he chats, and drinks, and treats, and is treated, for ever. He is very political, and beats six acres of rattlesnakes and copper-heads in biting republicanism.

The fierce cold returns, the snow lies six inches on the ground, the orange-trees are killed, iron pipes split, and the whole town pelting each other with rare snow-balls; but such a winter is not in the oldest memory.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW ORLEANS—MOBILE—PENSACOLA AND THE FLORIDAS.

COTTON BARQUE TO CAPE COD ALONG THE GULF STREAM.

I AM hurried on to Mobile, and must steal a word or two more of New Orleans before I leave it, not to describe, but correct my own ignorance of simple facts. Thus, I find there is a railroad to Carroltown, seven miles off, higher up the river—a favourite retreat for the richer merchants; and that "Algiers," on the opposite side of the river, is considered the workshop of the city, particularly for carpenters, blacksmiths,

and shipwrights; it has various manufactories, with steam motive power; several ship-building yards, and a large sailors' hospital, though it is washing away; and so may be this great city some of these days. Very lately they were inundated by the river's breaking in above them (by a short cut) over the trifling ditch-like elevations along the banks, the whole town being four feet below the higher level of this turbulent stream.

But nobody cares for possibilities or probabilities; it will or it may go on as it has for hundreds of years, so slow are the disappearances or creations of our earth, which, swampy as it is here, is as valuable in hard dollars for so many feet and inches "frontage," as it is in London; indeed, house-rent is dearer here, as is every necessary and every luxury of life. But the Americans everywhere live very expensively, whether they can afford it or not.

I did not go to what is called the "battle ground," six miles down the river, where the flower of our brave troops were so rashly led to slaughter—it can never be fairly called a battle. The Americans, secure behind their trenches and cotton bales (of all possible barriers the most impenetrable and safe), with their rifles at a rest, fired at our regiments as they might have done at so many moving targets. We had two thousand killed and wounded, while they had *seven killed and six wounded!* This sad affair lasted but a single hour, on the "plains of Chalmette." Our poor fellows might with infinitely more chance of life have been led against the curtain of a citadel unbreached, across a wet ditch. From behind this long line of cotton bales three or four thousand unerring rifles were levelled breast high. The whole thing was reduced to a certainty. What fatality could have prompted such an onset seems to me to this day unaccountable; for our mistake in attacking in this direction at all must have been known after the first affair, a week previous, when our advancing army were engaged and fired on by the armed schooner stationed in the river three miles below this fatal spot; and from whence the Americans retreated back to these lines. Here both armies were six days looking at each other, till the disastrous Sunday morning, the 8th of January, 1814. "Slowly and steadily the columns advanced toward the American line. Behind their parapets all was silent until the British army had reached a convenient distance, when a deadly fire was poured in." This is the American account of it, and it seems fair enough; all these flats are more or less dry and firm according to the seasons. The left of the American entrenchment was secured by the swamp being impracticable; it could not be turned, and the river defended their right. Why we chose our approach by Lake Borgne below, instead of Lake

Pontchartrain behind, and so much nearer the city, across a firmer part of these flats and swamps, is not said. But time and oblivion throws its mantle over victories and defeats alike; fifty years levels everything. What have all our victories in the Peninsula, crowned by Waterloo, done for us?

This Crescent City is a hundred miles above the four branches of the mouth of the Mississippi, which, loaded with mud and wood, the wrecks of thousands of miles of forests, carries its own peculiar delta out with it into the Gulf of Mexico, where all in its vicinity is shallow, flat, and muddy. They have always numerous tug steamers far at sea in the gulf, in these shallow, discoloured waters, constantly on the look out, with their pilots, to tow the shipping up the river —a most lucrative business. Indeed, all the accessories of trade soon grow more valuable to the bodies of men engaged in it than the trade itself, without its risks and anxieties. Thus, in the cotton marts up the Mississippi and at Mobile, swarms of cotton brokers usurp the market; the planters are mere babes in their hands; they rule them and the market; the cotton is forestalled or mortgaged often before it is picked, and wasted and eaten into in many ways before it is finally shipped for Liverpool or Europe. At Mobile and New Orleans it is unmercifully slashed and robbed to get deep into the bale for the *sample*. Then come the host of small pilferers to pick up on the wharves and about the cotton-presses the millions of handsful blown about and trodden under foot everywhere; plucking slily at the wounded ragged bales to help.

A law has at last put a stop to this kind of gleaning; but still the poor planter finds a fearful falling off of the weight as it left *his* press. And thus the wood-sellers up and down these immense rivers make more money than the owners of the steamers they sell it to.

This kind of ramification is one of the mysteries of all trade; one may pursue it into a huckster's shop, or the luxurious villa of the exchange, the cotton or the stock broker: it is the Spanish moss which drapes the live oak, the pine, and the magnolia.

Now and then a man starts up and eloquently points out certain evils to the community;—just now it is Mr. James Robb, a rich merchant, who at Baton Rouge does not spare his Crescent City townsmen—pointing out all the nuisances, anomalies, uses and abuses of the city. I have said there is no walk so pleasant as the planked levée—but there are six public squares and many fine streets notwithstanding; and no doubt many of the private gardens and grounds of the suburbs and finer houses, with their orange and palmetto shades, are very pleasing in the spring and early summer months.

In some of the streets of the old town near the cathedral one sees here and there houses of the Spanish and French, solid and lofty, with marble portals, iron balconies, deep cornices, and rich carvings; but they must be looked for; lying in a quarter remote from the bustle and crowds of the modern haunts.

But, indeed, the greatest stir of all kinds is on the levée at the river side; compared with its river face, the city has no depth, none of the streets inwards being much more than half a mile in length, before one comes to the open flat country, overrun by the low, fan-like palmetto, which springs up in these idly-cultivated flats, is browsed on and disfigured by the half-starved stray cattle.

At the back of the city in this direction, to the north-east, towards Lake Pontchartrain, the plain extends on all hands, perhaps three miles, framed in by the forests in the background, much as it is above and below, intersected by frequent ditches.

The coasting trade with Mobile, the Floridas, and West Indies by their schooners and sloops is very active and considerable, coming in by the canal from Lake Borgne (an extensive inlet east of Lake Pontchartrain).

But it is time to start for Mobile, though I was almost tempted to go to the Havana by one of the steamers or screw clippers, which go down the river in quick succession to Cuba, and all the West India islands, taking the round, too, of the gulfs westward, many of them to the Texas, Vera Cruz, and Chagres; but at this moment there is a feeling of suspicion and dislike at Havana against the Americans, or anything Anglo-American, so I called in the assistance of a broth of a boy driving a cab—not long sure from the first gem of the ocean—to convey me to the railway depôt. The whole country had, for nearly a week, been covered six inches deep in snow, and I had assisted at a dance at a first-rate wholesale boarding-house, where, in the drawing-room, the gents smoked, and the young ladies between the dances running out on the balcony playfully pelted their partners with snow-balls, in spite of the serious displeasure of their orchestra, complete in the person of Massa Quambo, a sable fiddler in high fashion, who expected three dollars for his job: a conscientious man, bent on giving good measure, but much vexed at the snow-ball pause, fiddling out of tune—to no tune in particular—with an incessant earnest gravity not to be trifled with.

But now it rained, and as suddenly changed, with the wind, to intense freezing again. I think I have reason to say the town is execrably paved; never have I been so jolted in a cab, or at so dear a rate. My Paddy—good luck to him,

sure he wouldn't be picking up fares too fast—insisted on a dollar; distance about a mile, on the French side of the city, towards the canal basins.

It was late in the afternoon, and this train was meant to meet the Mobile mail steamer at Lakeport, at its terminus on Lake Pontchartrain. Away we went across the flats, six miles; the last half of it through the primitive swamp, half under water, and the wild woods, which encircle all these lakes and bayous.

Lakeport, where we arrived at sunset, is a small hamlet of frame houses, built on piles, on and near a long wooden jetty, carried out into the Lake Pontchartrain, on which the rail runs to its terminus wharf, where the steamers generally lay alongside; but the waters are very low just now, and by the time we got out of the cars it blew a violent freezing gale of wind from the north, and we could see the steamer at anchor, as near as she could safely lay to the shallow shore, but hopelessly out of reach, and no boats or any sort of conveyance to put the passengers on board, if the fierce waves, lashed against the jetty, would have allowed it—doubtful! Meantime we are all huddled out of the cutting wind in the barn-like depôt, or store, among the casks, bales, and boxes, and left to commune with each other; not a creature to say—what next? The cars having returned to New Orleans, conductor and all, not in the slightest degree moved or concerned at our pleasant predicament.

We were an odd, motley group, to be sure, much resembling shipwrecked mariners on a frozen inhospitable coast, and about as comfortable. Our being only six or seven miles from New Orleans itself did not at all mend the matter! There was, indeed, nothing pathetic, but an immense deal of swearing (at all captains, boats, and rails), and suffering from the intense cold; the margin of the lake, though salt water, frozen in ridges as it lashed the shore, and all of us exposed to the full fury of the gale, being on the lee shore. But I have talked so much of cold and freezing lately, that I will now only add, that after waiting in vain for hours, some taking shelter in grog, oyster cabins, and empty bath houses (for in the summer heats this is one of the watering-places), half this living cargo were fain to make up their minds to remain all night, while others returned to New Orleans by the next train, more dead than alive.

I followed a body of unfortunates back about half a mile, to a hotel; a large, handsome house, luckily not shut up, but left in charge of two or three Swiss lads to rough it for the winter, and make what they could at the bar. At a full run we all rushed in, too happy to find anything in the shape

of shelter; the night pitch dark, and nothing heard but the howling of the winds and lashing of the waves.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," and a hot stove; but I could be eloquent on the intense sufferings of that wretched night, and the next: to be frozen to death on the hot Gulf of Florida was really too much of a good thing; amidst the odoriferous pines and magnolias, and milk-white sands; where nobody can complain of anything but intolerable heat and mosquitos. Now this hotel, which had hardly a window without a broken pane of glass, however pleasant in the heats (for a nice verandah ran round it, and it stood in its little formal garden, with brick edges to its borders, and shaded by palms, live oaks, and pines), was not at all meant for such weather as this. The wind swept through it in every direction. In vain the Venetian blinds were closed; even the bar-room was at zero, except in a close ring round the stove; and I must needs attempt to go to bed at the end of a long whistling corridor up-stairs. All my Ohio pains from freezings were nothing to that night; not but that the exquisite suffering, stretched on that damp mattress, with an old calico quilt, were in some sort relieved by my fears every now and then, in the fiercer gusts of the gale, of the house being blown away into the woods altogether. Oh, how I welcomed the first rays of the rising sun next morning! How delightful to sit at breakfast (for they made us a fire, and did wonders in the way of feeding us, considering this was a temporary Siberia) —to sit at breakfast, I say, quite alive and merry, though the water did freeze in the tumblers as we sat! Americans are not content with coffee, which is always excessively watered, but must have a glass of water beside them to drink besides, or a tumbler of milk.

And now we learned, that after we had escaped from the jetty, the steamer started for Mobile with the mail (somehow got on board), leaving a batch of her yellow slave-boy waiters on shore, who were warming themselves, and not looking out. Their comments on the skipper's cool conduct were as sharp as the winds: "They didn't care"—"He'd better mind, or they'd ship on board some other boat." Another steamer was now at anchor, and though the gale and cold were very little abated, yet we were in hopes of getting off, by means of an old schooner, which could come up to the jetty and take us off. This same schooner should have been at her post last night; but with the usual carelessness, and idleness, and unaccountableness of everybody in everything, she was nowhere to be seen.

Even now, with a second day's accumulation of travellers, we were kept shivering for hours while they took on board

cotton and cargo—as that, paying best of the two, went first. It was not easy to get on board from the jetty, over a plank, from the roughness of the waves. I pitied some of the poor ladies as they sat huddled together on the dirty deck, amidst hogsheads, boxes, bales, and freezing water wetting their feet; for the careless animals had contrived to throw over an immense chest, filled with all the worldly goods of some poor i ·nigrating family. Getting it out of the lake, it broke open, and discharged its contents, water and all, about the deck. One poor sick man, in charge of his wife or sister, was carried on board in a dying state; the cold alone was enough to kill him. At length, towards evening, the steamer, a fine boat (much on the same plan as those at New York and Philadelphia), weighed anchor, and breasted the gale.

This passage is made through the channel between Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, and along a chain of islands off the shores of the states of Mississippi and Alabama; the largest of these, Dauphin Island, is of great length, its eastern end forming part of Mobile Bay; where we arrived next morning, among the merchant fleet of cotton ships at anchor within the bar at Point Mobile. This is a curious sight; it is quite a town of ships; a little floating community; thirty miles from Mobile, and four or five miles from the nearest shores and pine forests. Here they remain for months waiting for their cargoes, which are brought down to them in steamers. They visit each other, and try to make the best of their tedious detention; some of the captains living at Mobile, or coming backwards and forwards occasionally.

We soon ran up the bay to the city on the western side, inside long, low, narrow islands of rushes and trunks of trees, which obstruct and mask the whole water-side face of Mobile, and make fast to the fine plank steam-boat wharf, beside other steamers, ships, barques, schooners, and all sorts of vessels of light draught—that is, ten feet; for Mobile Bay, all its upper part, is shallow for twenty miles, and its navigation difficult; the channels narrow, and the rise of tides along the Gulf of Mexico making little difference ebb or flow.

In our run from the lake of pleasant memory, the paddle-wheels had cased the sides in ice, and great pendent icicles ornamented our paddle-boxes. As to our interior comforts I cannot speak in raptures; there was the usual impenetrable circle of ruminators round the lower cabin stove, with all their abominations, as I lay freezing in a kind of open berth (running round in double tiers, with curtains under the windows), although within three yards of the said animated fire-screen, which sat up the whole night, and could not be dispersed to clear away for breakfast by the unceremonious

darkies, until one of them, with a chuckle and a wink, threw a handful of Cayenne pepper in the fire. The fumes had an instant effect, setting us all coughing, and sending our imperturbable squatters flying in all directions; this trick astonished me; I had no idea it could produce such a choking sensation. This was the only novelty.

Among our passengers were two native starring tedious tragedians (three theatres are generally open at New Orleans, one French), and a most extraordinary old man—a far west original—in a chronic state of tipsiness, who I had observed acting the jack-pudding, and chattering the queerest nonsense, in one of the wooden oyster-houses the day before. Our captain, a burly, surly bear, did not think it at all essential to be civil to anybody, except the ladies—particularly the lady-actress who sat next him; he gave me a taste of his quality, but I kept the Indian taciturnity as "my guide, philosopher, and friend."

At Mobile, as at New Orleans and all their cities, hackney-carriages drive down on the wharves, and a host of porters ply for passengers and luggage at every arrival. A great shambling man of colour shouldered my trunk, and I was soon housed in the best (Government) street of this singular town; delighted not to be forced to take refuge either at a splendid hotel, or a fashionable boarding-house. By-the-by, one of the two great hotels here has just been burnt down; a thing that happens so regularly that it is considered a matter of course; and they are hard at building another twice as big. Here, as at New Orleans, every corner has its *Exchange*, or great room, with its bar and immense display of bottles, where a Swiss organ or hurdy-gurdy may be heard constantly grinding, and a crowd constantly drinking.

In this vast delta bordering the great Gulf of Mexico on the north, and the Gulf Stream, leaving the mud of the Mississippi and its swamps, as you came to the eastward on the same low level, you find yourself in a country of pure white sand—so fine that it serves for a sand-glass, or for your letters: this is only at intervals, here in Alabama, where there are a few gentle elevations, not quite hills, and land occasionally produces fine crops of anything, besides the great staple cotton. But across this noble bay, in West Florida, this sand is the earth; the shores blind you with their pure whiteness, and so of the whole south of the Floridas.

These dazzling shores, on which the soft blue ocean ripples—the magnificent pine forests to the water's edge, mixed with the live oak and giant magnolia, all wild and aromatic sweet, as in the days of Columbus, nay, far beyond in the mists of fabled time—are indescribably romantic, grand, and beautiful. But as yet I am only in the sandy streets of Mobile,

which, cut up into ten thousand shifting, harmless ruts, a good heavy rain puts them to rights—the only mending they ever get; the footpaths of the best streets, and those next the water, are of brick, but out of repair. Most part of the city is scarcely above the level of the water, and all the lower streets are built on piles; in fact, Mobile is built on a swamp, which is still wild and intact, half a mile off on each side of it, where the Alabama river joins the head of this vast bay, and where various channels form a series of islands, scarcely above the water's edge, often inundated, but ordinarily farmed out for pastures or gardens.

Except a few streets next the bay, and two or three central ones of half a mile in length, the whole town is in wood—wooden mansions, with noble columns and porticos, many of them. Columns, porticos, rich cornices, handsome verandahs meet the eye everywhere; it is a city of villas, the upper part standing in their own small gardens. Trees on each side shade the streets—the Indian-tree, the plane, and labernum; in their gardens, the palmetto and orange; but their orange-trees are killed by this extraordinary winter.

Mobile may be said to be only known to the Americans. Few of our travellers visit these shores—lying out of the way in the Gulf of Mexico, hundreds of miles within the far-stretching peninsula of Florida, with which shore and its islands along the Gulf Stream (the high-road from the whole of the Antilles, Mexico, and South America) we are much more familiar. Like all this continent, it is full of wonders and excellences; its forests alone on the seaboard are mines of wealth, and of late years Alabama has proved very fruitful in cotton; almost rivalling New Orleans.

This city itself has sprung into existence and opulence very recently. Early in this century it was but a small poor village, settled by the French and Spaniards; and, as at New Orleans, something of their customs and manners may be traced in the present bustling city. Society is much more easy and pleasant, I think, here, and indeed in all the southern states, than in the northern ones; though here, as everywhere, a great many of the children of the New England states have of late added their activity and enterprise by way of leaven to the more southern indolent enjoyment of the present hour. When Louisiana and the Floridas were ceded to the United States by France and Spain, it did an immense good on all hands. It suddenly enriched their more quiet, idle colonists, whose possessions rose a hundred-fold in value in these towns, and opened an illimitable field to the energies of the northern states. The consequences become more evident every day, for here, in this nine swamp, town lots for building are sold at enormous prices—the value increasing

every year. This is the great touchstone of prosperity; except in the few quiet, retired descendants of the French and Spanish, one indeed hears nor sees anything of them; but to this day the title-deeds of the most eligible spots in and near the town belong to them, and a good deal impede the rapidity of building. Disputed titles, however, do but make money for the lawyers, and check the general spread of the place but in a trifling degree. A doubtful title is shared by half the more recent citizens; that fact alone gives them a greater security.

Some of the merchants here live magnificently—their houses are really mansions; a great many have handsome equipages. Carriages and light wagons fly through the streets as if on air, for the sand is so soft, no noise is heard. The sand macadamises all the streets and roads. There is, indeed, a little bad paving attempted in the lower part of the streets towards the water—only to make jolting and ruts and mud holes more obstrusive and annoying. There is something very novel and pleasant in these fine sand streets and roads, and seeing people whisked about without the least noise. The horses like it, though it does make their work the heavier; but their light wheels can be dragged through anything at a full trot of twelve or fifteen miles the hour. Out of town the drives are, however, confined to the environs. The favourite spot, six miles off, for recreation, is Spring Hill; to which a *shell* road, smooth and hard as a billiard-table, has been made through the woods. This is, however, a very expensive turnpike.

Another and rather longer drive is opened through the woods down the bay, beyond the lighthouse; which, taking a circle among the villas and plantations round the town, may be made eight or ten miles. Forest, swamp, and the bay, keep their primitive possession of all beyond.

There was some idea of making a road—a railroad to New Orleans; but across such swamps and forests for a hundred and eighty miles damps their courage.

Day-labourers have very high wages, and navvies not to be had as with us. There may, indeed, be a growing chance shortly in the numbers of Irish flocking of late to the south; Mobile is already well stocked with them, their women being the most frequent servants of all work to be met with. This puts me in mind of an Irish lad I gave a dime to at Lakeport. He was making his way to Mobile, without a cent in the world, or indeed any clear idea of where he was going to, or what he was going to do when he got there! He was dodging the captain and clerk, and *stealing* his passage on board—often done—and we encouraged it. The party get on board, keep forward among the deck passengers, never inquire for

the office, say nothing, and on arriving at the wharf, wherever it is, try to step off the guard on shore, without the ceremony of going by the general gangboard and presenting their ticket. Many get off, if lucky; but if seen and questioned they still get off, with the simple addition of a kick—where their *honour* is not at all hurt. The addition of a string of forcible and peculiar oaths and vile names, in running accompaniment, passes by them like the idle wind; there is no giving them in charge, nor taking before magistrates: people are all too much pre-occupied, particularly the captain.

Mobile has 20,000 inhabitants, all thriving—some making rapid fortunes; cotton-agents, lawyers, and doctors take the lead. It is now the great mart for all the country on the Gulf east of the Mississippi. Great steamers crowd its port with cotton from the country above along the track of its great river (Alabama), taking back goods of all descriptions, and hundreds of passengers, to the capital, Montgomery, three or four hundred miles up the river: the supply, from Europe and the West Indies, partly coming direct, and partly from New Orleans, where there is a daily increasing communication. The distance by water (as I came) is one hundred and eighty miles, and the fare, chief cabin, five dollars, including supper and breakfast, or dinner.

The sun here has a force not to be denied, the instant these unwonted north-west blasts cease; so that early in February the woods and fields are all in flower. Among the most beautiful of the hedges and gardens in the environs, is the Cherokee rose. In early spring these woods and wilds, as you drive about, have many charms; not the least, the odoriferous pine and sweet myrtle. The "Bush" still encircles the town on three sides; then again, one is cloyed with rich sweets in the magnolias and Indian-tree, which perfume the streets; but I think Lady Emily Stuart Wortley has very lately written a delightful book telling us all about it; and who would attempt to "paint the lily?"

I had the pleasure of knowing a dear friend of hers here, Mrs. Levert, to whom she has addressed some very charming, though melancholy lines, on friendship and the grave! and this brings to mind the great drawback to all this low, damp, hot country. The richer inhabitants, however, as at New Orleans, steam away to the north every summer, as soon after June as they can, and never stop till they reach the rocky shores of Boston, or the springs of Saratoga; returning home in September.

Even so early as March I found the growing heat very oppressive. Mobile, faithful to the American defect, has no mall, no walk, no public gardens; and the town council, or municipality, allow even the sweet woods at the ends of the

streets to be poisoned by the dead carcases of all sorts of animals: one spot, south of the town, is famous for this terrific effluvia; and a colony of wild dogs—almost wild—for here the stray dogs of the town congregate, feast, and fight over the dead bodies of horses, cows, mules, &c.; and thus are ten thousand sweet flowers over head polluted, and blessings turned to a nuisance: but even the streets are in a sad dirty state too often; the press complains, everybody complains, but nobody cares; nobody will obey anybody, or observe any sort of regulation, no matter how good or essential; though the mayor every morning has a bevy at his "levée," who are heavily fined for drunkenness and getting into a *mus* (that is, fighting).

I saunter about in the shade, sometimes to speculate *solus* on valuable lots, in and about the town, for building, at immense prices and doubtful titles: at others, I stroll to the edge of the woods, out Government-street, about a mile beyond the ends of the streets, where there is an Indian camp, or rather cluster of bark wigwams, wretched beyond description, where a few very poor Cherokees and Chickasaws yet linger—among the last of their race—still haunting their own country.

The women are pounding Indian corn for their homany; kettles are smoking about in the sun, slung to three sticks as a tripod; shelter or privacy there is none—they hate it; no, for ever the open air, at the root of a tree; their wigwams do but serve to keep a few rags, pots, and arms in—perhaps the dew off on cool nights. They suffered dreadfully this winter, but in a long life they may not feel such another.

Some of them, the younger ones, may be seen every day lounging listless about the town, the men and boys with bows and arrows to shoot at a mark, for a *dime* (a fi'penny piece), their target being that identical tiny bit of silver, at so many yards, and rarely missed! or they are listening to the portable tinkling piano and tamborine of the Swiss boys and girls (who find their way to the ends of the earth). Their women, decked out in a mixed finery, like the men, go about the town selling "chumpa" (chips of the pine to light fires), at an extravagant rate, the men and women never by any chance together, and both with most serious faces. They speak to nobody, rarely smile, or seem to take the smallest interest in anything going on about them. Here, in this way, have they lived for years unmoved, unchanged, in the smallest degree, or in the most trifling particular, even the youth who have been born on the skirts of the city. Such is the infallible force of custom and education, in short, the forming of *innate ideas*. They cannot understand us—never can—never will; they look with pity, or a mere vacancy of thought, feeling

nothing, on the finest brick mansions here, the most shining equipages, the most charming China crape shawls, satin dresses, and Parisian bonnets and feathers (for the ladies all dress excessively). *Their* gowns and flaring cotton shawls, they wear from sheer necessity, the heads alone of their women (always bare) are their own: perhaps they'd like some of the gold bracelets they may see; but certainly nothing else of European fashion or fabric.

Except what they can pick up about the town, I have no idea how they can live at all, for they do no work in our sense, and produce nothing, not even a grain of Indian corn, almost their sole food. A few more of these Indian tribes still remain in the Floridas, but they have been ordered off beyond the head-waters of the Red River. There is a difficulty in getting them to leave their pine-woods and old hunting-grounds; and spite of all the previous fighting, it is thought they will once more attempt resistance, when the Indian military agent enforces the decrees of Congress.

I have been to one or two very pleasant small evening parties, where everything was as well-bred, refined, quiet, and luxurious as in our own best circles. A carpet dance was relieved at intervals by very delightful singing, by some very pretty girls. From the little I have seen of it, I should say that Mobile possesses a great share of beauty and accomplishments in its women, and pleasing manners among the leading men. But refined society is getting more and more the same exact thing all over the civilized world.

Here in this bran-new community one looks for novelty, out of doors, at least, so I stroll to where they are making a railroad through the forest swamps to Citronella, thirty miles up the river; it already reaches Mauvilla, twelve miles, and excursion trains are very busy so far, loaded backwards and forwards with the idle and the curious.

This railroad is the beginning of an immense line which is determined on (and is surveying) to join the Ohio somewhere about its junction at Cairo, or at Louisville in Kentucky, and so complete the chain on to Lake Erie; doubts and difficulties as yet keep it on paper—the distance alone 1200 miles! A branch, too, will go to Montgomery, where, by the way, there is a sort of track, or primitive road, through the swamps and woods, on which the mail stage wearily struggles through sand, and mud, and corderoys, when the steamers cannot get up the river; from thence a railroad runs through Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia to the Potomac, below Alexandria.

There is a kind of clammy, misty, calm heat here in the south, which already begins to be felt early in March; one gasps for breath, and I look with wistful eyes down the street to the water-side and the shipping.

It is not very easy to get away from Mobile at any time or in any direction, the bay and the river forming almost the only high road. There is, indeed, an irregular communication kept up with Pensacola by a small steam-boat across the head of the bay to Blakely (a frame town, now deserted and in ruins, in a charming elevated spot at the edge of the pine forests opposite, distant fourteen miles), from whence a small stage makes a devious track through solemn, noble, silent woods for near sixty miles further, to Pensacola; this, indeed, is the *mail*, and the only means of transit, except by water, round the head of the gulf. There is, however, not much trade as yet with the Floridas, and not many passengers, so that a few coasting schooners carry backwards and forwards all that is required; the poor travellers taking their chance on board of getting round (a hundred miles), it may be in twelve hours, or it may be in a week, for the bay and the gulf are very capricious, and if it blows, the getting out and in over the bars often dangerous.

I had had my eye for some days on a beautiful schooner bound round; but the promises to sail any given day are particularly pie-crust hereabouts; indeed, it always depends on when they can make up a cargo; the cabin passengers only being considered extra, as an inferior live lumber. My schooner was to take round salt, and iron machinery, and bring back ready-made window frames, and sashes, and any other notions.

The captain, a gay, good-looking, fast young fellow, divided his time between smoking at the stores of his friends, and riding down below the lighthouse to a certain handsome villa, where a certain pair of bright eyes enslaved his volatile soul! —volatile as the foam of the breakers at Mobile Point. The gulf waters, and wild liberty, were dear to him as a Mahommedan paradise. He had been a midshipman, but some lieutenant on the quarter-deck of a frigate had dared to reprimand him, and he had pitched the navy to limbo. Whenever I could catch this mercurial child of the blue wave (and of a most fanciful velvet cap) on board, we were to be off "right away;" however, at the end of a week we started in good earnest, and in what I thought a dead calm. But it is astonishing how these critturs (clipper schooners)—which are particularly "things of life"—how they creep away, as the captain whistled, with the last breath of air. The glassy surface of the bay was like a mirror, as we crept along among the innumerable drift logs by the lighthouse, and—got aground! for it was low water, and we drew eight feet, an unheard of depth for any vessel under 300 tons; but she had been built for a revenue cruiser.

It was very tedious in the bay on the mud, though our cap-

tain had his sails set point device; and what loves of sails and spars! He convinced me, too, that his cabin had no equal—nor had his cook, who put before us some beefsteaks and dough-boys, of a greasiness, toughness, and solidity, to defy the universal world to match. But there was an Irish tailor and a lady friend of his (in early life from the sod—a widow, God help her, and well to do in the world), who gravely, with due decorum, made their way even through these gutta percha dumplings. But as we sat in state we had a tall, handsome, mulatto steward, who superintended their despatch with a demure face, and I thought somewhat with the least taste in life of dry humour in the twinkle of his eye, as he exchanged nudges and winks with an attendant cabin-boy—Jem, who was originally of Liverpool, but now on his travels on the high road to fortune! Three times had this heroic boy, starving about the streets in rags, stowed himself away in ships; three times been found out, well cuffed, and turned back; always half naked! He persevered, poor lad, and at last a good-natured captain let him work his passage over; and here he was, well paid, well dressed, and ill washed, the chief man (after the black steward), with a very considerable influence over his master the skipper.

It was, however, only in the cabin this respectful state was kept up. I have reason to think both Jem and the darky steward had the greatest contempt for a poor half-starved seedy-weedy Yankee family, who sat on the casks, or a spare spar on deck, and ate their very frugal meal out of their family wallet, helped out with the family pipe, which went from the long, lean, woe-begone father to his attenuated wife, next in turn, and thence shifted to the lantern-jaws of their son and heir.

I think in my life I never saw such a set of wretched "'atomies"—bad living, and no living, and fever and ague, had worn them to the bone; there was a little daughter leaner, if possible, and more sallow than the rest. They looked as if the swamp jungles had drawn them all up into a sort of walking sticks—in fact, it had. They were a kind of roving squatters in the woods and on patches of cleared land deserted by the owners, or not owned at all; or if they rent any sort of farm, flit off by moonlight as the rent day comes round. I saw two or three parties of this kind coming down the great rivers—and they are not infrequent here—as solitary, wild, and penniless as any ragged peat-hut cottier of Connemara.

A breeze and a thunder-gust brought us down the bay, and we anchored in a fog among the town of cotton ships.

Next day the fog, a sort of driving mist, continues. But nothing can stop our thorough sea captain; he knew the coast

as well as the pilots, who have a village, and live like fighting-cocks, on the long sandy peninsula which forms the southern end of the bay.

With our resources (four hands before the mast), getting on shore on this sandy beach and lying there all day, was nothing—with an anchor dropped from the main-boom end (we had no boats, and fired our one gun in vain to the pilots in sight), we hove the old lass off towards evening, and the mist moving away, we ran down and anchored among a squadron of pilot schooners at the village. Skipper and I went on shore (he had left his boat here), roved across some lagoons, and through the myrtle, magnolia, and pine jungle, across to the outer shore, where clear blue old ocean rippled as we picked up shells. On this solitary beach an Irishman passed us, barefoot; we stared, as he rather avoided us (we found afterwards that he had bolted from the caboose, as cook of one of the pilot boats).

It was too early for the alligators; and we only saw one moccasin snake. Returning, at a likely widow's kind of public-house, we had a go of rum—got a stock of real Havanas—and off again. Several jolly pilots, our skipper's friends, came on board to smoke and drink; and one might have fancied oneself among the buccaneers of Dampier's time.

Next day we were as nearly lost on the breakers between the entrance lighthouses as possible; the sea (and ground swell on the bar) was tremendous. The wind lulled as we beat out in its teeth, just as we made a critical short board; but "miss is as good as a mile," we breathed again, and earnestly thank God for it; it was so near ending badly. In the evening our capital captain landed us at the Barancas, near the navy yard. As we shook hands, I felt really sorry to part with so good a fellow.

The Barancas (de San Carlos) is at the mouth of the harbour of *Pensacola* (which is but a small town six miles higher up the inlet at the mouth of the Escambia). Here the United States has four heavy forts, large brick barracks, a hospital, and naval dockyard; all excellent of their kind, and in the most exact order; indeed, the dry dock and floating dock, off the yard, are stupendous. This floating dock can bring in or out any line-of-battle ship (*complete*) over twelve feet water, though, indeed, there is twenty feet on the bar, at the harbour's mouth; and thirty at the dock gates. The two or three-decker is thus transferred to the dry dock if necessary; where slips, steam-engines, and a *railroad*, can run her up an incline to the back of the yard!

Here just now an able man, Commodore Stocton, presides; he is a senator, and has lately carried a bill through both houses to abolish flogging in the navy! It is not liked by

naval officers; but becomes, I conclude, imperative, to suit the change of ideas of the age.

The naval and military officers and families here make a very pleasant society. They have it all to themselves in these blue waters, snow-white sands, and silent woods! Above and below the yard small wooden towns have started up (Warrington) nearly as large as Pensacola itself. The "appropriations" for the naval service are very heavy, and the dollars attract loose storekeepers, tradesmen, workmen, and speculators; though Pensacola itself scarcely holds on its population—a dozen or two of frame-houses, burnt down seven years ago, have left their brick chimneys standing as monumental warnings to the go-aheads!

But a few years gone by, and all this was Spanish. Their names remain, mixed with the Indian ones; as do some few families, or their half Anglo-American descendants, as at Mobile and New Orleans. But I have no elbow-room to plod on sensibly in facts; we may learn them from almanacks. I must "catch the living" *alligators* "as they rise!" I saw one fellow swimming across the lagoon at the back of the Barancas, just through a belt of woods; all these shores are lined along the beach by ribbons of shallow lagoons, full of fish, snakes, frogs, and alligators; he was a long way off, and I only saw his snout going along. I often look cautiously among the dogwood bushes, myrtle, and oleanders, for the moccasin snake. They are said to be dangerous. I only saw one, and with the wisdom of the serpent it quickly stole out of the way of that foolish, but much more wicked animal—man.

As there is not a stone in all this country, they employ, as I have said, the shells found in some spots in vast masses (the Gnathodon) to make short roads; here they have made a chip-road of a mile long from the dockyard to the barracks at the Barancas—(the chips from the dockyard)—a delightful drive; but already the fine sands under it are swallowing it up; as they do the shells and everything laid on its surface, in a very short time. Mould and manure are alike engulphed, so that agriculture of any kind is only seen here and there, even in the open country; a garden still more rarely. The fig-tree is very luxuriant, however; and cultivated flowers when kept in tubs or pots to secure the mould.

Nothing of the kind can be more admirable than these shores; the celestial blue of the ocean, the dazzling white purity of the beach, the aromatic perfume of these interminable pine forests, and the luscious odour of a thousand flowering shrubs and creeping tendrils, all for a moment fill the soul with delight—as we gratefully contemplate this beauteous variety of nature—"up to nature's God," it is perfect in itself! But one must be "to the manner born;" the

heats dry up us Europeans to mummies, the sands blind us; the woods have few or no fruits; reptiles and insects assert their right of dominion, are not to be killed off so easily as the Indians, and live and swarm very properly to plague us. At some seasons, too, fogs and damp moving mists sweep in from the ocean, rust and putrify things; in spite of a fire in my room, my portmanteau was covered thick with mildew, even while in use.

Every now and then the sun flashed out, and anon you could not see ten yards before you. The flying clouds swept the sands (the simple fact, indeed), but so loaded with salt as to make it doubly disagreeable.

I meant to return to Mobile through the forest by the stage to Blakeley, at the eastern head of the bay, and cross in the steamer which calls there from Stockton, further up the river. Indeed, it is the only road and the only conveyance; for by water there is no sort of certainty, either by sloop or schooner.

I cannot say farewell to these comfortable frame board houses, and their verandahs under a group of magnificent live oaks, whose welcome shade gives a double zest looking over these dazzling sands towards the harbour's entrance and the gulf beyond, where the light blue wave cuts the horizon, leaving all around here wild, grand, silent nature—for the board houses of the domestic slaves, and the great brick barracks, stand a little further back at the edge of the forest, and the noises of black piccaninnies and pigs, cocks, hens, and cows, are dispersed and absorbed in the woods—I cannot leave all this for ever, and dear kind relations and friends whose home for life it is, without a sigh. How much of charming and of good ineffable there is everywhere over the face of this beautiful world! how much of quiet unobtrusive worth, which lives and dies in some little unknown circle—as here on these lone distant shores! But I would not be sad; and other pictures I shall equally long remember are rich in funny objects and things to move one's mirth—none more so than the Massa Niggers. Here is the stronghold in little of slavery, as if to plague the very lives—for fear they should have found an Arcadia!—of their unhappy owners! These are the Uncle Toms peculiarly pathetic, in sober fact. In the house where I am, the master, the most kind and soft-hearted man that ever breathed, in an evil moment bought a young son of Africa at Mobile for 600 dollars, a boy of about fifteen, as a sort of *Buttons*. Of a nice suit or two his master had dressed him in nothing now remained but the body of his blue jacket and red collar, the sleeves had nearly departed; and the rest of him was made up of dirty tatters. This nigger was very like a monkey in the expression of his

face, and in sheer comical but most provoking mischief! He contrived to do no one thing he was told, or spoiled whatever he touched. Half the time he was not to be found—busy, very likely, sucking the eggs, chasing the young pigs, or at marbles, or gambling for cents with other young idle niggers like himself at the back of the stables. He cleaned my shoes, and tied the strings in interminable knots. Hight *Randal* was his name, and his poor master had to be eternally after him. But the day did not suffice for the mischief of this animal; he would get up in the night, take the pony out of the stable, and ride the poor thing through the woods and sands of the beach for hours, till daylight, when he would slip off the bridle and regain his own bed. He was detected by their finding the pony in a sweat, and quite knocked up!

Sometimes he was sent to Warrington, a mile off (at the dockyard) to the post-office for letters, where he generally contrived to stay two or three hours, though he was sure to go and come at full gallop.

Enter Randal, trotting up the sand-bank, seeing his master coming towards him, out of all patience.

Master.—You Randal, where have you been all this time?

Randal.—Been to Possuffice, sa.

Master.—What! ever since ten o'clock—now three hours?

Randal.—I make hase, sa. Dare am no letta.

The black cook wench now comes out of the house.

Cook.—Massa, dere is no eggs dis morning!

Master.—No eggs! why, didn't Randal go for them to the stables?

Cook (*grinning*).—He nebber fetched none, anyhow—and said as how de skunk eat 'im!

Master.—The skunk! why, you animal, you don't mean to say you found none?

Randal.—Yes, massa, I tell de truffe—dere was two tree shell!

Master.—Two or three shells! If Tom's not gone to the dockyard, yet, send him here, Kesiah!

Enter Tom, the shipwright.

Tom.—I knows about it. Look here, massa, dat nigger Randal, tell de biggest lie. I seed him suck de eggs myse'f—you knows dat. Who hollerd arter you when you was in de loft, dis morning? I seed you through the chink! My belief, 'ta'nt de fuss time, by chalks!

Master.—O, you devilish skunk!

Tom.—More nor dat—where is de old sow and de seben piccaninny I see you a chasing troo de wood right over to de lagoon? I lay dollar de crockumdile got some on 'em afore dis——

Master.—What? When was this? Why, you perpetual demon!

Tom.—C, dere is plenty more tings. Dere is no use telling dat awful chap nuffing. I told you, you massa bring you up all standing, affore long! Sometime he say 'tis de dog, sometime 'tis de wolf—may be de cat—may be de skunk—what do sich awful trouble! You catch it dis time, any how!—he, he, he! (*They all grin, Randal included.*) But I must cut my stick for de yard. (*To Randal, half aside as he goes off.*) Look out for squall. De old man getting right mad, now—he, he, he!

Master.—You young imp. The skunks eat the eggs, do they? You've made haste, have you? Put up the pony, and get yourself ready for a dance in the ball-room!

This *ball-room* was the boat-house on the beach, where, when Massa Randal had done something extra mischievous, his master whipped him with a cowskin; but he generally got off with only a box on the ear. But to correction or kindness he was equally impervious; nor could any sort of excuse or explanation ever be got out of him. After a year or two, in which he nearly wore his master out—for in nothing could he trust him out of his sight, or to do the most trifling thing—he had the exquisite pleasure and good luck to get rid of him at last, for 700 dollars, to some other unfortunate master. My friend owned several other slaves—the women were only rather dirty and lazy, and very careless, their mistress managing as well as she could with them—obliged, however, to be chief slave herself, and to have an eye to everything herself; and two or three men slaves, not wanted in the house, were hired at so much a month (eighteen dollars) in the dockyard—the most profitable and pleasant way an owner has, when he is so unlucky as to possess only this kind of *distressing* property.

A friend sailed me up to Pensacola in his boat, on a delightful sunny afternoon, the mists clearing off; and by running hard up the sandy High-street, without looking right or left, I was just in time to catch the mail stage. It had started from its own tavern, but happily had pulled up at the post-office to take in the bag. Like all tropical small towns (though not quite within the line), Pensacola's streets are wide, and left in their own natural sand or mud. The houses handsome, of wood frame, with verandahs; all have small gardens, where the orange, the fig, and the palmetto form the ornament, shade, and almost the only verdure, from the difficulty of keeping any mould uppermost. Turning the corner from the last garden palings, we were almost at once in the pine-woods, making fanciful tracks in and out round the trees, or over their roots, which occa-

sionally gave us such jolts as only can be enjoyed in a United States stage; it would at once break the springs of our coaches; but they have no springs, the body is suspended on two huge straps, on which it pitches backwards and forwards. This stage was the most comfortable I have ever been shaken in. The night was a bright moonlight, and the ride, take it altogether, delightful. Silent, sweet, awful, as we flitted among these grand living columns of the stately pine, no sound but the rattle of the harness as we rolled over the dead leaved carpet: now and then the "Whip-poor-will" told us he was wide awake, or, as we descended in some hollow, a gentle chorus of bull-frogs greeted us. Once or twice a rustle near us among the leaves told us of startled deer, but they are getting scarce.

Every eight or ten miles we came to cleared patches, a farm, or small hamlet, of log or frame-houses, and a small circle of cultivated fields; at these we watered the horses; and the only passenger with me, who chattered of his own wonderful sayings and adventures incessant the whole night, treated his victim (the driver), having some conscience, to a go of whisky. We changed our pair of horses, I think, only three times (sixty miles); once or twice the driver pulled up in the depths of these wild woods, started off, and disappeared entirely, but soon returned with a bucket of water from some fairy dell and spring he only knew of.

It must not be supposed from what I say of the sands of Florida that it is all sand; perhaps it only occupies, more or less, ten or fifteen miles of the sea margin. We soon, therefore, got to a gently undulating country through the woods, till we come half-way to a tract of swamp, and over a three mile corderoy, to the Perdido river, the dividing line between West Florida and Alabama; this is a very Acheron. Over this wide, solemn, dark, deep flood we were ferried at midnight, our coachee sounding his horn in advance, while we were a mile off, floundering slowly in the ruts and holes of the terrible corderoy.

By daylight we drew near the edge of Mobile Bay and the forest, passing a pretty spot, a hollow and a creek, where a Mr. Sibley has made a large fortune at his saw-mill; and, not content, has built an immense cotton factory, which it is thought will undo him. By sunrise we trot the last mile along the cleared country, on the margin of the bay, where the fields looked pleasant. Honeysuckles and Cherokee roses decked the way as we drove into the deserted town of Blakeley. The land on this side of the bay has a good elevation, and a good firm soil, and the town is delightfully situated at the eastern mouth of the Alabama river. A few years ago it was all life and bustle; now the tavern at the water-side is

alone inhabited, all the nice frame-houses are shut up and going to ruin, the flowers in the gardens choked with weeds, all owing to a mysterious miasma, which kills only in certain spots; for on the same level five or six miles lower down the bay, there is a great hotel, to which the gentry of Mobile fly in summer in search of health. In this "deserted village" the court-house is alone kept open, and lo! the county sheriff had just landed from "the village," ten miles below, with a big hirsute ruffian, whom he was himself obliged to shoot (in the leg) before he would submit to the law. This brute who now came limping up, supported by two constables, to the tavern porch, had been amusing himself half killing a poor woman, as she refused to sell him as much whiskey as he wanted.

The steam-boat was in sight, snorting down the river; while we waited on the jetty (this was the court day, neither judge, jury, nor audience visible), it was said another case of violence was ready for the sheriff and constables somewhere near; and a third job appeared in the person of a wounded woman, who came limping along from the woods in search of a constable to look after her husband, who "had cut her to pieces and run off into the 'bush' with their two children." This woman was the picture of famine and misery, as she sat on a log.

On being asked if she lived far off, she exclaimed, "Oh, I live nowhere. He never would settle in no place, but keeps moving about." What a scene, and what a tale, here in this smiling, deserted, melancholy Arcadia!

We thread the channels of the flat islands, and land at Mobile in an hour and a half, about fourteen miles across. But I am hurried from Mobile with the barest notice of it. Trade and speculation, as in all their cities, is the one absorbing thing. The wharves for a mile are piled with cotton bales, unloaded and loading (from the river above); the very trees are draped and made ugly by its flying about.

If they have a sensation, or a moment for the fine arts, it is the stage and music. Catherine Hayes, Mrs. Bishop, Bochsa, and Kossuth, stir them up to enthusiasm alternately, and carry off their dollars. The theatre and circus are open, and small stars strut their hour—a Sir William Don so-so in comedy, and a Mr. Nefie execrable in tragedy, but the riding and clowns not so bad.

Away, away, the Mara is loaded, cabin, deck, and all, with cotton bales. She is a lovely barque—beautiful exceedingly! I can't stand on trifles; I see there is just room to sit at a small table by the mizenmast. Captain Parks is a charming man, and will take me slick away to Boston for thirty-five dollars. No wine, no spirits—the only thing on earth, or on the wide waters of the earth, he sets his face against; so we

grasp hands, done—the last bale is crammed in; a steamer, with cotton for the cotton ships below, takes us in tow, and by next day (only getting on the mud once) I find myself once more clearing Mobile Point and crossing that awful bar.

Adieu, ye muddy rivers, bright white sands, magnolias, live oaks, pines, and festooned flowery swamps! Yet am I sorry to part with ye—"It may be for aye, and it may be for ever"—but other lands, and other flowers, and other beings call me away, far away, over old Ocean's tide. We have a tedious week in the Gulf, struggling with fantastic winds, and calms, and squalls, to the Tortugas; a string of islands along the extreme south point of Eastern Florida, some 700 miles, before we can round this point and get into the high road of the Gulf Stream.

Our barque sails like a witch—better than the Water Witch—and is as stiff as—a midshipman on half-pay! in spite of the cotton lumbering her deck. Parks (who is the best-tempered man I ever knew—he never uttered one cross word the whole voyage, even when wet through and blown to atoms) owns her, and other pleasant things; a "dulce domum et placens uxor" somewhere up some little river in Connecticut, where he looked sharp after the building of this, his second wife, and the breath of his nostrils; runs her anywhere for freight, home or abroad. He was just across from the Mediterranean with fruit, and would think nothing of Canton, Calcutta, or Honololu, at a day's notice—ice or cotton, flour, hardware—nay, coals; he'd "carry coals" from Newcastle to Ningpo—anything anywhere, only come up to his mark as to the figure of the freight per ton. He inveighed much at the delays (and so did other skippers) at Mobile, and would have gone on to New Orleans, but it would have cost him 500 dollars to go round; for pilots, steam-tugs, and other taxes. He gets 3½ to 4 dollars per ton, and refused to take a cent less (for Wenham-lake ice to Mobile) in Boston on our arrival. Ours is an excellent cabin, but it's full of cotton; it blows incessant and adverse, but we carry on canvas no man-of-war would dare to show, and our seamanship is equally admirable with our ship. I go to bed, and hold on the side of my cabin berth by way of passing the time.

Mr. Jones, who is a wag, and loves South Boston baked beans and pork better than *dinde aux truffes*, is for ever quizzing a raw, pretty Irish girl, the "stewardess," bound in indissoluble wedlock to the steward and cook, an angular, ill-favoured "down Easter," who, in turn, is a shade jealous of said mate, and doesn't relish jokes—nohow, I guess.

"And how is yourself, and how is the peraties, this tip-top o' the morning, Mrs. Norah?"

"Augh, then! Misther Jones, hould yer wish, and let me be, anyhow——"

But Jones was glorious (when not at the fore-royal yard, or jib-boom end, or re-stowing our ragged cotton, or sextant in hand for the longitude) at fishing; he caught in succession a bonito, a barracouta, and, lastly, a large dolphin! I looked with pity on his dying throes; nothing is exaggerated of the ineffable beauty of its colours in their shadow'd changes! How hard to die! How long it lashed the deck; alternate bright green, saffron, and silver, edged with its dark blue dorsal fin; then, dying, a mottled azure. Oh, noble, superb creature! Have we marred thy beauty! I cannot bear these agonies. Unconscious, merry Jones is for a moment hateful. But we all thought it excellent eating the next half hour; all my fine silent sentiment vanished in the frying-pan; but are we ever half an hour consistent?

We had an extremely rough passage, the wind in our teeth the whole way; but we kept in the Gulf Stream, and but once sighted the American low shore; none of the Bahamas. This run is nearly equal to a voyage home; few sail cheered our sight; one English barque, about our own size (380 tons), we passed like a shot; she, labouring in the gale the victim of our vicious build, fit for nothing; besides, she was too deep in rum and sugar from our ruined isles.

Parks and I often talked on this subject, so mortifying to one's pride of country. "But," says he, "I looked sharp after my Mara on the slips; this here six-inch plank capping the topside fore and aft, I *would* have first-rate, for the waist; they are seventy-five feet, best white or live oak. I made the builder change them twice. I was bound, I cal'late (calculate), to have it first-rate, no flaws, no knots, no nonsense. I stood on my own gunwale, sir—yes, sir*ee*." We had a handsome figure-head, an Indian chief's bust, he explained it. "Well, sir, I was down in Mara-caibo in the Bight often—that *is* a harbour! its name comes of a chief, so I have just cut it in half, that's it!" He cut all long words in half; for the skipper had no notion of superfluous syllables or impediment in anything. At last, after twenty-one tedious days' beating and buffeting in a rough sea, we ran into smooth water and fogs, among a cluster of islands on the coast below Cape Cod, called Martha's Vineyard, and took a pilot for the Cape.

I am once more only *near* Boston, "bound to go there," as the captain said, and I take his word for it, for no half mile is ever lost for want of good seamanship, and a never sleeping vigilance.

CHAPTER X.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—BOSTON—LOWELL—NEW LONDON—LONG ISLAND—CLIPPER LINER HOME.

SAILING among these islands in smooth water, after the kicking about we have had for twenty days, is very delightful. This is in the immediate neighbourhood, I think, of that little gem, belonging to Mr. Daniel Webster, Lady Emmeline Stuart mentions as so picturesque and charming; but we could only see it at a distance as we threaded our way through shoals and rocky passages; their villages and harbours looking very inviting, with their numerous coasting craft at anchor or under sail; others busy fishing, while scattered farms, and their cattle grazing, enlivened the scene; all the more pleasing on a fair sunny day, as the night before we were threatened with a gale from the east.

Passing the island of Nantucket, we fly along the low sandy shores which form Cape Cod; and our old weather-beaten farmer-looking pilot for this inner passage is superseded off the light-house by a smart young fellow of the bay, much against his will (as he had some faint hopes of evading him and taking us on); but these beauteous white-winged sea-gulls of pilot-boats are too numerous and sharp-sighted to leave a chance, she pounced on us like a hawk, and we beat in through the numerous rocky islands and shoals of this vast bay in the teeth of half a gale of wind, with royals set and colours flying.

The passage to the inner harbour, guarded by Fort Independence to the left on Castle Island, and a battery on Thompson's Island to the right; where there is a very large general hospital, to which young medical students repair for practice, as ours do to Guy's or St. George's—getting in against the wind through so narrow a passage is a ticklish affair, tack and half tack; but our barque can go about in her own length, and towards night we are anchored, previous to being warped in for the night—for the whole line of wharves are so crammed with ships in double and treble tiers, that it has to be carefully ascertained where room for us can be found, not too far from the cotton marts, which lie at the north end of Commercial-street, the leading thoroughfare in the lower part of the town. We find it now, the last of April, very cold, and not a leaf out on the trees: ten degrees south of the Isle of Wight! I would fain say more of these islands—a most interesting group—full of villages and har-

bours, with hundreds of coasting schooners, sloops, and fishing smacks, darting about with their white sails, or at anchor by dozens in various nooks and coves. Coming up the coast to the north, to Boston, this is called the inner passage; it is intricate, full of shoals, and full of pilots, which make, indeed, the American waters, in spite of their numerous and fine harbours, very expensive to their merchantmen. The Mara paid about fifty dollars to her two pilots—two and a half to three dollars a foot—she drew only ten feet.

Our first old fellow (pilot), who had been a man-of-war's man, farmer, captain, storekeeper, and fisherman, having left his schooner among the islands outside, rejoins her by the railway to Plymouth, or one of the numerous towns below on the coast.

But I must trifle no longer, on board ship. We pass the effective battery on Castle Island, close to the city, anchor, and warp to "Battery" Wharf, in the cotton-warehouse quarter.

My skipper, the best creature alive, has got his best coat on; he cal'ates them varmint won't leave him one of his men on board—boarding-house touters who rush on board the moment we touch the wharf, and seize on the men; pestering them with their lying promises—in five minutes, swamp 'em; and, indeed, off they go (the case with all their ships) the moment the dear little *Mara* is lashed fast. Seamen are now at a premium; though, poor devils, for ever the silly victims of alternate tyranny or cunning. In the States it is a rare thing for a sailor to ship a second time with the same captain, or the same ship, even when they have no particular fault to find: what with the water-side *boarding-houses*, lying crimps, and their own excessive folly—nay, intermittent madness—it is as hard to man a ship this year (1852) in Boston, as it is to man a Queen's ship in England. The same thing exactly goes on at Liverpool; indeed, the seaports of the two countries are getting more like each other every day, not only as to sailors, but in all the business of everyday life.

Boston is really a fine city; her grandeur and riches are as conspicuous in her noble public buildings as in her immense long wharves, towering warehouses, and forests of shipping, which fringe the whole water-side of the town, on projecting wharves, some of them half a mile long, which jut out like the teeth of a comb.

The body of the place is almost surrounded by water; as it is built on a neck of land bending round from the heights of Canton and Roxbury westward, and ending at the bridge at Charleston; the eastern suburb—East Boston—though on an island, sweeping round by Charleston, Chelsea, and the navy-yard, completes the harbour on this side, while on the

south it is prolonged opposite in suburb streets, called South Boston, together with the "Common" (a small park-like triangle in the centre, of fifty acres, not so large as our Green Park). This undulating neck is not wanting in requisite space; though all behind the town to the north and west is cut off from the country by a shallow lagoon or inlet, across which long causeways and drawbridges have been constructed, and the railroads to the south and west. These waters are rather a convenience for sloops and barges loaded for the suburbs, Cambridge, Dorchester, and Roxbury, which pass the drawbridges, to supply the environs beyond the tide, for two or three miles. All this country is rocky, with clean sandy shores. Hills, and nice undulations of the land are everywhere, in and out of the town. The Capitol, or State-house, stands conspicuous on its hill at the head of the common; and the grand monument looms afar from Bunker's Hill, on the Charleston side, which is but a suburb prolonged to East Boston, where the great sea steamers lie, and much of the crowded shipping; where there is a railroad station, and where several of their chief ship-building yards are established, beyond the U. S. dockyard; but all this can give no idea of what the thing really is. From many elevated spots in and out of the town the whole can be seen at a glance—a glorious panorama. Whether one looks from old Fort Washington, on the hill in South Boston, towards Bunker's Hill, northward, or from the great granite monument, one looks to the south at the city, the country, and the islands of the bay outside.

As a whole, perhaps the richest and most complete view may be had from the gentle hills about Canton; a village, among others, which stud the frame of hills beyond the water, inside the city, at three or four miles' distance. To the north, on the Cambridge side, and towards Mount Auburn Cemetery, the country is more flat. This same Cambridge (we have everywhere our own old familiar names) is a kind of town of villas and garden-houses, with here and there a street; the whole spreading four or five miles into the country, almost as far as the cemetery, which lies beyond it. Here, too, they have their chief university—plain large buildings, like grammar schools rather than what we call universities (thinking of Oxford or Cambridge, or the German ones). They may not be the less effective; but, indeed, all the states of New England are remarkable for their very numerous schools.

Boston is the most irregularly built town in America. I was constantly losing myself among her crooked winding streets; this has happened partly from the conformation of the ground, and the careless want of any plan, which marks everything English two hundred years ago, when the pilgrim

fathers settled here. In all our ill-built towns one can easily trace how it was from the first hut, at any one water side at our seaports, or in our own narrow *Strand*, which at first was a row of huts facing the river at a respectful distance, and leaving a good wide strand as common property.

To consider the more minute features, I am struck by the numbers of solid granite buildings; conspicuous is the custom-house, town-hall, Faneuil-hall, and others—great hotels, the Tremont and Revere, where I went, at the end of Court-street—the Tremont-temple (just burnt down), hotel, and museum.

The town reservoir of the Cochituate waterworks, behind the State-house, is very remarkable; so is the great north or Fitchburg railway-station, with its grand arches and embattled towers, all of solid granite; even the domed roof of the custom-house is of granite. This solid and everlasting stone forms the basement of half the larger buildings and private houses, and strikes the eye in every street; so that, together with the excellent brickwork of the houses, marble and granite steps, window and door frames, pilasters, cornices, &c., one is everywhere impressed with an idea of riches, solidity, and strength. The dimensions of their public and private buildings, here and in all the American cities, taking the latter throughout, in their more retired and second-rate streets, is evidently greater than our own. The same thing may be said of their shops in general, though their front plate-glass displays and arrangements are inferior.

In this particular Boston, however, cannot vie with New York or Philadelphia; she is serious Minerva; their more staid religious sister—the last to give way to the vanities of this world, French frippery, or English pride and gorgeous show; backed and surrounded by her own sober state, and all New England still clinging in their countless whiteboard villages and weeping willows to the ascetic gloom and gnashing of teeth of their pilgrim forefathers in this vale of tears. The Bostonians have been, perhaps, the last to swim with the universal current of light amusements and European frivolities; but now "Young America" everywhere carries the day.

In vain the municipality forbids smoking in the streets—they smoke everywhere else. The elders and shipping interest frown on rum and whisky; but *exchanges*, public-houses, and dram-shops multiply. The Church, and her thousand dissenting clergymen, look demure at tea-parties, compose ten thousand tedious tracts, and fill every hotel and tavern, from the bar to the attic, with Bibles and prayer-books. The youth nightly, *en masse*, fill the theatres, concert-rooms, and auction-marts to overflowing. The softer sex try

to make a compromise; and if they dance and sing and run about all the week after the profane vanities of this world with the young men, at least are very strict in church attendance Sunday morning, dressed in the finest tints of the rainbow, and make tremendous pets of their favourite preachers.

Still, this is a stronghold of Minerva. Book stores abound; half the female world are authoresses in prose or poetry, vying with the men in pamphlets, papers, and tracts; some in heavier tomes.

I see just now in every shop-window "Uncle Tom" and "Queechy," "Wide, Wide World" and "Forest Trees," little dreaming I should come home to find them also in possession of all our book-shops, circulating libraries, and railway stations; and the whole reading world divided between these transatlantic New England notions and the more astounding "rappings" and "table turnings." Well, each coming year must have its own peculiar folly or madness: What signifies—people must have novelty and be amused! Tired of our own pretentious mediocrity in fiction, we are trying the American. Of course, consistent, fictitious Mrs. Stowe will feel flattered by dividing her popularity with the Black Swan, Aztecs, and the Zulu Kaffirs—*mais, que voulez vous?* I often stroll about the streets, not unwilling to be lost in their crooked windings. On rising ground in Washington-square I come upon their Seaman's Home; a large and fine establishment, in a quiet quarter of the town, some distance from the fashionable and noisiest side towards State-streets and Washington, which is *the* street of Boston, where everybody may be seen—belles and beaux, the finest shops, the greatest [illegible]. It is, perhaps, two miles long, running out to Roxbu[illegible] always full of omnibuses, and carts, and carriages; with a[illegible] as much noise and bustle as in the Broadway at New York. It takes the length of the town parallel with the lower side of the *common*, from which it is separated by short intersecting streets. On and round the common being the fashionable circle; here are the finest houses—as round our own Green Park, their value and their rents, by the way, exceeding our London rates, if I except those of our nobility.

There are several excellent markets; but the chief one of Faneuil, near the custom-house, under Faneuil-hall, displays an amazing variety of all sorts of good things; while outside of it, round the square, is filled by country wagons with every conceivable produce. The end of the market next the water is set apart for fish; and here one sees loads of their great *halibut*, a kind of giant turbot, weighing one and two hundred pounds; it is, and deserves to be, a great favourite. Most eatables here are extremely moderate in price, compared with the south or with ourselves. This fish for instance, was

selling wholesale to the dealers on the wharf (at a kind of auction) at three cents the pound; though I hear in the market it is sometimes retailed as high as fourteen cents. Lobsters, too, are very plentiful, sold by weight, at five cents the pound; in London, I think, we pay at the rate of 1s. or 1s. 6d. the pound. This scale might, perhaps, be carried out in many necessaries and luxuries in both markets, except in vegetables, where we have the advantage, not only in cheapness and plenty, but variety; but this only holds good compared with London. We have no country town or seaport, not even Liverpool, equal to the larger American cities; in that crowd, bustle, profusion, the number of carriages of all kinds filling the streets and wharves, the numbers of theatres and places of amusement constantly filled; in a word, those signs of general ease and wealth, the infallible sign of a general prosperity. Boston hitherto, on principle, has discountenanced theatres, music, and most places of amusement. The upper circles, content with a quiet tea-drinking intercourse. But of late years this puritanical spirit throughout the New England States is more or less broken through by the rising generation, and the German and French lighter spirit of harmony, which one finds pervading more or less the whole Union. The popular "Germanic Band" here is heard everywhere, and German naturalised citizens have much influence in all their cities. Boston, too, has its Barnum; an immense museum, where, as in all their cities, the stage performances commence in the evening. At another theatre Mrs. Forrest is acting to crowded houses; the whole Union taking part in her contention with her husband, much in the same way such things are canvassed in England. I went one night, but found her acting extremely insipid; and the play, the "Patrician Daughter," stuffed with false sentiment, killingly dull and absurd; but the Americans can swallow even more vapid dulness and improbable trash than even we ourselves; indeed, whatever has been puffed into notice in London is brought out immediately here; all the inanities of our modern dramatists. Subscriptions are set on foot, as at New York, to build a grand opera-house; another year will most likely see it in full play, with its Grisi and Mario, and all that greedy, mechanical, worn-out set of Italians, who have so long fleeced our fashionable world and ruined our managers. Next to the theatres come lectures, concerts, and night book auctions; but I find, except in a few reprints of expensive English works, not so cheap or so well got up by any means as our own. In this respect there is a great change for the worse within these last twenty years; partly owing of late to the excessive care our middling, conceited, modern authors have taken to prevent the public reading their works at too cheap

a rate; as if the "piracy" complained of were not an honour, and as if the excessive sums paid those in vogue for their writings by our publishers were not ridiculously beyond their money value.

Boston has been too often described to allow me to dwell much on its general features; for its site it may be called the Venice of the States. It is crowded with large churches and chapels, each crowned by handsome spires. The public buildings are very numerous, not reckoning the numbers of immense hotels which are really public buildings. They boast, too, with good reason, of their numerous excellent schools and institutions, many of them purely philanthropic. Their Sailors' Home in Washington-square is conspicuous; and their penitentiary, and lunatic asylums, and for the blind, beyond South Boston. When rambling one day, I stumbled on the breastwork of the old fort thrown up when they were fighting against the mother country; much as it was in the last century, and among the few remaining primitive features of the land; for the town is spreading in all directions, and here their pleasant hills are cutting away for more streets.

May-day turns out rainy and cold; but, in spite of the weather, I was delighted to see the processions of the children of the female schools. It was a *fête* day at these establishments, and all the little lively things, dressed neatly, had wreaths of flowers (real or artificial) on their heads; various halls were filled by them, and their parents, and lady visitors. There was a grand breakfast given by the ladies in the suburbs at Roxbury. Thirty omnibuses were engaged to take out their guests at five in the morning. Speeches were made, bands of music attended, and later in the day I saw various groups of them at play in parties on the common. I could not help thinking how much better this was than our "Jacks-in-the-green" and tinselled importuning masquerading; for, alas! we have no longer any May-poles, any festivals, or any dancing, for the million. So much, indeed, did this spirit of the day pervade the whole town, that I observed the poorer children in the suburbs wearing wreaths of shavings as a substitute for flowers, which are scarce and expensive just now.

Large cities have numerous manufactories, of course, with some one pre-eminent. Here they are famous for their shiploads of pegged boots and shoes sent all over the Union, and all over the world. Their brooms, and pails, and chairs, are very pretty and good too, and all equally cheap—to suit the million.

Like ourselves, the Americans have no genius for monuments. The great granite obelisk on Bunker's-hill (at

Charleston, behind the naval dockyard), two hundred and thirty feet high, is an ugly affair, with nothing to recommend it but its solidity; a staircase winds to the top, and you pay a shilling at a small wooden office near the door to go up. An extraordinary thing, this paying! but they had great difficulty, I believe, in getting it up at all, by private subscriptions or shares, and were some twenty years at it; it stands in the centre of a small green plot and intended square; this remote suburb now surrounding it on all sides. The whole front of the city is crowded constantly by all sorts of vessels going and coming. Ferry steamers start every few minutes from the slips or wharves along Commercial-street over to East Boston, across the harbour, to the Eastern and North-Eastern Railway station. There are two other regular railway stations at the foot of the common in Balston-street to Providence, another to Plymouth, a third—the Great Northern, or Fitchburg—running to the lakes and the St. Lawrence, a branch crossing the Connecticut to the Hudson at Albany. But, indeed, all these New England States are adding every year to their railroads in every direction; one takes the coast line to New York by Newhaven: galvanic wires stretch along the streets on poles (as in all their cities), and thence, through all the eastern states, to the Ohio, and down as far, I think now, as New Orleans; so that in these immense distances communications are instantaneous along the track of their railways, which now interlace the Union in all directions, independent of sea and river steam-boats, though they, too, still multiply, and form the cheaper transit for passengers and goods, combined with the railways. Thus there are four great stations, with a chain of three routes to New York and the south.

The Americans are famous for the variety of their drinks; mint juleps, egg nog, spruce beers, syrups of all sorts, and iced waters; their famous sherry cobblers seem on the decline. It is the fashion now to treat ladies to ice creams when walking; there are several of these lounges at large pastrycooks and confectioners, which seem good for nothing else. The pastry is very inferior, but the whole shop is filled by insipid French bon-bons, while their ice-creams are much dearer and inferior to ours.

The streets are full of omnibuses running in all directions, and beyond the suburbs, as ours do, to the adjacent villages, Roxbury, Canton, Dorchester, South Boston, Charleston, Chelsea, and East Boston, Cambridge, &c. This last is about four miles off, on the road to Mount Auburn Cemetery, one of the Boston lions people are taken to two or three miles beyond the taverns and hotels where the city omnibuses stop, in this interminable, straggling university village. Coming

to it, one sees nothing of Mount Auburn but its own tree tops. It is a young wood, or grove, of 110 acres, judiciously laid out in avenues, which are named after the prevailing trees and shrubs they are cut through; oak, fir, willow, pine, cypress, cedar. Spaces on either side are cleared for the graves and tombs; a handsome Gothic chapel stands on a gently rising ground in the centre. There are already a good many remarkable tombs and monuments, all of pure white marble down to the smallest tombstone. In these last silent mementos there is generally much good taste; often a classic elegance and grace; so, too, in the inscriptions. I observed one, "To our Mother;" another, "My Brother." This indeed carries brevity to obscurity; but even where a few lines express some departed excellence or present sorrow, they cannot be read a yard off, they are so slightly cut in the white marble.

One is more apt to be struck by incongruities. One man, with an immense, expensive, elaborate monument, who died at Rome, has his father and mother piously on each side of him, with very small humble tomb-stones; this sets one's teeth on edge; while a Lieutenant Something has a towering obelisk paling the lustre of a Washington's! Oh! vanity of vanities! Thus do the living burlesque the dead, even in their graves, with discordant affectations; but this is seen all over Europe. The carriages of the "proprietors" alone are allowed to enter and drive through the avenues. A large board at the porter's lodge displays many other wise and stringent regulations; among others, it is forbidden to pluck the flowers, "wild or cultivated." The last, however, were in no danger, I should think, as I did not see one in any direction. Returning, I walked round by Chelsea and the navy-yard, where they have two fine ships on the stocks, and a line-of-battle guard-ship in ordinary (her complement, a thousand men).

The Cumberland frigate lay at the yard ready for sea, but nobody allowed to go on board, from a fear of the men deserting; the approach guarded by a sentinel; all other parts of the yard perfectly free of access to everybody.

While at Boston I made two excursions—a short one to Lowell (the United States Manchester), famous for its "young lady" operatives in cotton; another by the way of New London to Long Island; a track seldom taken by our tourists. But let me first say a word or two of Lowell, a large, handsome city, of 25,000 or 30,000 souls, beautifully situated on the Merrimac River, a rapid, noble stream; a range of pretty hills sweep round it to the north and east, losing themselves in the blue tints of more distant mountains. It is impossible to fancy a more picturesque spot. A smaller river here below

the body of the town joins the Merrimac, and both combined give endless water-power to the cotton factories; the mill-streams rushing through the town in all directions.

There are a great many factories, enormous brick buildings of five and six stories; in one I counted 120 windows on a single side. I was shown but one, the Hamiltons. I conclude these spinning hives are all more or less on one plan, and they are indescribable, even if I knew anything about the matter. I was taken to various floors, where the noise of the mules and jennies I found indeed stunning. How do human beings ever get used to it? The young girls smiled at my hasty and somewhat ungallant retreat, putting my hands to my ears. One can hardly judge by such short appearances; those I saw were of course in their working dresses, their bonnets and green veils hung up. They all looked very pale, nor did I happen to see one I should have called handsome, or a fine girl, though no doubt there is the usual proportion of personal beauty. The hour of dinner was scarcely over; I met some of them in the streets going to work in groups, all with a kind of young lady air, or as if tradesmen's daughters well off, not that their dresses were particularly neat, but the bonnet and veil, and their carriage, impressed me as something new in these New World fair operatives. It was, however, gratifying; all bear testimony to their modest demeanour. But what an odd thing, that cannot surely last, a whole town full of young girls, under the control of nobody in particular, boarding together here and there, some with their parents, some alone.

They read a good deal, I'm told, at their leisure hours, but chiefly trashy novels; and [illegible] own in America is so full of daguerreotype-portrait artis[illegible], doctors, and doctor-dentists. Theatres, concerts, and evening lectures at the town hall, and others, tell their own story. Just now there is a slackness in the trade, and a good many are on reduced work, or wages (two to three dollars a week), and many unemployed.

If I can judge by the specimens I saw here, and in the Boston shops, of their cottons and their printing, it struck me as extremely inferior to ours; coarser, and old or tasteless patterns; but their chief aim, I think, is to undersell us in foreign markets where the quality and taste is not appreciated. Without their tariff, every factory in the States would be shut up in a day. Strange they should so little understand their dearest interests! However, here is an "Honourable" Mr. Horace Mann (what an antithesis to Walpole's), who speechifies to these poor girls at the town hall to prove that England is to be beaten in cotton fabrics; and every now and then their Magnus Apollo, Mr. Secretary Webster, comes among them for the same purpose. All

chaff; but it is mixed with sly hits at our inequalities, anomalies, and distresses, and everlasting puffing of Columbia—*apropos* of anything and nothing—always acceptable.

As the streets are wide, and the numerous factories standing in extensive grounds, the town spreads to a great extent, with the usual numbers of churches, chapels, halls, hotels, hospitals, colleges, free-schools, a great museum, a theatre, and amphitheatre—the town is on a plain, so that coming by the railway, whose depôt was partly over a mill-race, it is not easy to form a good idea of the general features of the place. To this end I crossed the smaller river, from the west, to the nearest hills, on the south, on the Boston road, where a reservoir crowns their crest; about a mile beyond the suburbs. Here I looked down on the rivers, the town, and the mountains, fading in the distance; the day bright, the flying shadows of the clouds gave a richness to the soft colours of the infinitely varied tints, making the picture exquisite. How pure the health-breathing pleasure of the hills! Art and the ingenuity of man soon tires, even in their noblest flights; the mind looks back over the earth, to Rome, Athens, Thebes, or to single boasted efforts, descending from the Pyramids to the Colosseum, to the Walhalla, and modern art academies; even down to an art-union:—are they admirable? Yes, but they are tiresome, and we are tired of them long before we grow old. Our last inimitable Exhibition—the World's Fair, did but worry and fatigue us at last; pall on the sense, hurt the eyes, confuse the senses—while simple nature here and everywhere in this beautiful world—the woods, the rivers, and the fields, the hills and dales, lit and embellished by the glorious heavens above, refresh for ever, regale, instruct, delight; or watch the setting orb of day, till the blue heavens shine in the glorious galaxy of other worlds, mysterious; lifting the soul to ecstasy and silent prayer unspeakable in gratitude to God.

Long I sat on this hill-side, but not till night, as it was necessary to return by the train to Boston. A covered bridge crosses the Merrimac as it rushes by the town in a series of rapids. Several pretty villas and cottages are sprinkled along its banks. Nowhere in the States have I been so tempted to envy people their suburban retreats as here among their cotton-mills.

At the station I regaled myself with a slice of apple-pie, at four cents, and by the next train returned to Boston, very glad to have seen and formed a true idea of Lowell and its factories; yet the real present history of the place remains to be told—by some inhabitant.

As the Americans are even more active than we are in England, more restless, equally curious, nobody can complain

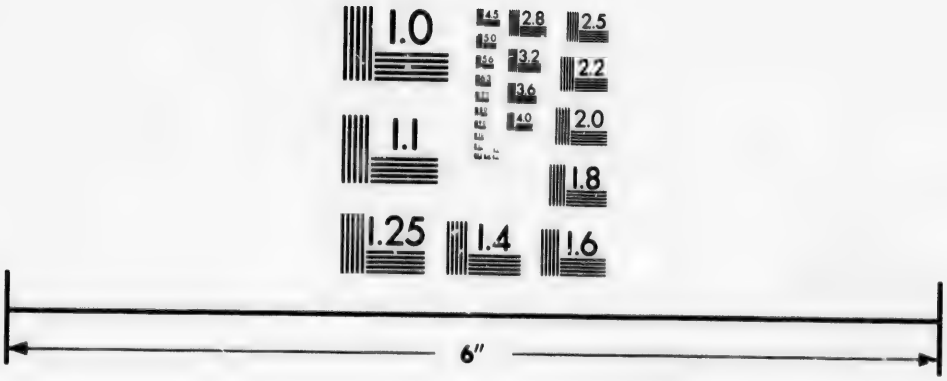
of want of facilities for travelling all over the Union. Comforts are out of the question; but the expense is very moderate, and the rough elbowing in a crowd is of no consequence to men. Nothing, indeed, is seriously annoying to persons not used to it, except the spitting everywhere in the cars, or in the steamers—no spot is sacred. Their dirty bank-notes, everywhere at a discount, often refused, often good for nothing (the distant bank broke), was another annoyance not to be laughed at.

Returned to Boston, I started for Long Island, by the only way, of Providence and New London, on the coast opposite, on the Sound. I was rather late at the "depôt" (station), at the foot of the common, and the bank-note I thought a good one was at once peremptorily rejected. Reasons were superfluous. They took my sovereign—sovereigns are respected; fare to Providence, forty miles, 5s. 3d. I never could understand the Boston currency (a dollar and a quarter) —giving me more dirty ragged notes in change. In vain I begged for silver; it is more scarce than gold.

We soon shot across the viaduct over the inner waters, and through a picturesque, stony, woody country, full of villages and farms, small lakes and streams, and reach Providence in an hour and a half. It is a considerable city, at the head of a deep inlet of the sea. Coasting vessels come up to it, and formerly the large New York steamers; but since the railroad has been continued fifty miles farther along the coast to Stonington, they meet the cars there; avoiding so much of this dangerous coast of shoals, rivers, rocks, and rough seas. A carriage at the station obligingly takes me (paying for the same) to the City Hotel, where I dined, and proceeded on by a new set of cars. In a two hours' run we find ourselves at the very water's edge at the terminus at Stonington, close beside the fine steamer Vanderbilt. She started for New York at eight in the evening, the wind and waves exceedingly rough, the prospect of a tossing in the tumultuous sound—where I was once very near lost—not at all inviting, so I went to the nearest small railway tavern for the night; besides, these steamers, though they run down the whole length of Long Island, stop at none of its towns. My only chance here was by a small steamer to New London, not far off (fifteen miles), and thence across in another steamer to Greenport. But the moment you quit the great highways, and the great flock of travellers in the States, facilities cease, oppositions cease, and the one boat or one stage take a wondrous latitude in time and tyranny.

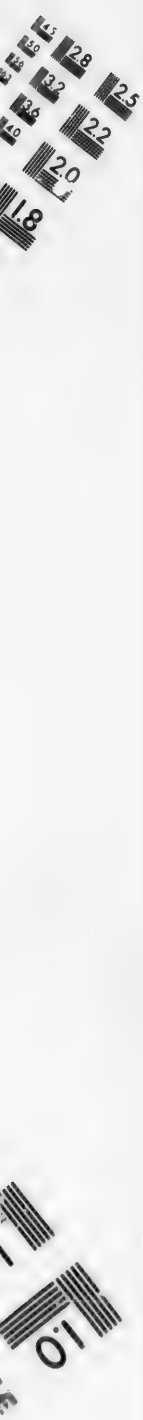
Stonington is a small village, suddenly forced into consequence by the railway—a few small board houses, graced by an immense and handsome hotel, built perhaps originally for

IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic
Sciences
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503


2.8
2.5
3.2
3.6
2.2
2.0
1.8
1.0

sea-bathing people in the season. The whole place is in a transition state. In one short year hence it will be, no doubt, a large town, if the railway stops short here (and it is not so easy to get it across these rivers and coast estuaries), and the steamers continue to meet it.

The weather was very cold, and the stove very comfortable, as I sat in a neat little parlour with the landlady and her lady friends. Here I saw a most beautiful and singular flowering tropical plant, with glossy leaves; she called it the wax-plant. Its coroneted head almost touched the ceiling. "O, fie, what the ignorance is!" I must study botany. I embarked the next morning on board the little steamer Chiccopee, on her arrival from, and immediate return to, New London. It blew hard, though fine, and our passage was excessively severe; at one moment she pitched so heavily as to threaten her breaking in two; the women, though half sailors, all sea-sick. The captain contemplated giving it up, and returning, we hung so long off a certain point to the east of this New London river *Thames*. Happily we got round, and out of this villanous sound, which seems to set its face constantly against my floating on its bosom. We pass Fort Washington, a beautiful battery, set prettily in its green glacis, commanding the river; and are soon fast at the town wharf, amidst innumerable ships, schooners, and sloops.

New London partakes of the features of all the New England towns, except at the water-side; a mixture of town and country—churches, chapels, halls, and villas standing in their own ample grounds, or with plenty of elbow-room and ornamental weeping willows, in wide rocky or sandy, or ill-paved streets.

Some rich fellow is building a most gloriously costly and fantastic house, in stone, and his neighbour builds just such another near him, in wood; the extravagance of expense is laughed at; their whalers have had good catches of fish, or some other spec! They are great South Sea whalers hereabouts—Portsmouth, Bedford, Newport, Sagg Harbour, Mystic, Fall River, &c., but their spirit of adventure and fine ships are everywhere. This year, however, they hear of losses, wrecks, no fish, or half cargoes.

All these small States and towns are the stronghold of fanaticism and teetotalism, but it is, as at Boston, forced to give way before the rising generation, which here, in New London, is extremely fast and noisy. They have as yet no theatre, but make a certain "*Abor Hall*" do duty. A strolling company of actors are at the City Hotel, where I took up my quarters much longer than I found at all agreeable. There was a concentration of smoking and chewing, with the usual vile accompaniments; more intense and offensive than

I had yet seen anywhere. The Hall, in spite of being half filled by the fair sex, was no exception. During the performance the young men stood up, or lay at full length, or playfully wrestled on the benches, making all sorts of noises. In vain the strolling manager begged for silence and a little decency, under the threat of leaving off; quite unsupported by the more staid and decorous part of the audience, which bore it all, as if quite used to this sort of licence. At all these smaller towns one sees how a perfect equality works—there are no gentry, nor any *people;* though plenty of tolerably poor persons getting a precarious living. You sit at table with working people (putting a coat on); nobody is a servant or a pauper; in short, anybody and everybody who can pay for their dinner; anybody walks into any sitting-room, often with their hats on. In the same way in the Hall, there was no sort of distinction—hardly a proper deference to the women; they, indeed, kept at a respectful distance from the greater noise and abominations of tobacco.

These strollers only ventured on farces—pretty broad ones. The funniest fellow, Adams, played a favourite slang character—a real go-a-head down-easter. These "critturs" by prescription are always dressed in a red head of long hair (like the French clowns), long-tailed coat, very short trousers, and shocking bad hat. There was a dance, and a funny song, of course (with his pretty wife), not without humour; the burden of which ran:

Wife. And will you love me now as then?
Man. Shouldn't wonder, shouldn't wonder!
Wife. What if I flirt with other men?
Man. No, by thunder—no, by thunder!

(*Set, and change sides.*)

This met with uproarious applause. The one fiddler to this performance, by the same token, played most vilely out of tune. The weather was dreadful—blowing, snowing, and raining. I had a fixed purpose in going to Long Island; and for days no steamer ventured out, nor is the passage regular; so I embarked on board a small sloop with fourteen others, ten of whom had at least exercised half a dozen trades by turns. One young fellow was now clerk to a citizen Irish itinerant auctioneer, who had been captain of a coaster, farmer, soldier, joiner, and horse-dealer! Two youths, with their young wives and fowling-pieces, were on a frolic, going over to Plum Island "a-gunning," to shoot rabbits. The sound is full of rocky islands, with perhaps one hut and family, or none.

We beat over in the teeth of a gale of wind and very rough sea. We were, however, safe enough, for these boats swim like ducks, and are handled by two or three men (including

the captain; this the Harriet, Captain Harris), with their immense sails, in the most masterly manner; but nothing should tempt a traveller to trust the American coast late in the autumn, or too early in the spring. I forgot to mention, that among other handy contrivances I was struck by the way the fishmongers keep their fish alive in floating safes at the wharves; fishing them up when wanted. Not far off eight men were moving a large frame house on rollers: and another, at the foot of High-street, was breaking up and clearing away, with a vigour and promptitude never seen in Europe.

Long Island, which is more than a hundred miles in length, and ten to fifteen wide, is most singularly formed at its north-eastern end: it encloses a vast deep bay, in shape something like the claws of a lobster, full of small islands. Nothing can be imagined more happily contrived for the purposes of shelter, fishing, and intercommunication.

We ran into Greenport, a small town on the inner claw, to which there is a railroad from New York (Brooklyn) direct (carried out, as usual, to the water's edge), along the centre of the island; to which I have alluded early in my tour. It is full of towns, villages, and farms. The inhabitants are a good many shades more settled, quiet, and primitive than their fellow New Yorkers across the east river; which divides them.

Generally, this fine island is highly cultivated; and they have every facility by land and water to the New York market for all their surplus grain and cattle.

It blew and rained so hard that we were forced to remain at the wooden wharf all night, leaving our young gunners and their better halves at the Picconic Hotel, where I slept, nothing loth, tired of the day's tossing. By daylight we were off again, to beat up under Shelter Island, to Sagg Harbour, fifteen miles farther up; it being the head of my lobster.

All these towns and villages have a close resemblance, not only in New England but all over the States. The business street or streets next the wharves, of brick houses, the rest of the town straggling far, in wide streets, unpaved, and shaded by the weeping willow; the houses large and handsome, in frame, boarded and painted white, with green Venetian shutters, most of them standing in their own small gardens and grounds, surrounded by neat wooden palings; several churches and chapels, mostly wooden, spires and all, and of large dimensions. The largest here is remarkably handsome, most elaborate in ornament, graceful, and in good taste. In its yard, now grown old and venerable; as much so as such things are apparently in England, not searching beyond two hundred years, I looked in vain for the grave of one once near and dear to me; but six-and-thirty years is a fearful time to

look back on. Children of that day I see about the streets now middle-aged people; the high-blooded youth, and beauty, and manhood, who were all in all, then, the cream of the community, now, hobbling about in old age, or long since silent beneath my feet—as I sat on one of the tombstones; the bright sun had reached the meridian as I looked to heaven in bitterness of soul—left almost alone in the world!

I had need of all my good spirits and active rude health to bear up against saddening thoughts. I murmured to myself, "Can it be! and passing like a summer's cloud"—it comes to this! A good large school, full of boys and girls, were just let out, and skipped joyously along the road by me, wondering who that strange old man could be! for here faces are familiar; all are known more or less to each other. I knocked at the door of a very old man, still alive and hearty, but his memory was gone. A worthy old man! he had been a friend—had borne *him* to his tomb, helped to cover him up; but the spot was already overgrown for a generation with juniper; he could not say. Singular fate! And I, like Old Mortality, find myself, more than once, wandering over the earth to chisel a memento on the tombstone of those I would not have forgotten!—a man of rank and family—an elegant scholar—a wit—most accomplished—of noble form—of sweetest disposition—*O si sic omnia!*

Sadly disappointed, I next day took passage by the steamer which plies to Greenport; thence by another, return to New London, and so back, as I came, to Boston.

Sagg Harbour is charmingly situated in a gently undulating country, with pleasant walks and rides about it; the views from the water-side over its placid waters delightful. Like most of these seaport towns, it is engaged in the whale fishery, now rather on the decline (as it was over-done by numbers; at one time there were 700 sail in the Pacific). It is a ship-building port, too. I saw two or three good large ships on the stocks, with some activity in their yards, and among their coasting trade and fishing-smacks at the water-side. An attempt had been lately made at cotton-factories, in emulation (encouraged by the tariff) of the New England ones. A large brick factory was built, but is shut up; and so much the better. In a rural, comfortable community like this, they are much better without steam-engines, smoke, and sickly operatives.

I forgot to say, in the evening, in the High-street, I saw the Irish citizen auctioneer hard at work with his hammer knocking down lots—of *notions;* and the quondam sea captain officiating very gravely and diligently as his clerk and assistant.

My cabin was taken on board a noble ship, the North

America, a regular liner of Train and Co.'s, of fifteen hundred tons. I preferred returning home in a sailing vessel, though one of the lines of Liverpool steam mail packets call here and at Halifax, to and from New York, every two weeks; but I cannot say that I like steamers of any description. The fires, the trembling motion, and the crowds in the cabin saloon, would in themselves be to me sufficient reasons, where the difference of time is immaterial; some five or six days longer only, crossing from America; as westerly winds most prevail, and passages are sometimes made in sixteen days, frequently in twenty; besides that, it is but half the expense; with a better cabin, and very nearly as good a table. In other real comforts, too, there is no comparison. In these vessels, as in the steamers, the cabins are fitted up in a luxurious profusion of mahogany, bird's eye satin maple, gilding, mirrors, and shining brass, quite regardless of expense—more than enough to satisfy the most fastidious; indeed, I often long for less shining and ornament—a little plain white paneling would be a relief—for all ornament soon palls upon the sense, like a man's own pictures and frames, or his gilt velvet paperings, or anything that is *his*.

I find myself leaving Boston without being able to notice many interesting details of the rapid changes which are taking place, and alter the face of so many things from year to year.

I have said nothing of her citizens, but we all know that in manners, thought, and customs, they are somewhat more English than in any other State in the Union; they have less of that drawl one hears in Philadelphia and New York, though quite as many Cockneyisms as we laugh at in our Londoner's expressions, with some supposed advances on our less ambitious discourse, such as calling the cock a "rooster," and the boys "shying a *rock*" at each other instead of a stone, which they "didn't ought to do" when they are coming "to home" from school. But it is certain, that whatever one remarks in America as odd in expression or in customs, may be traced to ourselves, by simply looking back a few years, even no farther than the middle of last century.

What is it all but the dewdrop on the lion's mane! How very much one sees everywhere over this grand country to admire! If it were alone Boston, well may they call her the Granite City, the Athens of their proud Republic, seated at the head of her fine bay of fifty miles extent, full of islands; an archipelago in itself, stretching to Cape Anne, and comprising on these circling rich cultivated shores fifty busy thriving towns and villages, whose white-shingled roofs shine in the sun, and tell of comfort and plenty; while these their waters are covered by the milk-white sails of their coasters and fishing-smacks, pilot-boats and merchantmen. Not in

vain do these shores swarm with great varieties of fish; these riches are diffused around.

But my particular policeman (the printer's devil) tells me civilly to move on and leave this pleasing scene behind me; or would I dwell here, or in Cobb's Hole, or Tarpauline Cove, or in Grey's Head, among the curious pure descendants of the Indians (below the cycle of Cape Cod). But we are hauling off from the wharf to prevent the crew from leaving us the captain has been at so much pains, expense, and trouble in getting by the rail last night from New York; for not a man is to be had here for love or money. The Cumberland frigate had much ado to get away, forty men short of complement.

Yes, we are to part, O gentle reader! Judge how sorry I am, since I am not at all afraid of your criticisms. What should you know of Cobb's Hole, or Martha's Vineyard? where the grapes, (if any at all) are not half so fine as the scuppernong of which they make wine in Georgia and Alabama, as this coast is too cold and foggy nine months of the year for vineyards, though ten degrees south of England. But, ere I cease, let me say a word to those who have been at all amused, or tried to trace me in my unconnected wanderings, without order or sequence. Begging pardon is, I fear, of little use for the meagreness of my account of places abruptly left, while half I have to say is thrust in as I go on board some steamer on the move, as a man does forgotten essentials into his carpet-bag—higgledy piggledy.

Indeed, I feel that, whatever humour my readers are in, I myself am extremely dissatisfied, when I look back at my journeyman's bungling work, to find myself, *invita Minerva*, cutting up what I intended for a fine enduring American pine-tree into mere Indian choompa—chips, only to light (I hope) other people's fires by.

In a word, travels should never be hacked, cribbed, cabined, and confined in this way to make one small cheap volume.

Boston bay and harbour is full of steam tugs, strong, effective boats. Their plan is to get lashed fast out of sight under the counter of these great ships, forming one body, and so running them out beyond the nearest islands, to the roads seven miles below, near the lighthouse, where they lie sheltered from east winds, and can make sail to sea when they please. We were towed down in this way (better than on our more clumsy plan, at the end of a long hawser), the day most unpropitious, blowing from the east, and raining. We were taken to this spot, still in sight of Boston, where we anchored, as we hoped, only for the night; but *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*—there we lay for a whole week in a violent east gale!

We are anchored near Hull and Spectacle Island, surrounded by a fleet of vessels kept prisoners in the same way by a fierce eastern gale. This *Hull* consists of a house or two, and a great Hotel, full of company in the hot season, who come here to bathe and enjoy the sea-breezes, as they do at Nahant, another rocky, wild island it is the fashion to make themselves merry at.

The Boston lighthouse is outside of us some three or four miles; and the Cumberland frigate, detained like ourselves.

We are about twenty at the cabin table, a pleasant mixture of Bostonians, Germans, English, and Irish, presided over by our good Captain Dunbar, who is taking his wife and little girl with him to see England. This is a very everyday affair; but I was surprised to find the steerage so full (fifty) of poor people going home again; one woman, absolutely a pauper, going back to her parish! the rest returning either unlucky or disappointed; with a few to visit their friends and relations, after many years' absence.

As may be imagined, we were not a little annoyed and impatient at this awkward gale, instead of being thankful and grateful that it had not caught us outside. So the days wore wearily away, getting a little acquainted with each other. After all, quite as well off as if we had come down to this Hull boarding-house hotel on a party of pleasure, with very likely a better table, and quite as much comfort and exercise; for most of these islands are as bare as one's hand; without a tree, or a ride, or walk in any direction, beyond the circumscribed beach: the passage steamers bringing them their daily food and their daily papers from Boston. Our particular tug (belonging to Enoch Train's house) did the same for us, his son or his clerks coming down occasionally to enliven us with much city talk and a little fruit.

This steam-tug was an immensely strong, swift boat, with a double screw: most of the tugs, if not all, here, have banished paddles, as they are thus enabled to come close alongside with their whole force employed most effectively.

At length we weigh, and stretch away for England, ho! With a last glimpse of the Cape Cod lighthouse, we dance on the open ocean surge with nothing to think of but the shoal of St. George, 300 miles off, lying, however, directly in our track, and by all means to be avoided. The captain told us of some disastrous wrecks on it, in spite of precaution and experience.

Our ship is admirable; we often ran twelve and thirteen knots under royals, and on a wind which obstinately opposed us nearly the whole passage. This swiftness, too, without being coppered, and the bottom not at all clean, as the captain found out when some of his own countrymen (I thought) rather

beat us as we forced our passage up Channel between the Welsh and Wicklow mountains. This betrayed a curious economy, no doubt wise, where everything is so ample and complete on board these ships. They meant to have her coppered at Liverpool, at a less expense than at Boston! This is a cheerful feature in our increasing intercourse I was glad to hear of.

Now that it is too late, many amusing things and incidents on our passage occur to me; among others the extreme politeness of our sable steward, Ginger George, who would always insist (as he showed his ivories and rolled his eyes) on handing the dishes, or a clean plate, with a flourish—even when we had a difficulty in keeping our plates on the table at all, or when he himself could hardly keep his feet—and who, when more serene, occasionally punched the head of a stupid Liverpool cabin waiter, who was not sharp enough. We had milk in quantities the whole way, kept admirably in the ice-house, as were all our joints, chickens, and fish. But nothing so pleasantly gets rid of *ennui* on board ship as gentle flirtations, which never fail to be more or less amusing, both to performers and lookers-on. But mum! it is a serious matter for some novel in three volumes. Like my last sea-captain, Dunbar was as easy as a glove; no swearing, no noise, no complaints; and though we had but thirty men, this immense ship was inimitably sailed and manœuvred; not only many of the men, but his two mates were Englishmen, freshly turned citizens of America. We land joyously at Liverpool in twenty-seven days.

After all, how beautiful is our land compared with what I have left. Nearly a month, indeed, had elapsed, but in the middle of May hardly a leaf was to be seen on the trees, or verdure anywhere on the New England shores; while here, though a particularly cold season, the whole country is one mass of beauteous foliage, to say nothing of our exuberant gardens, sweet flowers, and exquisite lawns and parks—but all sensations are enhanced by contrast; long rough ocean passages make all lands delightful, once safe from the monotony and tedium of the sea.

THE END.

LONDON:
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

REET,